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HERALINE.

VOL. III.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

HERALINE;

OR,

OPPOSITE PROCEEDINGS.

BY

LÆTTIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile
de le chercher ailleurs.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, AND ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
AND T. HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

1821.

THE FALLS

1871

OPPOSITE PROCEEDINGS



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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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PRINTED FOR T. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON, E.C.

AND T. HODGKINSON, 10, FLEET STREET.

1871.

HERALINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE park of St. Emeril's Court lying in such a situation with relation to the village, as to make it Mr. Broderaye's almost daily path, its owner could seldom be long absent from his thoughts. He made his frequent inquiries, and heard of his patroness as being very much in the world, and in various places; and by every channel that he thought would convey to her the expressions of his grateful feelings, he endeavoured to acquit himself of any suspicion of negligence. He had tried writing; but had never received a line from her, or any acknowledgment of his efforts: her business was all transacted through her banker; and she seemed resolved that nothing should be known of her where she ought to have been best known. The servants gave him the free range of the house, and he wandered about it: he took care of the library, and hoped he might merit an approbation of his care—but all was sad silence.

When ruminating on the proposed visit to Mr. Vanderryck, he could not hesitate on the propriety of attempting to obtain an interview with Lady Lynford. All hope of a reply to his letter to the Dutchman having vanished, he set out, and the day after his arrival in London, he presented himself for acceptance in the 'compting-house of Mr. Vanderryck. It was a little more than two o'clock in the afternoon, when he made the application: the master of the house was consequently at dinner; and the vicar would have retreated; but such *étiquette* was not demanded in a house of business, and he was desired to wait while his name was carried in to Mr. Vanderryck, who, on hearing it, came out of *the parlour of all uses*, with his napkin in his hand, and invited him forward, by a sort of foreign beckon, and with the encouraging words 'Too, my goot zir, com in—I'm all alone.'

The meat had already been removed, and was standing without the door: the cheese had succeeded. The vicar having accepted a biscuit of the country of the owner, the master of the feast dived into a long pocket, and bringing up a small cupboard-key, ordered his lad-servant to 'Dake dad, an bring oud de littel bottel,' adding, 'I zuppose, Mr. Vat-your name, you vod like de glas vine,'

This being duly declined, the table was cleared, and a hint was given to the attendant, 'nod do bring de oder dings,' by which might be understood whatever the imagination of any one acquainted with ancient Dutch habits, may suggest. Be it what it would, the table was left perfectly free for the intercourse of those who were now to begin a conversation. Neither spoke.

The vicar, unpleasant as was his task, hoped he might spare the feelings of his new acquaintance, by breaking a silence that was growing formidable: he therefore asked Vanderryck if he had not, on or about a day which he named, received a letter from him, adding, on his acknowledging that he had, something like a polite hope that he might, by an answer, have been spared a personal application.

'Vy dis drue, Mr. Vat-your-name,' replied the Dutchman—'I mide av wride do you—but I am zlow—very zlow, zir.—I never do dings in a hurry, zir—an as dis vass nod business, vy, I daught id bedder nod do be in a hurry.—Dis hard, Mr. Vat-your-name, do know ow do do in zome gases—an I muss av de dime do tink—I am going over do my own guntry to zee about zum bad matter—an I daught I vod wride bevore I go.'

The vicar had only to bow, and leave room for Mr. Vanderryck to proceed.

“I don’d know,” he began, “in wad lighd we men of de business may abbear do you boog-men—begause you know notting of de business; and as vor de English, my Gott! dey do know notting of de money; bud business is business—an I a live in de business al my life—zo I do know something about id. An here you zee me, Mr. Vat-your-name, living in de-gra-touze, bud iv you saw my bid of mead as you comd in, you will zay I have de very littel dinner.—I do love de gra-touze; bud I gare littel vor de littel dinner.—An I will dell you voy.—You zee, my goot zir, wen dat my guntrymen or de men of business gum to me, dey says, “Oho! Vanderryck be ridge—he ave de gra-touze—we may drust him:” and iv dey do ever doin wid me, dey zay, “Oho! Vanderryck is de miser—he giv uz de ver littel dinner—just enof and notting to de zspare”—den Vanderryck is goot man: he will not zspend is money and we will nod lose our’s”—zo you zee, Mr. Vat-your-name, de gra-touze an de littel dinner is de wisdom of de business.”

Mr. Broderaye perhaps paused, in the hope of coming to something in which he had more interest, without putting his new acquaintance out of his expository train of argument. While he waited, a ray of sun-shine falling on a good Flemish picture, it caught his eye: “Ah! you do lof de pig-

dure I zee," said the Dutchman—"all vor de business, I azzure you. I know notting myzelf of de pigdure—but den dey zay "Aha! Vanderryck av de goot pigdure"—zo zometime I do buy, wen I know de mark't cheap an goot—an I ha' now an den, madé, vad you gall de goot spegulation in de pigdure.—Bud now we muss dispadgé, vor I muss be upon de 'Change, or dey will zay "Where is Vanderryck?"

The vicar now interposed a concise question, asking what it was Mr. Vanderryck's pleasure hat he should do in the case of the poor little orphan-girl.

'Ah de pleazure!—you zay de pleazure, Mr. Vat-your-name? Wad pleazure for me? Wad pleazure vor Vanderryck?—Ah! Mr. Meester! I never ad de pleazure in my live. I will dell you, my goot zir, an den we will oonderzdand one de oder—I was notting—a littel, vad you gall, sgrub kindchen!—you know vad I mean by kindchen—littel boy—bud I wride plain goot wriding—I know de figure—de reckning well—my masder like me—take me indo de ouse—I do him goot zervice—he dake me in pardner, as you call id, an I ged gread deal money.—Well! I gome here do England—I marry—my wife doi, an leave one littel doghder. Now, Mr. Vat-your-name, wat wass a man like me, a man of de business, do do wid a

doghder?—I gou'd nod nurze id—I gou'd nod veed id—zo I pud id do de nurze, an den do de sgchool, an den, ad lasd, I wass oblige do ave id home—an den I gou'd a' lofed id, bedder dan any ding—vor id wass very briddy, an id's mudder was an angel—bud id did nod lofe me.—Bud ow Gould id? Vad wass dere in me to lofe? I wass al de day ad my boogs; an she wass al de day, and zomedimes de nighd doo, ad her vine doings.

‘Well! Mr. Vat-your-name, I did nod szpare de money, vor I wass dold, I muss szpend id to ged her a ridge husband: zo I toughd do ged her a ridge husband, an I szboke to zum upon de 'Change aboud her, vor I *did* dink de zooner de bedder—bud she chuse vor herself; an I would a led her chuse vor herself, iv she would bud chuse wad I like; bud, Mr. Vat-your-name, iv you ad szcrabe szcrabe, an av de littel dinner, day afder day, do ged de money, ow would you like do zee your littel zons an doghders—vat you call, de boys an girls—drow id al in de zee or de foir?—an zo ould my doghder, iv I ad give her de money; vor she chuse vor herself de idle idle man you ever zee; an she like im, she zaid, begauze he wass idle—zo I zay, “No no.”

‘Now, Mr. Vat-your-name, you may dink me de hard fader, by vat you gall, heart or nature—bud I am nod dad—bud dey make me zo— Iv my doghter—vor she wass a briddy creadure—

do nod zo briddy, I dink, as her mudder—vor *she* wass an angel—bud iv my doghter ad god a lofer; an he ad nod god de money, I ould nod zay, “No, no”—I only zay—“Den work.”—Iv he vall zick, an goud nod work, I zay—“I vill work vor you;”—an iv he work hart, an canuod ged de money, I zay, “Here is my burse.”—Bud do zay “I *vill* nod work—I like de idle—ad my doghter zay, “I lofe him begause he is idle”—dis make me hart, an I zay “No money mine sall dey av.”—An she dold me doo, dad she had lefd him off, an wass sick, an muss go do de vine blace vor de gough—an den, al wass do marry. Was diz righd? Zo I ad zed “No money,” and, as you gall id, I sdood do id—I alway make goot my word, Mr. Vat-your-name.

‘I am very sorry, Sir,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘that there was not some friend at hand to explain to your daughter your kind disposition, and to persuade the young man to meet it properly. It was my office to make her a wife—I was a stranger in the place where I found the young people—all the forms had been gone through, and I had only to do what they desired: but, had I known as much as I do now, nothing on my part, that I could have done, should have been wanting to prevent their acting without your concurrence.’

‘Ah! den, indeed!’ said the father, faltering

in his voice—‘bud, Mr. Vat-your-name, you goud a’ done no goot.—Id is all over—id as made my heart of sdzeel—I gan veel no more.—Wen de vader’s lofe is bushed back zo, he as no more de lofe do give—an de vat-you-call-id?—de lie!—vor she zay she go vor de gough—de lie! Mr. Vat-your-name.—Wad is de lie on de ’Change? Is de lie on de ’Change worze den de lie do de fader?—De men on de ’Change av nod veed an glothe and pud you do sgzool an keep de goach and de vine zervants vor you—de men on de ’Change av nod kiss you aud dold you ow briddy you look, an give you de bearks an vine dings—bud id is poor vader!—an no madder ow poor vader is imbossed upon.’

Something so like parental tenderness had been excited in the vicar’s mind, by little Carilis’s blandishments, that he was, perhaps, more prone to sympathize with the Dutchman, than, as childless himself, he might have been. If business was to be despatched, it was necessary to lead on from this subject; and he did so by saying, ‘Well then, Sir, not to detain you, how would you wish me to dispose of this child?—It has been left to my care, and I am not justified in abandoning it—but, I confess, I see no fund for its maintenance: it is destitute of every thing, except a very small quantity of clothes, which I understand it has already, even now, outgrown.’

‘Oudgrown? Wass dad?’

‘She is become too tall to wear them.’

‘O! doo dall—doo dall—now I oonderzdand;—well! de wedder is nod gold: we shall av de zommer zoon.’

‘But, Sir, as to placing the young lady your grand-daughter—what would you wish?—Where would you have her placed?—Shall I bring her here?—You have a noble house.’

Vanderryck certainly feared that the vicar had left his young charge on the stair-case, if he had not her about him—so vehemently did he call out ‘O! no, no, no, no!—no more—I ’ave ’ad quide enof—no more!—Gan she nod szday ware she is?—wid you an your woif?’

‘Still,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘there must be some arrangements:—you would not, I am sure, Sir, like that your grand-daughter should owe her maintenance to strangers, or to a man in my situation:—this would not be consistent with your strict notions of justice—and as to the child herself, *she* can never have offended; and, I assure you, she is very pretty, and very promising; and I think, if properly brought up, with a sense of what she owes to your liberality, she may prove a great comfort to you.’

For half of this reply, Vanderryck seemed to have had no ears: he tacked his answer to the

middle of it, and rejoined, 'I am nod abose being oblige do any body, Mr. Vat-your-name—I ave been oblige al my live long—bud iv you like me do zay wad I can allow vor de keep, I will dink about id.—Iv I gould be zure,' added he, as if now first hearing that she was pretty and might be good—'Iv I goud be zure she wou'd nod, ad lasd, marry de idle idle man——'

'O no no, Sir,' replied the vicar: 'I really think your son-in-law's idleness was almost disease:—it is not a very common fault—we are, some of us, much too busy,' said he, smiling; 'and I so abhor idleness myself, that any influence I could obtain over the young lady, should be exerted to give her the same antipathy——'

'Mr. Vat-your-name,' said the Dutchman, seizing the vicar's arm, 'ave you a zon? any childer?'

'No, Sir.'

'I am zorry—vor, I dare zay, your zon wou'd nod be de idle man. Well! we muss dink—I will deal oben wid you, Mr. Vat-your-name,—and dad is wad I wou'd nod do wid every body—I a' god nobody ad all dad I gare do leave my money do—an iv dis littel kindchen wou'd nod marry de idle man, she will ave id. An now, zir, in your ear—iv I live a vew year longer, id shall be de half million as you gall id—vour hun-

dert dousand bound, I goud pay down now, an more.'

'Indeed! Sir!—that is a prodigious sum! I am rejoiced to hear it.—You will not then, I am sure, consider economy very strictly in bringing up this child—she should be well maintained and educated—by educated, I do not mean fashionable nonsense, no more than I mean by maintaining her, feeding her upon delicacies—let us give her a good constitution by wholesome plain nutriment, and good conduct by rational care and useful knowledge.'

'Dad is juld wad I like,' said Vanderryck—'I do nod wand do binch her, boor littel kindchen!—bud nod any voin education—vor, I believe, dad bring de idle man and make de girl like de idle man.—You may do, Mr. Vat-your-name, wad you like.—Bud, zir—vor I muss go—I am now going vor a little, do my own boor gountry do zee ow id is—vor I hear bad news ov id—an bevore I go, I will dink and led you know wad I gan allow—dimes is very bad juld now, an I muss zee my gountry.'

'Then, Sir,' said the vicar as in conclusion, 'you decide, that the little girl is to remain with me and Mrs. Broderaye, and you will be so good as to let me know what you are willing to bestow on her at present—she is now just put to a very

respectable nurse, who takes her at five shillings a week——'

'Five shillings?'—interrupted Vanderryck—
'and so littel!'—

'I am glad you think it little,' said the vicar.

'No, no—nod de money littel, bud de kind-
chen—de shild.'

'I beg your pardon—I misunderstood you.—
As to Mrs. Broderaye and myself, my good Sir,
you will understand that we seek no remuneration:
—whatever you allow shall be fairly expended
upon the child, and an accurate account rendered
to you——'

'Wad? my dear friend,' said the Dutchman—
'Will you an your woif do, all this gare and
drouble vor notting?'

'The care and trouble, I offer gratuitously,'
said Mr. Broderaye, 'and I wish it were permit-
ted me to put money out of the question—but my
church-preferment is not great; and private pro-
perty I have none—my family is one of the many
who have suffered in the recent disturbance of all
established order in France.'

'Bud you zay you are married.'

'Yes.'

'Den wad do you, iv you have de zon or
doghder come?—Ave you nod enof do bring up a
shild?'

‘I cannot say that exactly. If we had one, we must find means to bring it up.’

‘Den wy do you wand any ding vor dis kindchen? Wad wou’d do vor your own shild wou’d do vor her?’

The Dutchman’s laugh, when he concluded this remark, was a retreat in case of detection. Mr. Broderaye’s expression of countenance, perhaps, made him hasten to the point, for it might exhibit symptoms of not the most respectful surprise.

‘Well den,’ said Vanderryck—‘vör I muss be gone—zuppose we zay de dwinty poun by de year—dad is, you know, above eighd shilling a week—an dad is above one shilling by day—an zuch a kindchen gan’t ead much—a littel milk an zum bread will do, an a littel bid of de mead now an den.’

‘Twenty pounds for *this* year will suffice,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘in the way in which she is at present disposed of.—When farther instruction is wanted, for even now she must go to school—or in any peculiar case, and in proportion to the increase of expenses, we must trust to your increase of liberality.’

‘O! certainly, certainly.—An now I muss go.—I shall be back here from my go-abroad in de very littel time—I am nod going vor pleazure—I

gannod afford dad—and den wen de six monds is oud, I will bay you de den poun.’

The terms thus offered and accepted did not justify Mr. Broderaye in any indulgence in London:—but no considerations could overcome his earnest wish to *endeavour*, at least, to see his patroness. Independent of his own inclination, and the pleasure he had always felt in testifying his gratitude and respectful friendship, he was apprehensive that she might hear he had been in London, and, however little her conduct could claim attention, might be offended that it was not offered. He therefore made up his mind to the bold adventure, and, on the morning of his intended departure, at an hour when he hoped he should find her alone, knocked at her door in Grosvenor-square.

Her ladyship was not out of her room:—he might see her at two o’clock, probably, before she went out.—He was punctual, and, to his surprise and delight, was admitted.

He was, indeed, made to wait some minutes in a back-drawing-room; and these are minutes sometimes less agreeable to a visitor than the lady of a house, perhaps, fancies them: they did not, in the present instance, contribute to lessen anxiety or dispel doubt; but there was some support in the consciousness of the best intentions; and there was abundance of amusement in the costly

novelties with which the apartment was decorated. How he should be received, it was not possible for him to foresee.

The baroness approached—and the characteristic modulation of her well-remembered voice, acted on the vicar's heart, rather than on his nerves.—She entered.

CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER had passed or was passing in the mind of Lady Lynford, nothing could be more easy, more polite, more cordial, more exhilarating or exhilarated, than her manner, countenance, and gesture, on seeing Mr. Broderaye.—He was almost inclined to ask himself what could so long have separated persons so delighted with meeting.—He said what he felt of his obligation to her for allowing him the great pleasure of this interview; and her ladyship, to stop either his gratitude or his resentment, lavished inquiries after his welfare, which did not wait to be answered, and asked questions which he might have marred all by resolving. ‘How are you?’—‘Where are you?’—‘When did you come?’—‘Whence do you come?’—‘Are you in town on business or pleasure?’—were interrogatories scarcely disjoined in pronunciation, but which required some little caution, in the replies.

In all the hurry of a London-spring, and in still greater hurry of spirits, she now begged his patience, rang the bell, ordered her carriage to be put off for an hour, and went to her writing-table

in the adjoining room, to write a note, talking incessantly, even while she was writing, and then laughing at the mistakes her divided attention occasioned her to make. The vicar drew out of sight, that he might not interrupt her.

‘Can this be Lady Lynford?’ said he to himself, as he was gazing at a window and looking at nothing—‘Can this emaciated angular form of skin and bone, bending, not under the weight of years or of flesh, but merely under the inability to support its own moderate height, be the fine, erect, well-rounded figure of Lady Lynford, such as she was before she quitted the lovely banks of the Wye?—I remember she was, indeed, comparatively thin, and there was an appearance of reduced health in her when first I saw her; but from that she recovered—and even then, it was not like what I now see.—She is a blooming corpse in complexion—she is statuary-marble suffused with roses.—O! why, why will women of mind and intellect, wear a mask that reduces the expression of their features to vacant idiocy?—If a rose-leaf on the natural skin is requisite to the brilliancy of an evening, why, in broad day-light and in the face of the sun, overcharge the picture?—and why, above all things, paint on a ground of appalling alabaster?—Bad taste!—bad morals!’

Having despatched her business, she called

Mr. Broderaye to the sofa, and with the affection of a sister, gave him her hand—it was a glove of burning bones, with which her rapid utterance and high state of spirits too well agreed. To her repeated question on the cause of the vicar's journey, he replied, 'Business;' but if she did then doubt whether she should ask 'What business?' the conclusive tone of his one word, had discouraged her.—She next inquired how St. Emeril's looked, and on his launching out a little into the praise of its beauty, she paused a moment and said, 'I have half a mind to see it this autumn.'

'O! do not wait for autumn,'—he answered—'come to it while it is in its summer-pride.'

She replied that 'she could not—she had a house, within a short distance of London, which she was just making comfortable—he must see it before he went home.'

This producing a revelation of his intention to leave London immediately, it was opposed vehemently; and in a tone approaching to command, he was enjoined, for the present, to have no will of his own.

But nothing like any thread of conversation ensued. The lady, with the utmost good-humour, and not at all in her former stateliness even of condescension, led her visitor over her house, and without hastening him, allowed him to indulge his

excited curiosity. Nothing was wanting that a mansion of such capacity could admit ; and every step furnished a new thesis for inquiry and communication—as usual in such exhibitions the excess of cost was a little deplored ; but the next sentence set the matter even by stating the comparative value.—And all *this* was not like Lady Lynford.

The hour was soon gone. The carriage was announced—the consequent offer ‘ to set down ’ was made and declined, and the vicar was about to ask commands for Devonshire, and again to urge the return to it.—But the interdiction was repeated, and there was a sort of escaping earnestness in a wish to see him, that made him think he might be wrong to persist in refusing—his parochial duty was provided for, and he yielded. The first use made of his concession, was to bespeak his attendance in her box at the Opera that evening, when she patronised a benefit ; and for the next morning, as it was called, he received a pressing invitation to a private-concert, which she was to give, and for which the front-rooms were preparing. Both engagements were accepted, and afforded all that they had promised ; but neither would have been satisfactory in the retrospect, had not her ladyship, at the conclusion of her concert, said, ‘ I am so exhausted that I cannot ask even

you to dine with me—I *must* be quiet this evening, or I shall be dead—but do come to me to-morrow morning at eleven—I will let nobody in—I want to talk to you—I *must* talk to you—you must *not* refuse me.—And you *must* preach at our chapel on Sunday.’

To the first request the vicar acceded—the latter he firmly declined.—He was punctual to his hour next morning;—and now the baroness was a different creature, but hardly in any point, more like herself.

She came from a couch in an adjoining room into the breakfast-room—and fatigue and the remission of fever, had reduced her to an appearance not very little like a rising from the grave. In complexion and deportment she was now without any disguise—and Mr. Broderaye was almost ready to say that, in *this* instance, the truth was, if possible, worse than the falsehood. She confessed she had had no rest—but she spoke of this as so common, as to leave her suffering from it unaccountable.

Breakfast was brought: the vicar had, long since, taken his—she poured out her tea, but rejected whatever was prepared for her to eat—a sign to one of the men who waited on her, made him quit the room and return with a small cut-glass decanter:—she took it, and was about to pour from it into her

tea-cup. The vicar started forward, and presumed to seize her hand.—‘Not in *my* presence, Lady Lynford,’ said he—‘excuse the liberty, I will not say of an old friend, but of a clergyman who is indebted to you for his preferment—not one drop of spirituous liquor must you put into your tea while I remain in the room—I will take my leave.’

‘No, no,’ said she, attempting to rally her spirits, and to laugh; ‘you shall not go—but really, it is a cruel thing not to let me have just one small tea-spoonful of brandy—and I never take more—my physician orders it me.’

‘Your physician then is not to be trusted—give up the tea——’

‘O! I cannot do that—and I always drink green tea—and very strong—therefore this qualifies it—I hate all other tea—it is so flat.—But however, to indulge you, as an old friend, I will take milk and water—but then I *must* have something to eat with it.’

This was all so much arranged for the better, and breakfast concluded with conversation—the scene of which lay any where but at St. Emeril’s.

But either the baroness’s efforts failed her, or she had a purpose to answer in detaining Mr. Broderaye, which must be frustrated, unless she made use of the present opportunity. When the servants had retired, and she had given orders that

nobody should be let in, she was for some moments silent, and then burst into an agony of tears.

Mr. Broderaye hardly knew what she could wish him to do : he stood up, ready to ring for her servants, or to withdraw, or to console her—she bade him sit down—‘ she should be able to speak in a minute.’

A conversation of two hours now disclosed to him the wretched state of her mind ; but it was only from her own spontaneous revelation that he was informed ; for she had almost commenced with the positive prohibition of any question. He now knew from herself, that she had, in early life, married imprudently, been ill treated, and early left a widow—that disappointment had preyed on her spirits, and that the endeavour she was now making to recover them, so far from answering the purpose, added tenfold to all her sufferings—she spoke of herself as leading a life which she detested, and intimated an earnest wish to relinquish all that part of it which she could not approve on reflection—to return to St. Emeril’s, and—to be guided by him in future !

Mr. Broderaye was now less able to speak than his patroness—but his sensations were very different—an unmixed feeling of triumphant joy—a self-congratulation that he should at last see

happy, beyond the happiness under the influence of the world—her to whom he was so bound by gratitude for her goodness to his father—still more valuable than her generosity to himself!—the agreeable prospect of her residing in her proper place and near him, were, all together, overpowering; and he turned away while recovering his self-possession.

No inconsistency, no variation betrayed itself in Lady Lynford's subsequent conversation. All that she said, tended to arrange the plan of her decorous return. She did not indeed name Mrs. Broderaye, or even by implication recognise her; but the vicar took care in his replies to intimate her existence, and to give her the importance due rather to her situation than herself. But nothing now seemed an obstacle in the road to St. Eméril's; and the baroness made stipulations for indulgence of her humour of solitude or society on her return, accommodated to the state of her health and spirits.

Every thing was made easy: the conversation throughout bore the aspect of perfect confidence on the part of the lady, and of harmony on that of both. It was now with sincere reluctance that Mr. Broderaye quitted her whom it had required the conquest of some feelings to attempt to see.

Having given her ladyship every assurance of

his devotion to her comfort and interest, he took his leave : she had engagements for the rest of the day—he sent her a note of acknowledgment from his hotel, and quitting London that evening, he halted the next day, which was Sunday, with a clerical friend on his way, and reached home, with as little delay as possible, very well satisfied with the fruit of his journey.

But, on his road, many things had come together in his mind, which had been kept asunder by surprise and excitement; and he saw that there was much, the success of which was very problematical, to be done, before he could derive any comfort from that which, in the distance, had almost overwhelmed him with delight. Nothing could have induced him to avail himself of Lady Lynford's confidential disposition, farther than she, by her own free-will, allowed; but even with a strict adherence to her ease and liberty in this point, he could not but ask himself what would be her feelings on the recognition of Carilis; and how he was to explain the circumstances that had devolved the care of the child on him. Her ladyship might be offended, however unreasonably, at the clandestine management of this trust, and might consider, even the most justifiable part of his conduct, as an intrusion into her affairs. From the child's father he had learnt the hostility of the

branches of the family ; and having hitherto prudently kept silence on the subject of the marriage which he had been called on to perform, not foreseeing its consequences, it was difficult to begin to be communicative.

The vicar of St. Emeril must settle himself again at home, and set right all the mistakes committed by his wife—he must re-instate himself in his suspended authority over Frank and Carilis, and counteract the mischief of Mrs. Broderaye's not well-meant endeavours to win them to her—and he must do what his conscience and his judgment dictate in the stirring business of the baroness's intended return to her house, while we look at her ladyship's state of mind after his visit.

It was relief, beyond any she had yet found in her voluntary exile from St. Emeril's, to have opened her mind, in any degree, to one on whom she had such perfect reliance as on Mr. Broderaye ; and after she had first seen him, a hope had dawned upon her harassed spirits, which she confirmed into real satisfaction in their last interview. She had not named, nor would she willingly have given him opportunity to name, his Angelica : she hated her as cordially as ever ; but it was a latent feeling, and now beyond the power of fresh excitation.

—Her sensibility was not of the vulgar sort, or brought out by common application. She had, indeed, in early life sacrificed to youthful passion; but it was passion artificially produced by prepossession. In the instance of Mr. Broderaye, to gain protection—to live without fear—and to enjoy the society of a superior mind—were the most selfish of her motives. She was in no danger of falling in love, or doing any thing imprudent, under ordinary influence; and she had so entirely the power of keeping all who approached her, in their proper place, that she never had suffered from presumption. She could not indeed be insensible to the situation in which the secrecy of her marriage had, for a time, placed her; but she knew the sleep into which suppositions may be hushed, if those whom they concern, have only caution enough to be quiet;—and what she wished to forget herself, she was not very prone to suppose remembered against her. Now that she had seen Mr. Broderaye, and had so re-instated herself and him in their former relative situations, she was comparatively happy; and the day after their last interview, gave her leisure to arrange, in idea, her return to St. Emeril's, which she was now determined to postpone only till the beginning of August. Every consideration was to give way to this plan of healing comfort.

The proceeding not requiring much farther discussion, she hastened to enjoy the pleasant feeling of a restored friendship, by making it her first business to write to him on the subject; and it seemed indeed more than even the usual indulgence which her wishes generally met with, when a letter from the vicar himself arrived, before hers could possibly have reached its destination. She could not pause in opening it: it *must* put her again in possession of a friendship, always valuable to her, and which she felt herself culpable in having foregone; and which was, by circumstances, rendered more important to her welfare than heretofore.

One page was read, not only without abatement of this feeling, but with its most agreeable increase; but, turning over, his very gentle, cautious expressions of ‘fear of seeming to act clandestinely,’ and ‘of doing any thing unpleasant towards one who had claims so strong, so many, and so various on his respect and consideration’—warned her to fence her feelings against some attack on them.—She read, almost without drawing her breath, a detail which, but for her connexion with it, would have called up all her generosity and tenderness:—but other feelings now possessed her; and the transition was far too strong for her reduced state. As if determined to exhaust herself in a last effort, she refused all the liberty and ad-

vantage of delay :—she would not suffer her present exaggerated sensations to grow more moderate or more just, but chose to put the most unfair construction on Mr. Broderaye's visit, and his subsequent letter ; and committing the expression of this opinion to paper, without reading over again what he had written or she had replied, she threw the gauntlet of defiance between them, and prepared to meet the effect which a proceeding so violent, under such circumstances, must have on her constitution.

The vicar had not been without his anxiety on the subject : he knew too well the spirit on which he had to act, to flatter himself that all would instantaneously go well. He had claimed no praise : on the contrary he had excused his own deed of goodness :—he had asked nothing for Carilis but the toleration of his care of her : he had presumed on no rights ; for he had represented the interposing life as reducing the child, at most, to the situation of a candidate for benevolence ; and had he been ever so much inclined to advance her interests, he had no *data* on which to found any claim for her ;—for of the virtual forfeiture he knew nothing : his sole concern was therefore to excuse an interference in an affair open to every one, and a transaction which had, by necessity,

been rendered, with respect to the baroness, clandestine; and this he did by a narrative the best calculated to leave it in her power to act well. It would not only have been perfectly right in itself, but it was Lady Lynford's unoptional prudence, to have coalesced with him, and to have taken up the interests of Carilis: she should have removed her out of the hands of the vicar, as far as was consistent with his promise; and she might then, as events turned out, have gone back to St. Emeril's in security, and lived in peace and respectability all her days; but her character was not changed by the distress which she had brought on herself; and she took the path diametrically opposite to that which she ought to have taken.

Mr. Broderaye wrote again and again, offering every accommodation in his power, and urging her not to suffer this circumstance, so unimportant in itself, and feelings not originating with herself, to exclude her again from her lovely property; but she was then incapable even of reading what he wrote:—a fever, which had had its remissions, was now become a settled and violent disease, and she was of necessity silent.

Miserable in this state of anxiety, he again made a hasty journey to London—she was then recovering, and had been removed to her villa; but no entreaties could prevail on her to see him.

He was compelled to sit down in all his distress of mind, and to content himself with procuring tidings of her, by means of those to whom the care of her property was committed. From them, he heard with sincere joy, that she was again in health :—but what could equal his surprise and regret, when he was told that she was meditating, at a risque at that time most dangerous, to quit England, and to reside in a foreign country!—But even this was not all ;—for her ladyship's orders had been issued, and were now in the most mortifying way communicated to him, that no questions from him respecting her, were in future to be answered.—This was degradation too public to be concealed ; and against which he had no defence.

He might indeed have comforted himself under all these right-angular turns of Lady Lynford's incalculable eccentricity that his *interests* were secure—that he was in no way her tenant at will, or her favourite, '*de bene placito.*' When his studies were interrupted, and his pursuits embittered by the disposition of his thoughts to rest, with regret and anxiety, on one whom he could not but love and respect, while he blamed and pitied her, he might have resolved to purchase freedom of mind by practised disregard ; but he had feelings for Lady Lynford and himself, that would not admit

of this philosophical cure for one of the charities of life. He was anxious and unhappy ; but his conscientious endeavours to prevent the mischief consequent on those feelings, were not exerted with lukewarmness.

CHAPTER III.

Six months were elapsed, and the vicar had no tidings of Mr. Vanderryck or of the stipend for the maintenance of the little Carilis; nor could the good offices of a friend in London, who had undertaken to make inquiry, procure for him any further satisfaction than that of knowing that the old man was still in Holland, and the time of his return very uncertain.

On the approach of winter, he heard decidedly that Lady Lynford had attached herself to a family, the head of which was going out in a high official capacity, to take a share in the government of the newly-ceded dominion of Malta, and that she was going thither with the ladies who accompanied him. He again went to town: he again wrote, but to no purpose; and he must therefore, with the patience and fortitude of a mariner who sees the storm coming on in its undiminished violence, make every thing about him compact, and abide the event.

The baroness had, most honourably and ge-

nerously, fulfilled every intimation she had given in bestowing the living of St. Emeril's; and when settled in it, and clear of the incumbrance to which he had wedded himself in marrying, the liberality of the great house had made his very plentiful. His patroness's high spirit and perfect delicacy of generosity were not only exerted in the active conferring of benefits, but extended as a shield to those who received them: no one was ever galled by her gifts; and with pleasure she tasked her ready invention, to frame a system of current good, flowing from St. Emeril's Court to the vicarage-house, that should seem as little to demand acknowledgments, as the pretty gush of clear water which, bursting from a spot in the park, found its way across the road that divided the lay from the ecclesiastical property, into the vicar's grounds, where it was profitable and ornamental. Her exalted mind was most gratified by deeds of silent beneficence.—The elegant productions of the shrubberies and flower-gardens had been presented with politeness: the delicacies of the table had been turned over to the parsonage, as if to prevent their being wasted.—Every thing necessary to country-life, had been found on the glebe, and every domestic want was anticipated, when the vicar went to take posses-

sion ; and the refinement of her liberality was as conspicuous as the virtue itself. Short as was the time of her residence at her own house after the vicar's establishment there, and bitter as were the feelings which drove her from it, that his interests remained inviolate, that she left orders for the fulfilment of all her intentions, and, even in her correspondence with her agent, sometimes mentioned ' the attention due at the vicarage,'—for she would not name Mr. Broderaye—was to be attributed to her high sense of what became her nobility, and her nice distinction, *in this instance*, of what her pride prompted from that which her feelings dictated.

No scruple had been made, in accepting these favours, as long as there was only a silent separation between the parties, which her ladyship's return, from which she had not precluded herself, would end;—but on the failure in conciliating her, and the report of this designed affront, Mr. Broderaye thought himself placed in a new situation, which did not admit of his using such generosity without degradation worse to endure, than that which she had allotted him. He consequently declined the reception of all presents from the garden and farm ; and found cause to rejoice, for the sake of his own private self-acquittal, in those

early hardships and that imposed experience, which had taught him the possibility of indulging a right spirit by great sacrifices.

To be free or to affect to be free from solicitude in his present situation, must however have been supineness or hypocrisy; but to conceal it from his Angelica, was as much a duty of prudence as of charity. Mrs. Broderaye was one of those many females who, powerless by nature as to all efficient exertion, are despotic in their means of annoyance. Restrained by her husband's gentle but firm authority, from the indulgence of selfish extravagance, and from interference where it could produce nothing but mischief, she wriggled under the weight that kept her down, and chafed in feeling herself fettered. The subjection under which she had been reared, in some measure excused her childish ignorance of the world, and of the prudence requisite to living in it; and her hope of emancipation in becoming a wife, which was equally founded on her ignorance, being disappointed, she was vexed and unhappy. Feelings so uncomfortable, of course stimulated such a mind as hers, to that train of action which is called crafty; and in the substitution of cunning for good-sense, she took advantage of every opportunity, to over-reach her husband, and added to the other labours of his life,

the daily task of repairing the mischief she did or attempted.

Such grievous disappointments in those views which had once so flattered him, might have made him unhappy and useless, had he trusted to any thing short of that which he made his guide. He had seen the face of adversity very early in his youth—he had resolved, when first he could make a resolution, to struggle against it for his father and himself—he had been flattered by the friendship of those who had chosen him for a distinguished purpose, as an inmate in their family, and a sharer in a great indulgence:—there he had been mis-led into a delusive hope, which, added to the early death of his young friend, had made him renounce the advantages of such a connexion. To this had succeeded the invaluable friendship of Lady Lynford. The power of administering to the comfort of his father's latter years, had given zest to the prospect of retired life—and when first settled on his vicarage, he had been charmed with its natural advantages, and had felt every want supplied in the vicinity of his kind protectress. A life of conscientious usefulness, under the strict yet cheerful performance of all his duties, was his choice, and seemed now in his power:—those hours of relaxation which a husband and a father

give to the dearest connexions of life, he, in intended celibacy, meant to devote to the gratification and improvement of tastes, which the enlarged mind knows how to unite with, and make serviceable to, things still more serious. Endowed with generous propensities—accepting the injunction to hospitality as permission to indulge one of the most cordial of human feelings—he saw infinite pleasure in getting round him at times, the companions of his studies and his sports; and he meant, by the good order of his little household, and under the favouring auspices of his patroness, to receive under his roof, not merely the insulated student and unincumbered bachelor, but the new bride, the progressive matron, and, in time, the growing off-sets from old roots of friendship. In his pastoral care, he meant to emulate the practice of one of his university-professors, who still kept up correspondence with him, though retired to a living far off him, and whose letters were one of the greatest pleasures of his life.—Like him, he meant, by vigilance and gentleness and leaving nothing to be done by others, to keep out religious schism and discordant opinion—and he wished it might be possible, by strict attention to the morals of his flock, to deserve that encomium which his friend had received, when a frequent

visitor called his parish 'an Oasis of Christian virtue.'

With so much in view, and perfectly ready to increase his diligence by every exertion that could control evil and assist in all the species of good, the vicar had had no fear of retirement; and an occasional 'parson's-week's' visit to the metropolis to see how life proceeded there, was all the intercourse he wished for.—But now, what had he in substitution for these unrealized hopes?—His father had been removed, far out of the reach of his care:—his patroness was withdrawn, unjustly offended and irreconcilably alienated, and there was reason to fear a great diminution of his influence in his parish, under her avowedly withdrawn confidence. Instead of the quiet of celibacy or the common comforts of those who have renounced it, he lived with a partner of a disturbing character, who poisoned his leisure, and threw upon him not only inevitable cares, but those artificially fabricated by herself. Her deficiencies and inequalities had made him shy of exposing to friends, the bad choice for which he must be deemed responsible; and now, by the narrowed state of his income, he was deprived of the means of doing liberally, and confined to a narrow charity to two objects, the claim to whose gratitude must depend on eventual success which he could not command.

To all this he *must* submit : he had no option.

But again

—‘ Hope enchanted smil’d and wav’d her golden hair.’

The baroness condescended to write. — O ! what ecstatic joy ! — And her letter began in terms of deep regret for all that had occurred to mar their recent amity, and she declared herself thoroughly disinclined to quit her own country, and appalled with the dangers of betaking herself to any other — and she spoke of her destiny as in the hands and at the arbitrimt of one who could never doubt her friendship or suspect her motives. — Maximilian Broderaye was himself again.

Drawing these general expressions into a narrowing focus, she had reduced the question at issue, to one minute point. Notwithstanding it was winter, she would be at St. Emeril’s Court, which she commissioned him to see in order for her reception, with as little loss of time as possible, would he only consult her ease in one particular.

He began to tremble.

All she asked was the removing out of all sight and cognisance, the child whose interests he had been so drawn in to adopt. She asked nothing harsh or unreasonable. He might turn over the guardianship he had accepted, to any person of

his own choice, on condition it was never brought within fifty miles of St. Emeril, and that he suffered himself to remain in perfect disconnexion with it and ignorance respecting it;—and to facilitate this purpose, she would furnish him with a thousand pounds.

Is it that there can be no question, or that human nature cannot be trusted to consider—that we are endued with such a promptitude of decision on points that touch peculiar feelings? Certainly there could be but one greater worldly temptation offered to Maximilian Broderaye than that now placed before him: the condition required was easy—the sacrifice demanded, especially in the way that Lady Lynford had proposed, was small, and might conscientiously be made by any one who had a proper value for the sum offered. The interest of it, as he himself might invest it, would afford the means of clothing, feeding, and educating the little girl; and it could not be doubted that he would have influence enough, at some time or other, to obtain from the baroness as much more. Altogether, therefore, the orphan would be well provided for; and he had only to apply to some conscientious female of a certain middle class in society, to procure for her whatever was necessary to her being, through life, insensible to the loss of her parents. He had never had

confidence enough in his own powers, to make him think himself the only fit guardian the world could produce for her ; and on his wife he could have no dependence. Every day he must more and more feel the burden of his charge, his own inadaptability to the purpose, and probably much yet-unforeseen inconvenience, when his Angelica and his ward were in less disparity of situation as his companions.—In short, Lady Lynford had shown him the way out of a dilemma ; and any friend at his elbow, might have advised him to take it.

But the advice of a friend in a case so clear, was not necessary. Mr. Broderaye could instantly see the advantages proposed for acceptance ; and only that it was a day when the London-post did not leave that country, or he would instantly have expressed to his patroness all he felt, and entreated her to bless her estates with her presence as speedily as possible.

The interval afforded an additionally strong motive to his decision. He had not told his Angelica what was the subject of Lady Lynford's letter, or even that the letter was from her ;—but that there was an unusual disturbance in his manner, a disturbance the character of which she could not ascertain—was matter of firm persuasion in her little peeping mind.—No question

from her, could procure her satisfaction—the vicar had no companion to talk to, with whom his conversation could betray itself;—and, as he had either corrected himself of the very dangerous habit of soliloquizing—or else never had it—no application to door-edges or key-holes would answer any purpose.—But these impediments did not abate her curiosity—that he had a letter by the post, she knew; and that the disturbance which she saw, or fancied, came on after the receipt of it, her powers of observation were commensurate to informing her.—There was a chance, but a very slender one—for such a wife did not set a man's prudence to sleep—that she might, by industrious search, find the letter and indulge her curiosity.—As to all idea of affectionate anxiety, or any motive that could excuse or palliate a deed deserving of branding in the hand, she could make no such pretension—but she had motive sufficient; and her husband going out, just when she wished his absence, she had no farther care than to avoid the sight of the servants: this was accomplished.—Fortune or some other good friend favoured her;—for, in the joy of his heart, or in the occupation of his thoughts, her husband's usual vigilance had been remitted: the key was in the lock of his study-door; and the letter—left, probably,

under the intention of *not* leaving the key—lay open on his writing-table.

It has been said, and very probably on dear-bought experience, that were the most inoffensive words of any two persons to be reported to each by a third, there could be no peace in the world. A similar caveat may be entered against the disclosure of confidential correspondence, and one still more powerful, against the undue gratification of inquisitiveness. Much may give offence that was not only never intended to offend, but originated in a totally contrary motive—that may seem to self-love very injurious, which, to a candid judgment, would show itself forbearing—and any thing but what is true, will present itself to the prejudiced. Had Lady Lynford, in the feeling of the moment, only hinted that she should be glad, by her return, to assist in rendering Mr. Broderaye's situation more cheerful, in the consciousness that Mrs. Broderaye had not that power—however innocent the expression—however just her intimation, his Angelica would instantly have drawn any conclusion rather than that she was herself a fool—but Lady Lynford was too delicate even for *this* confidence; and *la belle petite Angélique* was delighted, without alloy, in the knowledge of her prospect of getting rid of Carilis. She restored the letter, as she thought, to the folds

and the situation in which she had found it, and carefully locked the door of the study when she left it.

Mr. Broderaye came home ; and the day being fine, in the unswerving goodness of his nature he excited his wife to walk out, and offered himself to accompany her. The personal offer she ungraciously declined ; but the advice she willingly followed, for the sake of a private conference with a village-gossip, to whom she was in the habit of communicating all that passed in her own house, and from whom she often derived the means of annoying her husband to a greater degree than her own abilities would have furnished. The secret of the letter was a grand piece of plunder to share with her friend, and it was returned with a hint that might have been made useful, but for the secrecy of the transaction, and the precipitancy with which the vicar had already arranged his plan for the disposal of Carilis ;—for the village-gossip had an ancient cousin, to whom she knew such a charge as that of the orphan would be a livelihood—she lived at a proper distance ; and no hesitation was used in pressing on Mr. Broderaye a commission to further, by her influence, this charitable deputation.

But, as the fair Angelica's talents lay much more in the way of doing mischief than good of

any description, and she had no intention of being employed in a business so perilous to the preservation of her own credit, she declined it, and, as may be supposed, not without exciting some displeasure in her friend, to whom, in her policy, she had not disclosed the surreptitious mean by which she had obtained the news with which she had amused her. The ladies parted, not quite as cordially as they met; Mrs. Broderaye, to make some further calls and communications, and the gossip intent on serving the interests of her relation—the shortest way to do which, appearing to her an immediate conference with the vicar, who was very accessible to his parishioners, she only delayed long enough to be sure that she should not fall in with the lady from whom she had now separated, and then set off on the benevolent errand.

Her wish ‘to speak a few words’ with Mr. Broderaye, found him in his study, just aware of the oversight of which he had been guilty in leaving the key in the door, and asking himself whether it was at all the natural action of a man under his feelings at the moment, when he had finished the perusal of the baroness’s letter, to have folded it as he found it: his doubts were beginning to embody themselves, when this lady, whom he knew as the oracle of the High-street, requested an audience, and was admitted to him, standing as he

was, and considering the elaborate distortion of the letter.

His request to know the business which had procured him this visit, was answered by an impersonal recital of oblique reports, tending to inform him that it was known that he was going to give up the charge of his female ward,—and to prepossess him in favour of the person whose interests were to be served by the acceptance of her in his place ; the extreme circumspection used in ‘ dealing in generals,’ to prevent any suspicion from attaching to an individual, was enough to induce the very suspicion itself ; but as there are none so blind as the cunning—none who can so little see when they are seen through,—she continued laying on coating after coating of that pellucid material which seemed to her shallow sense an impervious covering, till she had led the plainer sense of the person to whom she was talking, fairly into the possession of the truth. Not knowing how lately had arrived that which had set the subject afloat, she hinted at ‘ news from a neighbouring town last market-day,’ ‘ hearsay’ through divers organs, ‘ flying reports’—and stated vague conjectures and surmises, till she had at last renounced all pretensions to veracity, and made it almost unreasonable to ask her a question ; but awe-struck on being told how she had really learnt what she had insinuated,

she seemed to give up the profession of the black art, and feeling compelled to be honest, withdrew, discouraged from further endeavour.

Angelica returned home in peculiar lightness of heart and gaiety of spirits—she should lose at least some part of the grievances with which she fancied herself beset, if Carilis were removed; and it required more watchfulness over her thoughts than she could well practise, to prevent their appearing beyond the tip of her tongue. But when, after dinner, her husband most gently took her to task for her presumption in entering his study—her mean curiosity in perusing a letter not designed for her eye—her indiscretion in communicating what she had by treachery obtained—all her friskiness turned into something of kin to a superstitious fear that she was in the power of a being not of this world. The apprehension might not be removed by the spirit of his conclusion, which was an assurance that the very next transgression of this kind should meet with its due punishment, and her complete disgrace.

From this moment the relative situation of the vicar and his Angelica, was no longer what it had been: he felt the necessity of less delicate management of her; and she for ever bore the stamp of a culprit about her. The little communication—

for confidence there could never have been—but the little intercourse of mind that had existed, was gone:—but he still treated her—and under any circumstances would have treated her—with forbearing pity, grieving when necessity compelled him to be harsh, and reconciling himself to what was inevitable, by the consoling conviction that it was irremediable!

But in the business on which Lady Lynford had written to him, he suffered not a word to be interposed. His mind, as has been said, was instantly made up, when he had possessed himself of the condition on which he was to purchase the counterpoise to his domestic uneasiness—but it was made up to a firm refusal.—He had given every assurance that had been asked of him, to him who was no more, that Carilis should remain his ward, his charge, his personal care;—and though he would have set aside all his tender feeling towards her, if that alone had impeded any advantage to her, he felt his word once given, like the coronation-oath of his revered sovereign, too unpliant to bend to any influence of worldly expediency.—His refusal was conveyed in terms the most respectful, the most soothing, the most appealing to her good-sense, her high honour, her enlightened and conscientious judgment:—he pointed out to her, to prove the integrity of his

self-denial, how opportunely she had spread this temptation before him : he stated the inadequacy of his means, even now, to the calls on them ;—he entreated her to consider,—to return,—to do herself honour—and, as he would have condescended to say to no other being upon earth—not to withdraw, at a time when he might most need them, those favours without which he might, not improbably, in the course of his imposed duties, be left to struggle against evils greater than those of his early youth. ‘ When,’ said he, ‘ out of an income which you yourself in your noble friendship at one time thought fit to apologize for offering me—I have provided for the maintenance of four persons, should heavy sickness or any casualty befall us—“ should the fields yield no meat—the flock be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls ” for ever so short a time, what are we to do ?—I need not say that every superfluity I am willing to retrench—for I have none :—I contemplate intrepidly the sale of all that I collected, and even the dispersion of my library, in preference to renouncing the protection of these children while they need it ;—but to say that I would make these sacrifices without trying to move you to consider, would be to withhold a confidence you have a right to demand.—Once more, dearest madam, let me entreat you to re-

consider and abate the terms on which you tempt me.'

'All this and more he urg'd in vain,
The self-will'd traveller to restrain.'

Her ladyship sailed for Malta, without replying, and left her extraordinary proceedings to the discussion of the St. Emerilians.

CHAPTER IV.

THE vicar's home was now become a watch-tower instead of a scene of calm exertions. His wife's conduct was a tissue of errors and absurdities, that every day called for corrections and apologies ; and the boy and girl not requiring less vigilance as they gained more powers, presented, almost daily, some new question to his anxious mind. Considerations superior to those of mere prudence and thrift, reduced his relaxations to those which entailed the least expense : at home he had none ; for leisure it was not in his power to command. While his Angelica was displaying to the best advantage, her still-beautiful tresses, he was compelled, by her wilful inability, to arrange with a servant, whom he felt it too much indulgence to keep, what should feed the family ; and while she, still perversely retaining her childish fondness for things the least worthy of it, was employing another servant in the furtherance of her barbarous tastes, he was compelled to be his own messenger. She could stare with her mouth open, while efforts were making to please her ; and perhaps the vicar's father might still have discovered a charm in ' the

innocent pursuits of *la belle petite*,—but her husband could see none while he felt so irksomely burdened. What had been tolerable and tolerated at an age little removed from childhood, was not so commendable in a woman claiming, and, to do her justice, not inclined to abate of, the respect due to the mistress of a family; but at no time was it more than excusable, in the eyes of the vicar, whose experience of female propriety had led his expectations into a very different track.

Nor was he much better satisfied with the choice his Angelica made of her *severer* employments. While she thought herself justified, or at least licensed, in spending, to alter and to spoil that which had been her precipitate choice or her decided order, formed much of her occupation. When she was restricted in her lavish waste on herself, the fable of the Crow and the Pitcher seemed to excite her best emulation; and she was in a series of stratagems in dress. This and the still-more-to-be-deprecated refuge of gossip, sufficed for her existence; and had she been cheerful or even placid, she would have escaped with nothing worse than pity; but, like the product of a niggardly brewing, she soured under her own weakness; and that which had been variegated in the first period of her marriage by a weak fondness for her husband, which always took the least convenient opportuni-

ties for showing itself, was now reduced only to the alternations of compassion for herself and annoyance to him.—The vicar, if he had taken any interest in his own acquittal of folly in making such a choice, might have said, as others have done in like cases, ‘ I hope you do not think she was as bad as this when I married her ’—for Mrs. Broderaye, like many other Angelicas, was an instance of what may be accomplished by only doing nothing.

And thus matters proceeded, with no other indulgences to the vicar, than those which the friendship of a few offered to him, and little other encouragement than that which an approving conscience and a hopeful spirit could afford, till Frank was called seven years old, and Carilis was more than five, when having done what could yet be done, for their welfare and advantage, in the situation where they had been placed, he began to contemplate the necessity of doing still more.—The boy could not remain with Martha Pearce without loss of time, and perhaps too decided an impression on his mind of low ideas: he still maintained his loftiness; and there was in him a spirit of emulation which might be made admirably useful, if properly supported; but in his present mode of life, it was impossible to find a *fulcrum*

on which the lever of his mind might rest to raise itself; and though his thorough good-nature and his spirit of kindness, kept him without discontent, whenever he could find employment for his boyish activity in the service of others, and he improved daily under his own efforts, it was not fair that the chance should be forgotten that, whenever claimed by parents or friends, more might be expected from him than proofs or results of good instincts.

A mode of education that shall suit in its event, either a palace or a cottage, is very pretty in theory; and the virtues which national and individual casualties have called out, might lead, in some few instances, to a supposition that it had been planned and perfected; but the talents of the vicar did not, immediately on his feeling the necessity, suggest to him the means of accomplishing this desirable end. The speculation demanded rather the adoption of a zig-zag course, than the straight line of which he was so steady an advocate—he must go too far to the right, and then correct it by going as much too far to the left: — Frank Newson must fence to-day and plough to-morrow—he must have the eloquence of parliament and the oratory of the market; and after all, there could be no question that his mind would make its choice, and if his present indica-

tions were to be relied on, that that choice would reject every thing that had not an elevated direction. On the dictate of his own judgment, Mr. Broderaye decided on giving him the best education in his power, as he would have done to a son of his own; and when talking to Frank, and explaining down to his comprehension, the arduous situation in which he felt himself placed, he found his mind, which this habitually ingenuous mode of consultation had ripened far beyond his years, perfectly disposed to grateful acquiescence. Attached as he was by affection almost filial, to Martha Pearce, and impressed on his conscience as were his obligations to her—fond as he was of the little Carilis, and important as was his protection to her, there could be no doubt of his preference, where the option was the vicar's society. When invited to a long walk, or any manly exertion, the temptation was irresistible; but when he saw Carilis's lip up, or her eyes suffused on losing him, he tried to compromise, and would offer to carry her part of the way, if that resource would spare her the pain of separation. And when this could not be, his thoughts were with her, and while he enjoyed his own indulgence, he was contriving how to procure some compensation for Carry; but no feeling for her, ever made him decline any thing in which Mr. Broderaye bore a part, or hesitate to do

what he proposed; and under this accidental tuition of her less strong mind, he improved her infantine adhesion into a willing suspension of her own gratifications, for his benefit or to obtain his praise.

As the foundation of all that could be done on this plan for Frank, as close an adoption as possible of the process of a public school was necessary; but this, at the arm's-length distance of the cottage from the vicarage-house, was attended with difficulties that diminished the sum-total of advantage; and nothing less than a residence under the roof of his tutor, appeared adequate to the purpose in view. The *fiat*, in justice, rested with the vicar; for to his hand Martha was beholden, not only for the emolument of her care of Carilis, but partly for the maintenance of Frank. But not even this consideration would induce the old woman to give up her charge. Nothing but her motive could excuse the uncouth vehemence with which she did what she thought her duty. Had Mr. Broderaye laid hold on Frank to remove him, the question must have resolved itself, not into right, but muscular strength; and unless the prize contended for, had coalesced with the more reasonable of the two combatants, the Amazon might have triumphed. Palliating expedients were devised to prevent

evil to the boy, and to avoid wounding her who had so conscientiously been his friend; but neither purpose was effectually answered.—Frank began to fret under submission to that which he felt as an obstacle to his progress, and disappointed in the hope of being freed from associations which were now every day less pleasant to him. He still went to the school in Martha Pearce's neighbourhood, but he was almost as competent to teach in it, as the professor who occupied the chair. He had tried with Martha Pearce what a plan for the apportionment of his hours between the vicar and her would do; but she was now rendered suspicious and wary, and would give up nothing: 'She would quit her cottage and the country, and take him in her hand, and beg for him and herself, before she would give up a hair of his head to any one.'

In this mood she went on for some weeks, and being made far less grateful by the suspicion infused into her mind that at the first opportunity she should be deprived of her darling charge, every one of whose recommendations administered to her pride, she communicated to Mrs. Broderaye her uneasiness, in the hope of her averting the cause; but in such cases, the vicar's lady never did more than side against her husband—she could be an enemy; but, as a friend, she was never to

be reckoned on—in that capacity she was yet to make her first experiment of service ; and either the difficulties of executing the office appalled her, or the part which she felt prone to act, was too attractive to be foregone. She consequently only entered into a secret understanding with Martha Pearce ; and in her visits to her, which want of other occupation made frequent, and more sweet by being clandestine, was doing infinite mischief by diminishing the woman's sense of obligation, and by endeavours to shake the *allegiance* of the children to the vicar. But in this she defeated her own plan by her zeal in the cause, and her erroneous calculation on her own influence ; and in her proceedings, rendered her views so conspicuous to Frank, that she awakened in him feelings perfectly opposite to those which she strove to excite ; and, misleading him into an opinion that his nurse was as little to be trusted, she contributed to his making a desperate move for liberty.

He had for some days been observed to look ill and to be out of spirits, when, one spring-morning, he was missing from the cottage, and poor Martha, however blameable in her want of deference to the better judgment of the vicar, was in a state of pitiable dismay. In the first alarm, the woman, as might be supposed, made an inroad

on the ecclesiastical territory, and, of course, seeking a parley by the mean of her friend in the garrison of the besieged place, she let out whatever Mrs. Broderaye had said that showed her to be her partizan. The vicar having come forward on the first rumour of invasion, and having only to listen, heard truths that should not have been told to him, and, low as was his estimation of his wife's prudence and integrity, felt it necessary, on the evidence before him, to set it still lower, if he meant to be just. When Martha had exhausted herself, and was forced to allow space for the retort of her own violence, she seemed paralyzed by the collected gentleness with which Mr. Broderaye owned her cause for alarm just: he disclaimed all knowledge of Frank's flight and place of concealment, and recommended the least turbulent proceeding. — Reprehension sufficient to make her more manageable was bestowed on her; and she was offered assistance, on condition that she would not obstruct it, by rendering herself incapable of using it.

That Frank had not, on his desertion of the cottage, resorted to his friend, was a trait of conduct that convinced Mr. Broderaye he had not acted without consideration if he had acted for himself; but in the way in which he had been first introduced to Martha Pearce, there was some

ground for apprehending, that he might be lost to those who had had the care of him by some sudden claim from his natural friends : Frank knew his own story ; and any person sent from a foreign country to seek him, and describing him, such as he might be supposed, by questioning every boy whose appearance afforded any hope, might have discovered him, and conveyed him away. But against any such sudden departure, the vicar set the improbability of his not having been allowed to give notice at the cottage. The previous failure of his spirits, his having been seen in tears, and some recollections of tenderness of words and manner towards Martha Pearce, impressed much more strongly on the vicar, the suspicion that, unable to endure the restraints under which he was wasting his time, he had resolved on freeing himself, and unwilling to make him an accomplice in an act which he could not justify, but which he had not resolution to forbear doing, he had, either at a great risque made himself a wanderer, or had retreated to some neutral ground, on which, when discovered, he could make his terms.

Mr. Broderaye scarcely escaped the danger of being supposed a conjuror, when, on a survey of the repositories for Frank's property, he decided that he could not be far off or intend to go far : he had taken no clothes with him : he was known

to have nothing beyond a few halfpence about him ; but his books which the vicar had given him were gone. Inquiry was now made amongst those boys with whom he most associated ; but no one could boast of any share in his confidence. Carilis, who had by this time left her school, the mistress of which was the wife of Frank's master, was, by the emulation of all her play-fellows in telling her what they knew would distress her, informed, — and in the least consoling way, — of the loss she had sustained, and was now in a state that needed all Martha Pearce's attention. She had fainted, with all the self-abandonment of a widowed adult ; but she claimed no praise for her imbecility. The concentration of care around her, had drawn Mr. Broderaye to her ; and when, on recovering her sight and her recollection, she put her arm over his neck, and said, ' Only *you* now ! ' he read in her words much more than the preference of him to others near her, which was beginning to excite dame Pearce's jealousy.

The search for Frank was renewed without success ; and the vicar was, under the persuasion of something not far from the truth, going to the nearest house of importance in that neighbourhood, to consult with the occupier of it, who was his friend, and had been Frank's god-father, on the means next to be pursued, when he met the

adviser whom he was seeking, coming towards him with a countenance more cheerful than that of any one he had lately seen, yet giving him the suspicion that he was not ignorant of what had occurred. Having heard a little of what Mr. Broderaye had to tell, he turned him back to the cottage, and there relieved the minds of him and Martha Pearce by confessing that Frank was with him, and that having heard from him the dilemma in which he was placed, he had not only harboured him, but had promised to allow of the search for a certain time, in hope of bringing Martha Pearce to consent to his removal from the cottage to the vicarage-house. Frank had stated the loss of time under which he was existing—the great kindness Mr. Broderaye had proposed in taking him into his house, and his own extreme unwillingness to distress nurse Pearce : ‘ he thought that by coming away, which, he was sorry to know must alarm her, he should bring her to think nothing of his being at that little distance,’—and so it proved ; for the woman now, after the terror she had suffered in his unaccountable absence, was reconciled to his quitting her with a promise to see her daily ; and even Carilis could, on the vicar’s persuasions, and seeing it the wish of Frank, consent to that which would have required, till this moment, much more of the virtue of acquiescence than she possessed.

Respect for two such personages as Frank's male-friends, kept Martha Pearce in order; and his removal was effected, more to the diminution of her trouble than of her gains; for the vicar's consideration attended every act by which the comfort of any one who deserved well was affected; and the admission of this additional inmate into his family, was no act of economy. Mrs Broderaye's offence at the proceeding, was rendered mute by the necessity of submission which her discovered practices had imposed on her; and all was again peace, and Frank was gratified and happy under his new discipline, and scrupulous in the observance of his promise to dame Pearce.

Poor little Carilis found the least consolation of any one under these changes. She had never cordially loved the person to whose care she was committed, but the association with Frank had made her residence tolerable; and, had he been going now to reside exclusively with Mr. Broderaye, she might have been less patient in remaining thus stranded on the distant shore; but Mrs. Broderaye was, to her recollection and excited feelings, so much more disagreeable than even Martha Pearce, that to have wished herself with Frank would have been to wish herself in a worse situation than that in which she pined.

CHAPTER V.

EVERY report concerning Lady Lynford which reached those on her domain, intimated an intention on her part of remaining out of England; and though the country she abandoned had been the refuge of the fugitives from all parts of Europe, and nothing could be more precarious than the safety of those who quitted it, Mr. Broderaye, on his intimate knowledge of her, was forced to subscribe to the opinion that she would *risque* any thing in the indulgence of her headlong caprice. He did not say, nor could it be hinted to him, that his renunciation of the preferment which she had given him, might change her decisions: he did not feel bound to make this sacrifice, under no sense of delinquency, and with no more certainty of producing a good effect.

The habitual respect entertained for him by those on the spot who were intrusted with any share in the preservation of the property, had not been abated eventually by any proofs of her ladyship's capricious treatment. What has been said by one of the very best of the female writers—the Margaret Roper of this day—on the character of

the Irish, may sometimes be justly applied to the lower classes of the sovereign-island; and it may be presumed of them, that when left to themselves, no endeavours to bribe opinion, are so efficacious in obtaining their confidence, as a clear knowledge of what is right, and a thorough adherence to it. Notwithstanding the intended depreciation of Mr. Broderaye in the eyes of his parishioners, he was still in favour; and there was not a servant left on the estate, who would not gladly have contributed to make him forget his ill-treatment. Instead of being precluded from the house and grounds, he was invited and consulted; and he made use of this disposition, to add his care of the property to theirs, and was gratified in feeling that he was rendering not only good in return for evil, but essential service to his patroness, in a way that no one else could. Had he thought it right to encourage sentiments of disaffection, he had a fair opportunity of raising his reputation on the ruin of his patroness's; but of this he was, on every principle, incapable; and by his own forbearance he taught others to forbear.

But now every tongue in the parish of St. Emeril and its contiguities, was set in motion, and all hands were lifted up in astonishment, at the arrival of an official intimation that St. Emeril's Court, which had never known the disgrace of

such a transfer—had never admitted, even during the minority of its mistress, a temporary possessor—never had described itself in an advertisement, or answered to demanded requisites, was to be let!—and that for seven years!—It was not, indeed, in search of an occupier—the step was not only decided on, but the tenant had offered in the person of General and Lady Mary Vaseney; and the negotiation of persons who were interested by family-connexion in finding such a retreat for the general and his family, had induced Lady Lynford to give a sleeping-draught to her disagreeable remembrances of St. Emeril's, by disclaiming, for a time, all concern in it.

Report, in publishing this almost incredible proceeding, gave General and Lady Mary Vaseney twenty children. That they had had sixteen, was true; but that they at present possessed so large a stock was not true. Deaths had made gaps in the row of their progeny, which had left them only six surviving—one son thirty years of age—who had been married, divorced his wife and lived anywhere but at home—and another a midshipman at sea—two daughters, the elder twenty, the younger seventeen—and two more who were little girls in the school-room.

Offended as was the pride of the St. Emerilians in being on a sudden degraded to a level with

the places of London-resort by this admission of strangers, the sound of 'twenty children' did much towards raising the spirits of any who had aught to sell, and by the time that the arrival of the family-harbingers had brought the matter down to the truth, the novelty of the transfer had ceased to shock them, and they had begun to think that a small family in 'the great house,' was preferable to the vacuity in which it was left. It was therefore with some sincerity of welcome, that they agreed to ring in those whom, when at a distance, they had deemed it derogatory to their ancient dignity to receive—and with great confidence, that a fresh cargo of attractions was laid in at 'the shop.' Mrs. Broderaye, now in full employ as repeating-frigate, on her own responsibility spirited up every trade and mystery to make exertions; and the High-street improved much in appearance, under her promises of recommendation and undertakings for profit.

Lady Mary with the two youngest children, their governess and servants, came first, and professed herself charmed and astonished. She had seen nothing so lovely as the place they had taken, and 'never in her life did she hear of any thing so cheap.' Impatient to acquaint herself with all the recommendations of her new abode, she, at a very early hour of the day after her arrival, called on

Mrs. Broderaye with her two little girls, their governess and maid, and three dogs, perfectly satisfied, by her habits of thought, her freedom from all consciousness of pride, and her great good-nature, that a visit attended with condescension could never be an intrusion.—Her delight was increased by that of her children, who, equally under the influence of *their* habits of thought, were tearing with the dogs not *round* the vicar's garden but *over* it; and without the allegorical meaning of the Duke D'Alva, but with decapitation as effectual, were leaving stems without heads, while the dogs left roots without covering. Mrs. Broderaye, who, her husband being absent, acted as *cicerone* on the glebe, not being used to visitors so fashionable, and not aware that this was fashion, without intention of retaliating, exercised a privilege little short of that assumed by Lady Mary—she professed, in terms more abject than was necessary or just, her terror of Mr. Broderaye's displeasure at the devastation of his garden; but was checked, not however before her words had made their impression, by her ladyship's gentle request, that 'just for this once, the dear children might be indulged: they were so fond of a garden and of flowers, and indeed they were, for their age, very clever children, and very nice little girls'—the youngest now sidled up to her mamma to hear her

own praises more distinctly confirmed : — Lady Mary drew her close to her, patted her cheek, and asked her if she and her sister ‘ were not very nice little girls.’

Lady Mary Vaseney had indeed many causes for rejoicing at quitting London, and was not only much disposed to like the place on the merit of its own attractions, but because the humour of Lady Lynford in letting it, had made the rent little more than an acknowledgment of right. So good a bargain could no where else be expected : it was her earnest wish to draw the general away from London ; and she lost all sense of strangership, and seemingly laid aside all pretensions to distinction, that she might add from the information of those of whom she inquired, some new inducement to him to join her. Every letter she wrote was calculated to raise his expectations ; and to enable her to do this, she bestowed particular attention and benevolence on the vicar’s lady.

The episode came most opportunely in the epic of Mrs. Broderaye’s life ; for as she seldom stirred into activity without drawing forth from her husband the gentle request, ‘ Pray, Angelica, do not do that again,’ she found her means of solace daily diminishing. Martha Pearce’s cottage was forbidden ground to her, since the affair of Frank : and her opportunities of stealing

thither, which were sought perhaps only because prohibited, were made scarce by a certain awe with which Frank had found means to inspire her, and by the increasing ability and disposition of Carilis, to betray to the vicar any disobedience of his injunctions.—The rooted dislike of her, which had shown itself in Carilis, too early to be ranked higher or lower than instinctive feeling, was yet to be corrected or disguised. At present, it existed in full force, and compelled Martha and her patroness to great circumspection in their proceedings.

In this reduction of means for getting rid of hours that neither could be used nor would be accelerated in their departure, the arrival of any one so disposed to be familiar, and whose familiarity was a flattering condescension, might be accounted a blessing—and Mrs. Broderaye was not deficient in her sense of it. The vicar himself needed much more courting into the alliance: he did enough to acquit him of disrespect; but, at well-bred ease with Lady Mary, he frankly replied to her pressing invitations—her wishes that ‘he and that interesting little woman, Mrs. Broderaye, would just domesticate themselves at the upper house’—that ‘he would take his chance of what their table afforded, whenever he was not better provided’—her assurances that ‘there was always a plate, and

knife and fork for him'—and her hints that 'he could do her essential service'—that 'any service that he could offer, she might command—but that 'he had feelings respecting the absence of the owner of St. Emeril's, which he must a little overcome, before he could avail himself of her ladyship's hospitable kindness.'—Lady Mary took this with the utmost good-humour, and expressed her cordial sympathy in feelings so like her own, on the subject of friendly attachment.

The field seemed now left for the evolutions of Mrs. Broderaye;—and Lady Mary's amiable disposition leading into a resolute approbation of every body and every thing that came in her way, she was so enchanted by the complexion, hair, and eyes, and the unquestionable *gentleness* of her new acquaintance, that the vicar's lady must have been much wiser or much more foolish than she was, if she had not been made worse by this warm sunshine of aristocratic favour. 'The day never passed for several weeks without meetings and messages:—Lady Mary gave her the periphrastic appellation of 'the buried pearl'—and the poor woman, delighted with being so noticed, did not perceive what great liberties great people will take with little ones, and still think they are conferring obligations. She had exchanged her awe of Lady Lynford and the con-

sciousness of being ill-regarded by her, for the benignity of Lady Mary and the certainty of her partiality :—a forlorn house was become comparatively cheerful, and more was promised and to be expected when the family should be assembled. Besides this, her ladyship was not at all behind-hand with those of similar privileges in the *ad libitum* of asking questions, and seemed perfectly convinced that every married woman ‘*must* have her grievances.’ When, therefore, Mrs. Broderaye, whose powers of information could not hold out long, made herself the heroine of the tale she told, and with far more insinuation than matter of fact, gave it to be understood that she had not escaped the general matrimonial lot, she found a ready listener ; and the consolation of ‘*poor thing !*’ and ‘*poor soul !*’ was always at hand, though uttered without any diminution of favourable opinion towards the vicar himself, who was supposed to be only, like other men—abject before marriage, and tyrannical after it.

The Misses Vaseney arrived in the height of summer, but without the general, who still lingered in London. A great sensation was produced by this addition to the population of St. Emeril’s Court ; and the young ladies taking up Mrs. Broderaye as a favourite with a spirit similar to that of their mother, the fair Angelica was in a

state of beatitude, the existence of which she could not have imagined. As every thing was new to the young ladies, every thing was to them an object of curiosity; and though their visits to spots described as of peculiar beauty, or to places of historical interest—their introductions to amusing poverty, and their gratification in catechizing the aged, uniformly ended in the admiring exclamations ‘filthy!’—‘stupid!’—‘abominable!’—‘horrifying!’—yet they pursued with keenness whatever the small observation or picked-up information of their new acquaintance, could point out.

Mrs. Broderaye now in incessant association with her charming friends, was, far less than heretofore, a nuisance to her husband. She was very little at home: she had much to tell when there; and though it was not indeed of a description worth listening to, it was borne with, as well-intended: her spirits were gay, and from having uniformly crept in her pace, she changed into a hopping, skipping gait, very ungraceful because affected, and very reprehensible, as designed to show how happy others could make her, when her husband would not. But peace can seldom be too dearly purchased where war is destruction, and he would not check her frivolity while it kept within the bounds of folly.

She could perceive his indulgence though she could not appreciate his mercy ; and her first use of it, was to abuse it. Lady Mary still retained her simple partiality for her ; but the young ladies saw farther into her character, and soon resolved on their mode of treating her. It was not their policy to abate of their professed fondness : they meant rather to try how much more she could digest ; but foreseeing the necessity they should feel, of amusement in the country, they projected that of making ‘ Angelica the buried pearl ’ furnish it. The vicar had not propitiated them : the eldest had examined his countenance : her glass had never been from her eye during his first sermon ; and this scrutiny had enabled her to decide and to inform her sister, who looked up to her superior years and judgment, that ‘ he would not do.’ This disability, whatever it implied, immediately ranged him, in their allotment, as one who, not acting with them, must be acted against.—Every situation in which they found or met him, increased their dislike : he was not tangible—he would not talk nonsense—he chose to appear ignorant to them, when, to others, they overheard him talk with a degree of information, that might have made them shy of obtruding, if his manner had added repulsion to superiority, and they had had any diffidence ;—but as he could not but win when he chose

to speak, they could get no higher in independent feeling, than mortified envy; and Miss Vaseney was forced to confess to her sister—and it was done almost with tears in her piggish eyes—that ‘upon her life, Crab-tree was too handsome to be sneezed upon.’

Nothing but his wife seemed to be accessible to their spirit of mischief; and a request or rather demand, which she had prompted them to make, ‘to see all the fine things that they heard dignified with the name of his collection’ being waived, it was no longer necessary to preserve the bloom of friendship perfect. Open aggression might have followed, had it shown any encouragement in the contemplation; but its failure was seen in the outset, and Miss Vaseney ordered her sister to continue the attack covertly in the original quarter.

Whatever Angelica described was always exaggerated and distorted, and consequently the prudent economy which her husband’s situation required, was represented by her to Lady Mary and her daughters, as the consequence of extreme parsimony. Lady Mary having taken no dislike to the vicar herself, and having more good-nature than the girls possessed, heard these reports with ‘grains of allowance,’ and was inclined, on the acquaintance she had already gained with Mr. Broderaye, to suppose him restricted in his income,

rather than deficient in liberality. Under this impression, she was disposed to assist him, 'as far as the forbearing plan on which the general and herself were anew setting out in life, could permit.

But Lady Mary Vaseney was not 'Heraline, Baroness Lynford:' she might avoid her errors, and claim greater praise for the *médiocre* virtue of her general character; but she had no fine taste, nor any of that exquisite tact, which dictated the putting a silver-edge on every favour she conferred. Meaning to do right, acting, as she thought, up to the dictate of conscience, but fixing her attention rather on the outset than the aim of her kind feeling, Lady Mary was satisfied with knowing that good was good, and with not knowing that its character might be lost in its progress. When, therefore, she had confirmed herself in the opinion that the vicar was very poor, and had resolved to make up for her slender means, by using every opportunity of abating this misfortune, 'Mr. B.'s' name stood at the head of the daily memorandum which she made to assist her recollection in her novel practice of domestic economy; and if the last Magazine's recipe for frugal soup had succeeded well, or there was a superfluity of any dainty dish, which in the confinement of her ideas to London, she thought *must* be unknown to a resident in Hottentotshire—as by consent the coun-

try was jocularly called at 'the upper house,'—she would, when the cloth was removing, order one of the footmen to tell her woman, to tell the cook to tell one of the kitchen-maids 'to take what was left, down to poor Mr. Broderaye's.'—This could not long be tolerated:—he tried by a good-humoured acknowledgment, and by saying that he prohibited at his table whatever could depreciate mutton and beef, to ward off the donation; but this not being understood, he was obliged to give way to the indignation of his father's old female domestic whom he still retained, and to allow her to concoct for an offering to Lady Mary's table, a dish on which she valued herself. The old count could not renounce these indulgences; and the attention he demanded had made his servant adroit. Lady Mary was astonished to find her table surpassed by that of the vicarage: she sent no more of these *sportulæ*, but begged the receipt—declared it too expensive for her—and was content. With the fair Angelica, the young ladies proceeded in a very different way. They could not forego the amusements which Hottentotshire afforded; and as their mother did not choose to form her plans of society till the general should arrive, she could not be prevailed on to accompany them. At fairs, and balls, and races, she felt the propriety or rather importance of ap-

pearing as became her situation in the world ; and the consciousness of her own supple nature, and her knowledge of the general's scrupulosity with regard to connexions, which was far too scientific for her comprehension, added to the feeling of decadence, took away all desire to exhibit herself with her daughters.

But this loss was easily supplied by the handy friendship of Mrs. Broderaye ; and that the young ladies themselves had no horses, and that she had no fine clothes, were objections overcome by one and the same exertion.—The Misses Vaseney sent to the inn for horses, with directions to ‘set them down to the general ;’ and they carried their *chaperon* to Exeter, where they accoutred her to their fancy, ordering the various articles to be set down ‘to the reverend Maximilian Broderaye, St. Emertil, Devon.’—In every way this was excellent sport as well as good management : they got a well-drest *chaperon* ; for they did not suffer her to choose her own appointments : they put her forward so as to make her ridiculous, for which, as she was an old inhabitant, the county and her husband were alone responsible ; and they looked forward with infinite glee, to the closing season of the year, when the vicar would be greeted with these details of his wife's ornaments.

Living in the constant practice of deceiving

their mother, whose gentle murmurs and un-emphatic injunctions only excited their mockery, they were *au faite* in every expedient that could overcome Mrs. Broderaye's fear of her husband's displeasure;—and as to any remorse of conscience, the tuition under which she was now improving, acted both as a stimulus to offend, and as a narcotic to render her careless of having done so. She lived so much at 'the upper house,' that her own was little more than her place for sleeping and taking her meals—that she should not quarter herself on Lady Mary's table, Mr. Broderaye made a condition of her liberty; and her ladyship, to do her justice, took due care that it should not be infringed; but dressing there and depositing her finery there, were permitted, even under the knowledge of the imposition on the vicar.—Nor yet when the fruits of the Exeter-journies were spread before her, did Lady Mary find fault: she could only say, 'Well, girls! you and Mr. Broderaye must settle it—I will have nothing to do with it—the poor man's pocket is finely picked!—at least, I am sure your father would think *his* was, if *I* did so by *him*.'

'Yes, mamma,' said the younger lady; 'but you're an old woman.'

'True,' said her ladyship, 'and so will you be if you live.'

The bomb-shell intended for mischief exploded rather sooner than the young ladies wished. So much suspicion had attached to their deportment in their trading in Exeter, that Mrs. Broderaye had not had half the gratifications designed for her, when an application was made to her husband for his sanction. That he was astonished was the least of his feelings: the debts already incurred took every shilling he could spare at the time: he paid them,—forbade farther trust,—and restrained his wife in her intercourse. In vain her friends opposed, finessed, prompted, and encouraged: experience told his wife that he was immovable in firmness, and not to be over-reached with impunity. She was again low-spirited; and he was again disturbed.

Reluctant to cut her off from that which gave her pleasure, he permitted her to associate with her friends, in all ways but those which brought mischief with them; and on her very earnest request, took off the prohibition of visiting Martha Pearce. The fear of betraying her own disgrace, had, till now, kept her silent on the subject of Carilis, lest the ladies should insist on seeing her; but now she had a new pleasure to offer them as an atonement for her drawing back in others; and to raise this in value, she detailed the history of

Carilis at great length, and with all the features of mystery. Curiosity was excited, and the gratification of it was not delayed. Martha Pearce had a hint given her to be in order ; and the visit was made.

The approach of Mrs. Broderaye seemed always to make little Carilis resort to her original ideas. Nothing could overcome her dislike, or make her forget the disagreeable impressions she had received, when, her name being demanded, Mrs. Broderaye had understood her to say, ' Careless Monkey.' It was impossible, indeed, that she should forget it ; for no conviction that it was painful to the child, would make Angelica forego the pleasure of taunting her with it, when the humour seized her ; and now, in particular, she might be expected to do it, when her laugh would be joined, echoed, and abetted, by her companions.

But Carilis was growing wary, if not cunning : —any thing bad, she might have been rendered, under the influence of ridicule and mortification : early in the visit, she foresaw the coming of the offensive question ; and, therefore, when asked what her name was, she answered in improved enunciation, ' Caroline Leslie Broderaye,' looking those who stood ready to bait her, full in the face, and colouring up to the very roots of her hair, as

if she had had shame to contend with in the avowal.

The effect might be foreseen. In their walk back, the two young ladies were not sparing of their endeavours to convince their friend that her claims to pity as an ill-used wife, were greater than they had supposed.—Her tyrant was aloud execrated as a compound of all vices:—his brutal treatment of ‘the buried pearl’ was explained to the pearl herself; and the symptoms of disbelief, which, on her own knowledge of facts respecting Carilis, she could not withhold, were treated with reproof and obloquy. Nothing that she could allege, served any purpose—she had no distinctness of recital—no firmness of conviction:—the ladies, well versed in histories of the kind, could see stratagem in every thing.—The mother of the child, they were confident, had been introduced by design; and, perhaps, had she lived, with a view to dispossess the lawful wife;—her husband—even if he *were* her husband—was, if not a blind, a convenience—and, in short, nothing so strongly impeached Mrs. Broderaye’s understanding, as her notice of this spurious child, and her passive delusion under circumstances so injurious, and which so loudly called for her resentment.

Still, to do ‘the buried pearl’ credit, she could not wholly believe this suggestion, or disbelieve

that to which her memory bore witness ; but not daring to trust her own judgment, and as little confident in the permission of the ladies to suspend it, she went to Martha Pearce for advice.

She could not have found a more strenuous abettor in any coalition than this woman ; but the same spirit that would have coalesced with her if right, stood ready to oppose her if wrong ; and the old woman, not waiting to hear out half her tale, made her sorely repent her reference to her. It was unnecessary to name the Misses Vasey as the authors of the calumnious supposition ; they were already but too well known for their daring doings ; and Martha, in all the unwieldy authority of feeling herself borne out by truth, almost turned the vicar's lady out of the cottage, and with Carilis in her hand, while Angelica was reporting to her principals what had occurred, obtained an audience of Mr. Broderaye and warned him of the injury done him.

Mrs. Broderaye had been heard with lenity while disproving the calumny : the ladies were too *liberal* to quarrel with her for being, as they affected to think her, a dupe ; and the limited intercourse proceeded, but only till Mr. Broderaye caught the three friends together in his own house, when, in terms that could not be too severe, and

with a self-possession that permitted him the full use of no common powers, he so acted on the comprehension of the young ladies, and so corroborated his threats by reference to books, that they were brought to think it a great relaxation of what he might have done, to be allowed to ask his pardon on their knees in the presence of each other and his wife. Their former exploits in the same way, made them expect to be called on for their signatures to some form of retractation; but Mr. Broderaye had no wish to record crimes; and, on promise of future forbearance, and with a strict prohibition of all intercourse with Mrs. Broderaye or any one of his family, they saw themselves dismissed, and felt themselves shut out of 'the lower house.'

CHAPTER VI.

No notice had been taken of this unpleasant occurrence by Lady Mary Vaseney when the general arrived in August. She and the vicar met occasionally, and always in perfect peace. Mrs. Broderaye did not now go to 'the upper house;' but she was called on by her ladyship, whose deportment left it to be conjectured that she was not ignorant, but was determined to be silent. Whether some explosion might not be deferred till the master of the house came to conduct it, was, till his arrival, a question; but there could be none after he had been seen: his lady seemed to have prepared him to meet their neighbour with cordiality; and the general, who was 'a man of the first world,' could intuitively discover that the vicar of St. Emeril was a gentleman meriting all the encomium Lady Mary had bestowed on him,—and his wife far more a 'Becky' than she had represented her.

The connexion set out well. The general availed himself of Mr. Broderaye's information, and, without asking any question, took great notice of Frank. The increasing infirmities of Martha Pearce, in the course of the next six months,

made it requisite to devise some other plan for the disposal of Carilis; and as there could be little hesitation where choice was so limited, her reception at the vicarage-house was decided on; and she too was accepted in the same silent facility, by the general and Lady Mary, with the additional favour from the latter, of an offer to allow her to partake of the discipline of the school-room, and the advantage of tuition under the governess, and a proposal, in which there was perhaps a reciprocity of benefit, that, to induce a dancing-master to come over from Exeter one day in a week, to the younger Misses Vaseney, Frank and Carilis should be his scholars.

The terms, on this plan, were not enormous; but still, in an income where every irregularity was felt, the expense was a serious consideration; and seriously it would have been considered by the vicar, had any thing but a necessary advantage to his wards, been in question. With all his tastes still vivid—covetous of books—estimating, as affording one of the best relaxations in solitude, a good collection of music:—fond of the arts in all their branches—of science in all its descriptions—keen in his attention to useful discoveries and elaborate processes—in short, with a most expensive scholar's taste, and not yet past the gratification of a fine opera, or

the pleasure of seeing Shakespeare personified, he had, under the noblest impulse of the human mind, put in subjection to his principles of action every wayward wish, and, with that cheerfulness which is the grace of submission, could prefer to his own will, that which could not mislead him. He could withstand temptations to purchase, and invitations to share pleasure—he could bear raillery on his seclusion, in the letters of distant friends—he could confess his want of means to cultivate society, and without revealing the excuse for parsimony :—he could withstand any thing but a temptation in which the boy and girl were concerned ; and he could bear any thing better than the fear of stinting them in necessary indulgences :—therefore the dancing partnership took place.

No benefit could be greater than that offered to Carilis by Lady Mary : in every way the accommodation was as great as the kindness. It removed the child from the tormenting spirit of Mrs. Broderaye, whose jealousy, having received a new impulse in Frank's domestication, was now exasperated by this introduction of a second favourite—and he had the pleasure of seeing that which he could neither do himself nor afford to pay for, done, and in the very best way, for his pretty charge.—He did not mean to shelter him-

self in idleness or apathy, under the sanction of this assistance : it was, as much as ever, his intention to do his utmost for the advantage of the child ; and he could not be ignorant that much was in his power beyond the good now offered ; but the time was hardly arrived when she could profit by what he had to bestow ; and with delight little short of a parent's, he saw her daily improving in that which would lead her up to the level on which he could meet her infant-mind.

He might yet have sustained some inconvenience or endangered his good fortune, had he not soon perceived that there was a measure to be observed, even in his gratitude. Miss Sims, the governess, was one of those many many pitiable beings whom an imprudent father first indulges to excess, and then leaves destitute, to struggle for a maintenance. Nothing worse was to be said of him ; for he had been in the church, and a man of unblemished character ; but this only child was his pride ; and he depended too much on the chance of marrying her well, ere he was called away from her. Accident had robbed her of a distinguishing portion of beauty : but it had been friendly to her, in rendering her more eligible in the situation she was now compelled to accept. Lady Mary, with all her sweetness, and her professed confidence in the general, would, on no account, have admitted

Miss Sims into her house, but that the hoof of a horse had disturbed the arrangement of her features ; and it required all her recollection that she had no pride, to endure hearing Miss Sims eulogized.

Early in his acquaintance with this young person, Mr. Broderaye had decided, that she was far too good for her present destiny, but with that very excusable warping which a laudable concern induces—when Carilis was to be put under her care, he was anxious to assure himself that she had principles and abilities adequate to the trust. He felt that she might be lost on the Misses Vaseney, but that Miss Monterne might, as much, be lost on her. There was, however, no cause for apprehension ; and his satisfaction in the benevolent arrangement, more than repaid him for previous endurances from the upper house, and drew him towards it, in spite of recollections and the cloudy countenances of the two eldest young ladies.

General Vaseney was a man who had lived under that suspension of opinion and that forbearance of censure, which is necessary to keeping up ‘connexions’ and ‘style’ in London : he was so much like other people in the polite part of it, that to have quarrelled with him for any deviations from right, would, in common consistency, have demanded the putting to flight half the fillers of

rooms and stop-gaps of dinner-tables. — Every thing that he let out or that was betrayed, showed him to be one of the thousands or ten thousands of men of fashion, who need a Nestorian age of forbearance and repentance, to counterbalance the mischief, and atone for the folly of a short youth. By his own account, he had begun life very early, and had soon entangled himself by imprudence : he had gone on in a ruinous career, of which he felt no shame ; and this necessary retreat from the town, was the first effort he had ever been prevailed on to make, to avert the probability of *seeing* his wife and younger children in positive want: his hitherto-resisting health had received some warnings ; and Lady Mary had prevailed with his medical advisers to join their opinion to her entreaties, and to *frighten* him, while she *persuaded* him, out of London.

In this she was opposed by her two eldest daughters, whose hunger for pleasure had scarcely reached its utmost keenness ; but she was abetted by her son, who, amply provided for by the fortune of the wife whom he had divorced, but needing no one's assistance in spending his income, did not wish, as he classically confessed, ‘ to play the part of Eneas before his father’s house was in flames.’ He, therefore, was an advocate for the prudent retreat, and to his goading, Lady Mary

was indebted for the general's quitting town when town quitted him, and coming to her.

To the quietness of her temper and the gentleness of her proceedings, Lady Mary was convinced she owed all the success she had ever met with; and, on this conviction, she every day improved these useful characteristics, till she could, with stoical or rather better patience, sit and hear herself called little short of fool by her daughters, and see herself accounted little more than a superannuated incumbrance by her husband.—With any other temper she must have been in a fever; and with any other wife the general must have been in a jail; but she had denied herself every superfluity—she had given up her settlement; and she had, though her marriage was highly disagreeable to her family, found means to keep her husband and her brother on such terms as sometimes to obtain assistance from the latter in exigencies.

In all domestic contests—and the day seldom passed without aggression on the part of the daughters, in which they had their father sometimes for their ally, and at others for their antagonist,—her voice was the least loud; but, in any plan which she thought it of importance to adopt, she never suffered herself to be disturbed or swayed. She felt herself inadequate to oppose the course of those who were coming against her; but she lay by and

waited very patiently till she saw the little unbalanced barks that were sailing with every thing in their favour, aground, and then, without any show of resentment, she drew up and helped them off, aiding them by her exertions to annoy her again.— That all this ought to have been prevented by early care, no one could deny; and, whether her ladyship did not encourage moral evil, or was as wise as she was good-natured, might be a question; but that she was very ill treated on all sides, admitted of none. Happily for her, she considered her fate as the fate of all, and was encouraged to make the best of it, by seeing that nobody seemed to take a common fate to heart. The facility of her nature was a substitute for every blessing: she had buried children at all ages, without losing an hour's sleep on the event, or even reflecting on her own fatigue in endeavouring to preserve them: she could dote on her husband without esteeming him; and she spoiled her offspring while she deplored their faults.

The economy of the house was of a kind which St. Emeril's Court had never before known. To save for the younger children, and, more proximately, to save her husband from ruin, was the earnest wish of Lady Mary; and to bear a still larger share than she had yet done, in the sacrifices necessary to this end, was her view in retreat-

ing so far out of sight. No conviction of the propriety or expediency of this plan, was wanting to the general's adoption of it; but his promptitude was not equal to that of his lady. While she submitted, he finessed to avoid submission; and the economy which he preferred, was the sparing from those things for which he had no taste, to lavish on the many for which he had more than was good: therefore, while Lady Mary was buying whole pieces of cheap commodities to cut up into indiscriminate clothing for the younger girls as occasion demanded, he was making hard bargains, with one hand, for the disposal of that which he saw would be superabundant, and, with the other, paying lavishly for the purchase of any thing he wished to want.

By the former of these two species of thrift, the vicar was compelled to suffer, whenever he was in need of a few faggots or a truss of straw; and in addition to traffic, tithes would soon have been a subject of at least *wordy* war, had not the unalienable generosity of Lady Lynford provided against any injustice in this point; but however little the care she had taken of her own interest in letting the estate, she had not forgotten that of her friend.—With all her endeavours, she could not subdue the good of her nature—it was too noble to bend, even at the behest of its mistress,

when her judgment was obscured by prejudice.— Mr. Broderaye soon saw the equitable arrangement of the general's proceedings: he had sold his fag-gots too dear; but he made it up by the offer of an exorbitant price for the vicar's horse, because he happened to have a match for it, in one exactly the reverse in appearance: and having completed the bargain, he set off for Exeter to order the building of the fashionable open carriage of the time, which held but one person with any convenience.

With all the abatement of his comforts, still the vicar of St. Emeril found great alleviations of his anxiety, in the satisfactory progress of his wards. Frank, instead of being a trouble or a burden, was an assistant and a comfort; and that he was so, was in some measure owing to his having been made early to comprehend the circumstances connected with himself: his heart and conscience were interested for his benefactor; and his gratitude was always calling upon his ingenuity, to make every possible return. As his mind opened, and he could understand Mr. Broderaye's meaning as well as his words, he endeavoured to accommodate himself to wishes even unexpressed; and under the recollection of the vicar's frequent advice to ask himself what he would expect in a

change of situation with him, he had become, not only just but equitable. More than what it was fit he should have at Mr. Broderaye's expense, nothing could induce him to accept—less than that, where appearance was concerned, not all the mutterings of the fair Angelica could shame him into accepting. She could not understand him when he said, in excuse for his opposition to her, 'I am thinking of Mr. Broderaye as well as of myself'—but the vicar, on hearing it, felt that his credit was safe in the custody of such a keeper.

The little Carilis was happier than she had been at any time in her life: her mornings were passed in the school-room with the younger Misses Vaseney and their governess, and her afternoons with Lady Mary, who taking her to her heart, in lieu of a daughter whom she had lost when about the same age, was running into an excessive fondness for her, and, but for the economy to which she thought herself bound to adhere, might have done mischief; but the same want of a concentrating point that preserved her ladyship's temper from resentment, prevented her from being hospitable beyond a certain line of civil speeches and liberal professions: she could murmur and remonstrate—but she could not be angry—she could give away joints of meat in scraps to persons whom it was only too much trouble to refuse;—

but a dinner to Carilis would have been an infringement of her economical resolutions.

Even when at home, Carilis was not unhappy. She was never unwelcome to the vicar; and when he could not make leisure to be kind, Frank was his substitute: her abilities were like her person, delicate but healthy, perfectly feminine, yet capable of any thing that a female is called on to acquire; and in all she did or attempted, she was so aided by the docility of her temper, so stimulated by the fear of being less grateful than Frank to Mr. Broderaye, and so led on by her affection to both, that the greatest pain they had to apprehend was the sight of her mortification when she fell short of her own intentions. The only unconquerable evil that at present appeared in her nature, was her hatred of Mrs. Broderaye; and this not even the authority of the vicar, nor the persuasions of Frank to imitate him in forbearing to show it, lest it might give pain to their best friend, could yet subdue. She could get no further than the virtue of avoidance: she attached herself to the servant who had the care of her, and consulted Angelica's ease by keeping out of her sight.

All went on well between the two houses for more than two years.—The general amused him-

self with novel speculations, till they became to him, in some measure, substitutes for the hazard and faro-table—he had his she-favourites, his game, and his agriculture. Lady Mary was delighted in perceiving the good effects of their retreat—they had nearly a thousand pounds before-hand! and no debts to which she was a party.—The elder Misses Vaseney were very little at home: Miss Sims took infinite pains with Carilis: and Frank might have been a favourite at the upper house, had it been desirable: the vicar, now accustomed to rigid parsimony for the sake of those so well repaying his care, was grateful, and cheerful unless when he thought of Lady Lynford—for other recollections had been subdued, till they dared not disturb his gratitude or his cheerfulness.

Whatever the opinion which the two Misses Vaseney entertained of their delinquency towards Mr. Broderaye, his deportment, when they chanced to meet, left them no option in their behaviour to him. Lady Mary's observation was not awake to any peculiar coolness in them: and capricious as they were, not only in their likes and dislikes, but in their seasons of liking and disliking, they might have gone to some considerable length of ill-manners, without startling her, even had she been kept ignorant of what had occurred; but as they had no fear of her, there had been no cause for conceal-

ment. They did not tell her indeed that they had been reduced to any humiliation; but, she soon knew that ‘Crabtree and his Becky were heinously offended at their having just asked the simple question—when really they were put to it by the hints Becky herself gave—whether the little girl whom she insisted on their going to see, was any relation to the vicar.’ Both husband and wife, they asserted, had ‘behaved in such a way, that they had resolved never to enter the vicarage-doors again, and never to be any thing more than distantly civil.’—Lady Mary replied, that this was all very foolish, and advised their forgetting and forgiving. It was some merit or some prudence in them, that they did not greet with one of their peals of fabricated laughter, the suggestion of *forgetfulness* and *forgiveness* on the part of such offenders as they knew themselves to be.

But at the end of two years, when the young ladies having tired one of their friends by staying weeks where they were invited for days—affronted another by an unpardonable breach of decorum, and made strife between a new-married couple by malicious insinuation, were very much returned on the hands of their parents—the vicar still retaining the favour of the general and Lady Mary, and his wife as much as ever a favourite with the latter—the behaviour of the young ladies attracted the notice

of their father, who, one day at rumps with them and, the next, threatening to turn them out of doors, left his decision upon their case too problematical to allow of stating it, even in their own way, to him. Lady Mary, whose protection was always bestowed on those most needy and least deserving, because she was convinced this *must* be charity, earnestly desired to make up the matter before the general should put inevitable questions. To bring this good work therefore to a speedy and happy termination, she took an opportunity, when she was safe from interruption, and sent a message to Mr. Broderaye requesting him to come to her.

In every such summons—for Lady Mary had as little scruple as many other great ladies in doing her inferiors the honour to employ them—Mr. Broderaye always apprehended some disastrous interruption of the good which little Carilis was receiving under the kindness of Lady Mary; and any thing seemed tolerable when this fear was removed. In the present instance, it did not last long; his reception indicated something confidential; and her ladyship perhaps thought it was made clear, when she began to cluck regrets, and to tell herself, rather than her auditor, that ‘*this* was really a very unpleasant business, and she began to fear might grow to something serious.’ A question of ‘What business?’ got out the reply—

‘Why, this little tiff between Mary-Ann and Louisa and you.’

The vicar rose as if to depart in silence, and when pressed by Lady Mary, would have excused himself, by saying that he could, with much more satisfaction, submit to be ill-treated, than attempt to justify himself at the hazard of any friend’s domestic peace. This, of course, he was desired to explain; and on his still avoiding it, Lady Mary made herself responsible for what might ensue, by calling in question the right he could have to consider himself ill-treated.

It was with the sincerest repugnance that the vicar felt himself goaded, piqued, and almost taunted by Lady Mary’s gentleness, to state the offence as it had existed: he did it in the most generous way; he intimated that it was a thing past by—that the young ladies had seen their error, and made sufficient apology for it.

‘Had *her* daughters apologized?’ Lady Mary asked.

Meaning to render them service, he assured their mother that he asked no more satisfaction than he had received:—he was ready to put out his hand to them, and to consign the disagreeable occurrence to oblivion, on the first intimation that it was their wish.

The whole aspect of the affair was now

changed : Lady Mary could still hardly admit the possibility of an apology having been made by *her* daughters ; but as she could not contest the point against a positive assertion, she tried to wish Mr. Broderaye into considering the matter, at worst, as of no consequence, and Mrs. Broderaye's reporting it, as the whole of its culpability.—This could not, on any terms, be admitted ; but it was soon evident that her ladyship had been habituated to make what she called ‘ charitable allowances,’ in some quarter or other, which had considerably injured the moral sense of her mind, and destroyed all the barrier between right and wrong, except that which fashionable opinion had set up. As if to soothe the vicar under imputed disgrace, instead of denying the possibility of his meriting it, she would have persuaded him to believe that he shared only the fate of others, if he was calumniated, and that the question of *deserving* or *not deserving*, made very little difference. ‘ The world was,’ as she observed, ‘ in general so bad, that individual instances of good were absorbed in the predominance ;’ and the infrequency of exception she represented as removing all necessity of exertion, as well as all hope of its avail. She professed herself to require no more than that people should preserve a decorous exterior, which, she added, was advice she always pressed upon young

men, especially in going into the church as a profession, because she thought it of particular importance to *them*, and ‘she had always said to her poor Edward, who was taken off just when he was ordained—a nice young man!—she wished Mr. Broderaye had known him, or he had known Mr. Broderaye—for it might have done him good, and he *might* have listened to *him*; but what could a mother do? he, poor fellow! was full of spirits, and had been at college, and there, Mr. Broderaye knew what young men were:—he died by overheating himself at cricket—she had always said, “Whatever you do, Edward, keep up appearances.”

Her ladyship now, as if irresistibly led to what concerned herself, and desirous to do credit to her husband, referred, with expressions of obligation, to the conduct of the general, whom she described as ‘very cautious with his boys, and very careful of his girls:’—‘his conduct to herself,’ she said, ‘had been every thing she could expect:’—the next sentence of this palliating harangue showed too plainly the nature of this caution, the aim of this care, and the merit of this fulfilment of a fashionable wife’s expectations.

In his own defence of himself, the vicar confined his arguments to such points as common unperverted sense must have admitted; but he

was talking of standard-gold to a coiner. Lady Mary took shelter from conviction, in the arms of modern charity, and talked on lenity to failings, and mutual toleration; and she rambled amongst romantic notions of what she called 'goodness,' till she was out of sight of the original question, and had substituted for it a speculation which had nought to support it, but a fancied expediency.

The discussion terminated in the worst way Mr. Broderaye could reasonably expect. Lady Mary was driven to confess that the general must be made acquainted with this unfortunate misunderstanding, and that while the girls were so angry, she feared she must not be seen to take part against them. 'She would,' she gave Mr. Broderaye her word and honour, 'do all in her power;—but Mary-Ann and Louisa were such favourites with their father, when they did not irritate him, that whatever they said or did was right in his eyes; and she knew the general had lived too much in the world, to take up the matter in the serious light Mr. Broderaye seemed to do.—She would see what she could do; but, for the present, she wished to ask Mr. Broderaye, if he did not think it the best plan to be very quiet: she had seen things come about, by leaving them to themselves, which might have become very unpleasant by

stirring them : and therefore she was sure he would excuse her if she took no notice just for a little while.'

The vicar bowed acquiescence, and was retreating. Lady Mary held out her hand to him, and called the two younger girls, to shake hands with ' dear good Mr. Broderaye,' of whom, she remarked, ' they were all so fond !'

A feeling very justifiably indignant took possession of Mr. Broderaye's mind ; but he postponed any conclusion he might be inclined to draw, till he should come in contact with the general. He could hardly think that a man so situated, would be so blind to his own domestic interest, as to take up the quarrel of two pert girls, whom no judgment but the most erroneous could acquit ; but in a very few hours he had an opportunity of settling his opinion, when seeing him coming towards him, as he was walking, he crossed to speak to him. The offended father, first putting up his glass to reconnoitre his person, stopt, and seeming engaged with the prospect, presented his broad back, and placing his arms in triangles, suffered him to pass without let, hinderance, or molestation ; and on the ensuing Sunday, those of the family who went to church, taking the trouble to go into the next parish, to offer up their

devotions, hostilities seemed commenced, though war was not declared.

The situation of Mr. Broderaye now grew seriously distressing. Lady Mary's gentleness of expression had only served herself: it had not operated on the displeasure of her daughters. Far from fulfilling her prediction that quiet would produce peace, they, like most young practitioners of folly and injustice, grew more outrageous in proportion as they were indulged, and finding their opponent preserved a dignified silence, and had imposed it on his wife, they took advantage of the ground thus left to them, and sowed upon it all the seeds from which they expected their harvest. Their means and modes of life rendered their powers of dissemination much more extensive than the vicar's. In the improved state of the family-finances, Lady Mary had been over-ruled in her despised economy; and dinners, at first excused for their frugality and soon needing no excuse;—dances that charmed by novelty, and gay doings at every opportunity, propitiated all who felt obliged by condescension.—The recollection of the profits of the farm-yard, encouraged the general whenever he had a disposition to be jovial; and Lady Mary yielded to the demands of her elder daughters, under a sense of pious thankfulness, that there was no opera-box to take the money intended

for the payment of the butcher's bill—no calling of collectors for fashionable subscriptions, to make her cluck over her emptied note-case. Every thing was 'nothing, compared with what it was in town.'—She ingenuously remarked on this, till the cause for remark grew less obvious:—but 'if,' as she said, 'there might be a little excess in one article, it was sure to be set even by the possibility of curtailment in another.' The details of family-expenditure were never kept so *very* accurately as to contradict her:—there might be a tone of wonder sometimes in the general's query, 'What the devil had gone with all that money?'—and Lady Mary might declare herself puzzled:—he might suspect the bailiff, and she her woman who was nominally house-keeper; but the error remained much nearer to themselves than in the misconduct of their servants.

CHAPTER VII.

IT might have been hoped that the St. Emerilians, having known their vicar somewhat longer than they had known this family of *refugés* from the follies of the metropolis, would have stood firm in their preference of a thoroughly honourable man to a man of fashionable honour. In no question of money had they ever found Mr. Broderaye guilty of meanness—in no question of undertaking or engagement had he acted with evasion—in no question of personal advantage had he ever overstepped the limit of the most perfect equity: he had done the duty of his situation strictly, conscientiously, and kindly: he had been liberal to the utmost of his power:—with steady consistency he had practised what he preached, and, till the arrival of his powerful competitors, and indeed, till now, his merits had been gratefully acknowledged by the best and confessed by the worst. And had only the economy demanded by the general's ruined affairs been adhered to, at what was now called 'the upper house,' Mr. Broderaye would have been safe—but when General Vaseney, after having removed his 'cellar of

choice wines,' that right eye and right hand so hard to be parted with!—invited one new friend 'to take his mutton with him,' and then, of course, another to meet him, and a third to join them, and the fame of his choice wines and his fine-fellow-ism had got abroad, the train of things might easily be prophesied:—the gentlemen talked of their wives and daughters; the general, in high glee, declared 'to God, that something must be done for the ladies—they must have a fiddle and a cold chicken:'—then came 'a bit of a breakfast' on some projected frolic—and the neighbourhood struck the flag of good taste, while the subordinate classes felt, in the circulation of money thus accelerated, at first great cause to regret that 'their vicar and their open-hearted great man should be cool about some trifle of a dispute,' and then a strong disposition to think him whom they had till now respected, 'rather too much of the old school.'—To avoid giving offence to the general, Mr. Broderaye was neglected; and under the precept and example of 'the new school,' condemned as 'illiberal,'—a term the St. Emerilians had perhaps learnt for the first time to apply to steadiness of principle.

The defection of his parishioners had not, indeed, been total; nor would he allow himself to consider it as any thing of more moral turpitude

than regard suspended by temporary delusion. The history of states and cities had taught him what to look for in smaller societies—in towns and villages,—where may be found, oftener than the unlearned are aware, the representatives of ancient oppressors and oppressed. The patriotism which had given powers of endurance to the honest of these characters, found its resemblance in the little interests of Carilis, for whose sake, and lest she should be dismissed from the school-room of the younger Misses Vaseney, the vicar stifled even that portion of resentment which he would otherwise, perhaps, have not thought it incumbent on him to repress: but while Carilis's reception was connived at—for Lady Mary's calculated disregard of her, had reduced it to connivance—and while from the better-regulated and far more independent mind of Miss Sims, he received all the consolation her assurances of pleasure in the society of the child could give—while she begged to have *his* charge as the relaxation of the trouble she had with *her own*,—he could consent to accept an obligation so very important to the discharge of his imposed duty.

Encouraged by this seeming principle of silent endurance, General Vaseney, as if to keep up his credit, ventured farther in his hostility towards Mr. Broderaye; and not content with deciding in

his own mind, that the vicar was not right, he grew desirous of convincing others that he was wrong; and as it would have been very much against his own cause and that of his daughters, to enter on the question, he did that which was far more effectual, by inveighing in general terms against him, as the enemy of the prosperity of the place. Whenever, therefore, he was present at the bargains made by his family with contraband traders, in which Lady Mary, on principles of economy, while she blamed the practice and herself for giving into it, was as keen as her daughters—he would rally the smugglers on ‘their parson’s persecution of them:’ he would encourage them to detail their nefarious proceedings for avoiding detection, and would laugh heartily if the vicar’s sagacity had been eluded or his menaces despised. By this association, he gained possession of an important advantage—the knowledge that Mrs. Broderaye was a private abettor of that which her husband publicly endeavoured to repress.—It was a small step for practised baseness and piqued malice, to overleap all intermediate propositions not established, and to brand as hypocrisy in one person that which was most culpable treachery in another. ‘The parson,’ therefore, as he now began to be called, was quoted as better than his neighbours, only

in deceitful pretensions ; and the trade of brandy and French finery flourished under the shelter often afforded by the general for the one, and the extensive agency for the other, which the ladies accepted for distant friends not so conveniently situated.

The vicar could set up no rival pleasure-manufactory against his great neighbours : he had been frost-nipt in the earliest season of his outset as a house-keeper, by the bareness to which his wife's maiden-debts had stript him ; and when he knew better her utter incapacity for conducting the plan of life he had marked out for himself, he was less inclined to deplore his inability. As a single man, he might have accepted invitations to the tables of the neighbourhood, without feeling oppressed by favours ; but, with seemingly every facility for, at least, acknowledgments, he could neither accept civilities unrequited, nor submit to the disgrace of exposing his wife : he might be too nice ;—for shuffling excuses are always to be found ;—and he might be too sensible to his Angelica's demerits ;—but he was a man of high birth and of remembered pretensions—and he had, at one time, hoped to see his house and his table *graced* by a mistress of elegant manners and refined mind. The disappointment was, in every way, dejecting ; but he took it

patiently into the number of his demanded submissions, still hopeful without any ground to hope, still confident in his own principles, and recollecting that there is a glory which no defeat can take away.

But, alas ! it is in vain to resolve to stand firm, when we have been driven half-way down a steep declivity. 'To make the place too hot to hold the vicar,' was General Vaseney's intention, though he knew not whether he could accomplish it, or it were to be accomplished in itself; and affronts came so thick, that the sufferer feared he must consider them as warnings to relinquish the only benefit the upper house conferred on him. His mind was settled; and his heart-breaking resolution taken, on Lady Mary's withdrawing herself, in all gentleness, from the church, and stopping him on a causeway to apologize for it, on the plea that 'her girls were so delighted with the preaching of the curate of the next parish !' As she gently observed, 'there was no disputing about tastes : she herself had declared, over and over, that she never wished to hear, nor ever would hear, any body but Mr. Broderaye ; but, somehow, her girls had drawn her in, and now she could not but own that she understood their favourite's style of preaching remarkably well—

she believed she was growing a little deaf—indeed, she was quite an old woman ; and it was time she should think herself so—or, perhaps, it was her natural stupidity that made her like what she could understand.’—Mr. Broderaye begged her ladyship to consult her own inclination — and wished her good morning.

It needed perhaps this grain of sand to make him confess to himself his inability to bear more : he turned his steps towards the upper house, where his little treasure was then deposited and, he knew, improving and happy under the tuition and kindness of Miss Sims—he hesitated ; but he asked himself what would probably be the next move of Lady Mary’s gentle tyranny—it might be a dismissal of the child from the house, abrupt and disgraceful :—a word from the general or a word to him from his daughter, might effect this ; and that it had not been effected long before, was wonderful to him :—a little more penetration into the dark dungeon of a selfish spirit, might have told him that seeming kindness may be a mode of torture.—The Vaseneys had yet to boast of what was done for this child who had been the cause of the disagreement, and to add the stigma of ingratitude to the obloquy with which they were loading their pastor :—it formed the ligament by which they kept the object of

their resentment within their reach ; and, therefore, it was Miss Vaseney's order to her sister, her management with her father and her permission to her mother, to let ' the vicar's brat ' alone.

Mr. Broderaye quickened his steps in increased firmness ; but, when arrived at that entrance of the house by which he was to gain the school-room, he again halted and took another half-hour's considerate walk :—his mind was then safe from receding ; and he was prepared by conviction, not merely of expediency but necessity, to undergo the kind opposition which he well knew he should meet with, and to go through with the task he had assigned himself.—He found Miss Sims and her three pupils at an hour of relaxation, when she was uniting amusement with instruction, and all was delight and glee, and wonder and surprise. In this enjoyment, Carilis stood foremost : she had clapt her hands, till, in weariness of joy, they had rested against each other : her cheeks were suffused with the glow of pleasure—her feet were involuntarily dancing—and nothing less than the voice of Mr. Broderaye could have called her down from her altitude of bliss.—' How shall I disturb all this happiness ? ' said he to himself, as he entered.—The question was superfluous—the character of his countenance was ice to the

boiling heat of Carilis's heart ; and it was rather necessary to veil his purpose, than to study to reveal it.

Still he had a difficulty to overcome : the little Vaseneys were in his way.—Unlike any part of their family, they had, under fair management, been set forward thus far in the world, honest and kind-hearted : though not repaying by elegant features of mind, as Carilis did, the pains bestowed on them, they were good little girls : they had no spite or malevolence in their composition : they loved Carilis without affecting to pity her : they looked up to her as taller than themselves, and admired her as their superior in beauty and in the power of learning :—if she cried, they wiped her tears—if she met with a disaster, they assisted her ; and if she committed a fault, they screened her. She, in return, extended something like a condescending protection to them ; and as Lady Mary's systematic frugality kept them drest no better than the vicar could allow his little dependent to appear, there was no feeling of superiority or inferiority to engender pride or mortification on this perilous subject.

It was necessary to the vicar's proper behaviour under this trial, that the innocent culprit and the witnesses should be out of the way—but how were they to be dismissed ? If mamma had

wished for the company of her own children, that of Carilis was now never included in the wish—but she did not wish for them—the posting, the analysis, and comparison of her perplexed accounts, which were settled when a favourable aspect was spread over them by subdivisions and throwing back disbursements on passed periods, occupied this portion of her morning. To no servant in the house could Miss Sims intrust the charge of the little girls for an hour, without having some stain to expunge from their minds:—the weather threatened too much, for exercise out of the house—it was cold; and St. Emeril's Court afforded no superfluity of firing in rooms unfrequented by the general and his daughters. The butler, valet, and lady's-woman, had, indeed, their indulgences while their mistress shivered in silence; and the general talked of old English hospitality, when he called for an additional log; and the young ladies were burning their eyes out, with their feet in the embers, while the governess was restricted to school-hours for the enjoyment of vital warmth.

There was no expedient remaining but to speak a language not understood by the children:—French was no resource—but Italian seemed perfect security; and Miss Sims, with sincere concern, was listening to the vicar's grave state-

ment of the painful exigency, and trying to abate the soreness of his feelings, when it was evident in the rivetted attention of the object of their debate, that the pantomime was sufficiently intelligible to her, to create great alarm in her mind.—No general assurances sufficing to calm her increasing terror, it became of itself necessary to treat her with some confidence; and instead of the expected effect, Mr. Broderaye was surprised and consoled to see her retain the perfect command of herself. She was now near ten years old, exquisitely sensitive by nature, courageous by imitation of Frank Newson; firm, yet gentle, under Mr. Broderaye's quiet description of that which best pleased him, and well-trained to forbearance by Miss Sims's discipline under the supposition that she must, at one time or other, owe her maintenance to her powers of enduring.—She turned pale, but she shed no tears: she only asked who would now teach her, and whether she might be allowed to see Miss Sims, and Emma, and Georgiana; and then, under a whispered reply from Mr. Broderaye, she suffered him to take her away as if she was to return again. The little girls, who had been repulsed by the sound of an unintelligible language, and whose attention some trifle had occupied, knew nothing of what was passing, but, perceiving that she left them sooner

than usual, they expressed their wish for her stay, but did not distress her by fond adieus.

She had exerted her obedience to the utmost ; but when in the open air, her feelings were relieved by tears which the vicar encouraged to flow, while he gave her every consolation, and a little piqued her pride for him, by saying he had felt himself too unhandsomely treated to receive farther favours from the house even for her sake.—In justice as well as policy, he was beginning to commend her ; but incapable of even a tacit violation of sincerity, she took as much pains to reduce her claim to praise as a disingenuous mind would to have magnified it ; and the vicar was left to indulge any vanity he might feel in perceiving that not to be separated from him seemed a gaining in happiness to Carilis. She slightly hinted some pleasure in resuming her amusements with Frank, and was very near confessing that she could disregard the annoyance of Mrs. Broderaye for so much gratification.

She was now settled at her destined home again, with little extensions of delicacy suited to her increasing age, and accommodated to the doubtful light in which she must be regarded. Means of indulgence were scanty ; but these could be dispensed with : — instruction must be obtained for her, and here her guardian was aided by the

generosity of Miss Sims, who not having been able to prevail with him to allow her to relinquish her situation with the Vaseneys, and to retreat to the vicarage-house with Carilis, on half the very moderate stipend she had with them, had pledged her word for giving his ward such attention as should make her removal less important, and she knew she had sufficient influence over Lady Mary, who was well aware of the cheap bargain she had made for the education of Emma and Georgiana, to make her see advantages to her own little girls in any which she wished to continue to Carilis.

It was a melancholy and a mortifying necessity to which Mr. Broderaye was submitting ; and not all his ward's patient acquiescence, not even the cheerfulness with which she tried to make him forget the tears which had escaped her on quitting the scene of much improvement and some pleasure, could reconcile him to what he had felt compelled to do. Every little art she used, to convince him she was happy, only made him the more deeply deplore the withdrawing her from a friend who, in the feminine department, he felt could have done more for Carilis than he could. To look to Mrs. Broderaye for any assistance was vain : she was not even at her usual standard of activity :—she was, for want of exertion, growing incapable of it, and her beautiful skin was stretch-

ing to the great injury of its beauty, under a degree of obesity not favourable to agility, had she ever been disposed to it. Drawing a smaller circle of comfort round her every day, she made circumstances conform to her inclinations, instead of attempting the wholesome contrary: she had her low chair and low table, her lazy-tongs and hand-bell—and was growing far more a privileged person than any one would wish to be, at the extreme of life. Her little wits, not by many degrees so passive as her person, but precluded, by her husband's vigilant coercions, from passing a certain boundary of annoyance, like a puddle in a shower, shut in by one pebble, sought egress at the next outlet, and in her exultation in having discovered some new device for the improvement of her dress, or the indulgence of her indolence, the vicar's imagination sometimes ludicrously represented to him an early sport of his youth, when he, with his right hand and his left, led the force of the multitude, against a tyrant on the squares and diagonals of the fox-and-goose board. But the resemblance did not exactly hold—he did fairly what he could for his puppets in opposition to each other; but his Angelica, in her manœuvring, furthered, though without design, the interests of only one party, and that against herself.

Instead of taking any kind-hearted pleasure in

such a companion as Carilis—instead of sharing in the pride of her husband in witnessing the growing goodness of Frank Newson, she had no desire to be connected with them : she saw little of them but at meals, or when she was drawn about the garden in her father's three-wheeled chair—if they crossed on her, and were so fortunate as not to have given offence by making her start, or stopping her vehicle in their transit, Frank was always civil, and would say a few words tending to keep up intercourse ; but Carilis, as if the sight of her carriage had been a command on her unwilling obedience, to imitate the devotion of those eastern enthusiasts who perish under the wheels of their idol's car, fled precipitately, and, perhaps, was as wise as Frank was polite. Mrs. Broderaye had already begun to find fault with the blueness of her eyes and the colour and luxuriance of her hair ; and the vicar could foresee that, in a very few years, he should have cause rather to cultivate than to lessen the instinctive feeling of his ward, which kept her out of sight.

Some time had elapsed before it became necessary for Lady Mary to notice the withdrawing of Miss Monterne from the school-room—but when she did it, it was done without any disturbance of the gentleness of her manner. Mr. Broderaye had fenced himself against all accusation of

clandestine hostility, by a very respectful letter of acknowledgment for indulgences which he professed to consider as no longer to be asked without encroachment on generosity:—this had produced no reply indeed; but Miss Sims had been commissioned to *beg* that Mr. Newson and dear Carilis might not be taken from the weekly tuition of the dancing-master in company with Miss Emma and Miss Georgiana; as, though they might improve by themselves when taught at the vicarage-house, the two Miss Vaseneys could not at all get on without them. As the association, not the expense, was the munificence of Lady Mary, the children were therefore, once a week, visitors at the upper house.

Miss Sims had fulfilled her promise, not only to the letter but in the spirit of it; and Lady Mary made fully sensible that *her* girls needed all the excitation possible, and listening much more to her when she represented the probable superiority in attainments of Miss Monterne to them, than when she used any other argument, would have clucked in sad tones of regret at Mr. Broderaye's decided measure, if Miss Sims, in pursuance of her kind plan, had not undertaken, by her own attentions to Carilis, to keep up the artificial stimulus. When, therefore, Lady Mary one day met the vicar under inevitable circumstances, she put on her most

obliging manner, testifying by it not only her respect for him but tenderness to his feelings. 'How did he do, her dear sir?' 'How was poor Mrs. Broderaye?' 'She regretted that she now never took the trouble of coming to the upper house—but, indeed, the hill was so very wearying, and especially to an invalid, that she could not expect it—she sometimes herself wished the house had been built on a more level spot—but yet the view was so charming!'—'She had just met that fine youth Mr. Newson on his poney—he was really growing a fine young man—and he was always so polite!'—'And how was her sweet little Carilis? that dear child!—it was well for her to have met with such a parental friend—nay, parent one *might* say—though, indeed, every body knew his goodness to be entirely voluntary—and there was the greater merit.'—'She was so sorry the dear child had outgrown the school-room!—she was sure Miss Sims missed her really as an useful little personage.'—Mr. Broderaye could return thanks for favours received—he could remark on the weather—confess the poorliness of his wife—return polite inquiries, and make a very gentlemanly retreat.—What he felt, he was not called on to utter; and the power of forbearance he had acquired to some perfection.

Nearly five years of the time for which St.

Emeril's Court had been degraded down to the term 'hired,' elapsed, with some occasional suspensions of the popularity of the family indeed ;—but, with regard to the vicarage-house, the respective deportment of the two occupants had been so arranged, that they proceeded in their uncrossing parallels without molesting each other. Offended perpetually as was Mr. Broderaye at the injury he saw daily and hourly done to the morals of his flock by the influence of the upper house, he was silent, because the time was not come when aught he could urge would avail ; he was always outbidden by 'the great family,' as they were called. The men-servants of all denominations found mates amongst the pretty lasses of the village ; and the attendants on the ladies were not above the tender intercourse of the young tradesmen. Love and smuggling were irresistibly seducing ; and the lax government under Lady Mary's anxious methods of jurisprudence, gave introductions to low pride, and afforded the most agreeable facilities to pleasure. —Not a horse was in the stable, if the owners were out of their own boundaries—Lady Mary's poney-carriage, and every thing that had a wheel to go on, was at every dance and every fair round the country.

It is useless repetition to descant on the in-

finite mischief done in the country, by a great ill-governed family. The morals of the present day have a reply for every charge, an exculpation for every truth that cannot be denied. Mr. Broderay showed his knowledge of the state of things, when he said to those who admired 'the great family,' and those who doubted their claim to admiration, 'Let us see how it ends.'

It was not one of General Vaseney's habits of life to think many persons his superiors, or to submit his convenience or his will to authority: he was a man of family, and by his marriage highly connected; therefore concessions had been sometimes made to him, which his own insulated powers or merits could not have claimed: he had spent freely; and by this facility had sometimes purchased that to which he had no other right. As a man of fashion, his opinions had been admitted as standard; and as a man of pleasure, he had become confident in success. But his theatre of exercise had been confined very much to courts and cities: he knew nothing of the equal rights of small country-squires, or the sturdy doggedness of the yeomanry. When, therefore, he met with opposition in his arbitrary demands, he found himself amongst a new set of people, and was not a little incensed to find them treated with respect in some measure denied to him. The influence

of his rented mansion did not extend far; and as a Londoner, known wherever his name was known, to have retired on a plan of necessary retrenchment, he was not considered as in the full feather of the situation which he challenged: he felt the non-importance attached to the class of tenants of ready-furnished houses; and when, to atone for it, he began to quote what he had accomplished at what he called '*his place in Hertfordshire*,' he was answered with a sneer that questioned present possession, and was told that 'it was all very likely, for that it was all London within thirty miles of London, and people might swagger there.'—If he complained of a road as impassable for his carriage, he was told 'it had done very well for his betters; and that if no fine Londoners came into the country, perhaps it would not be the worse for Devonshire.' The sting of these sarcastic expressions being a little sheathed by strong provinciality of tone, he was not so fully aware of the intention of affronting him; and he could only resolve, not indeed to betake himself to '*his place in Hertfordshire*,' for he well knew the operative effect of the auctioneer's hammer had settled that question; but he could resolve, and he did resolve, 'never to come in contact again with such a set of brutes.'—Still it was only from one class

of men that he met insult—the generality accepted him.

Having successfully claimed a right of fishery, he had recovered himself in his own opinion, and began almost to wish that some one would come to a trial of strength with him, that this rubber-game of disputed power might fix him in the awe of his neighbours. An opportunity could not long be wanting when pheasants on a preserved manor, were the temptation to transgression. The recollection of the comparatively small demesne which he styled ‘his place’ in Hertfordshire, and the pleasure he had felt in exercising his exclusive power over the little game it reared, made him swell with importance, even in *renting* the habitation and domain of an estate scarcely to be equalled for natural beauty, elevated character, and profusion of rural riches : he strutted and swelled, as if his ancestors had inherited from time immemorial St. Emeril’s Court ; and perhaps in his letters he might talk of ‘his place in Devonshire.’ That he should be very tenacious of his game, was to be expected ; and while the fear of expense, or the want of means, kept him aloof from brother-sportsmen, he had no cause of complaint of any one above a poacher ;—but when, by relaxing in prudence, he encouraged intimacy, and, to gain popularity, gave himself out

for 'the most good-natured fellow in the world,' he encouraged some who understood him too literally, to make trial of his good-nature, and hence became involved in quarrels.

Feuds of this kind are, perhaps, the most of all differences, destructive of society, and wherever they occurred, a visiting-house was closed to the Vaseneys; but a proud mind has many resources of consolation; and the general could very well affect to despise whatever he lost. Some confession of his want of sagacity was indeed necessary to account for the sudden change of sentiment, when persons, who had been every thing attractive and desirable, 'honest fellows,' 'charming fellows,' 'people whom you could not live without loving'—became on a sudden, 'rascals and scoundrels,' with a prefixed term of execration—not to be printed even with a dash;—but he solved all, by apostrophizing the inconceivable and unfathomable ignorance of the country, and by referring to 'his place in Hertfordshire,' as the only one fit for the residence of a gentleman.—Lady Mary, when within hearing of this whizzing fermentation, had her palliating replies, which certainly did not shake her husband's opinion of himself or his claims; and the general had his resource in detailing to those infinitely beneath him, and who were bound to hear him, all the circum-

stances of any offence given. He was in no danger of hearing truth from these—‘To be sure,’ and ‘Certainly,’ and ‘It is what every gentleman has a right to expect,’ were the natural replies; and even this small encouragement was grateful to his sore feelings. He hoped, and he intended, that what he said should be reported to those of whom it was said; and the certainty that it would lose nothing in carrying, was some assurance of effect. Bitterly would he have been mortified perhaps, had he known that, beginning to be regarded as an intruder, and known for a necessitous and still-imprudent man, an indignant silence and a reference of himself to his own temper as his punishment, was the utmost of the attention he sometimes gained.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT now opened a prospect of aggrandizement, that could hardly fail, and which must atone to General Vaseney for all former disappointments.—In this year of his residence, and when he began to consider St. Emeril's Court as his own, and to throw out blustering hints of applying for the purchase of it, if it ever should be sold, a vacancy in the representation of the next borough-town occurred; and though he had failed in getting into the commission of the peace, solely, as he observed, 'for want of an introduction to the Lord Lieutenant, who could *not* have refused *him*—' and though the recollection of some imperious act of conduct had shut him out, when he wished to advance himself in another quarter, he was now sure of being *returned* for this vacant borough, if not *solicited* to accept it. His own personal recommendations—the overwhelming power of a London-candidate—Lady Mary's high *connexions*, and his boasted acceptance with those who played the *jets d'eaux* of government-favour, gave him a superfluity of security. He therefore very coolly gave out that he meant not only to stand, but to

succeed, and jocularly offered his franks for the day subsequent to that named for the election.

Having written half a dozen letters to persons who had no more interest or influence in the borough, than in the kingdom of Cochin China, he next, with some difficulty, procured his nomination; and this being secured, though in a way and with encouragement that would have sent any other man out of the county, he considered the affair as in his own hands, and with the best wishes of those who furnished blue-ribbons, he set off on his canvass with his two eldest daughters drest 'in style.' On entering the borough, he resorted to the foolish man who had in one moment nominated him, and in the next seen cause to repent his temerity, when he dared not bring forward the general's large promises of providing for half a dozen of his sons, as an excuse for the presumptuous act. He could give but a sorry account of his exertions; but this the candidate regarded lightly—he mounted the driving-seat of his open landau in which were the ladies, and standing in the market-place, he, with gesticulations and arguments not very little like those of a mountebank, harangued the populace—and indeed not without effect—for wives and daughters were charmed, either with his goodly person, or the ladies' feathers and ribbons, or with the smooth coats of his horses—and as the power

of choosing their senator was vested equally with those who knew and those who knew not; what it meant, on surveying the proportion of admiring rabble in the borough, he had no cause to despond.

It was however, as he was told, necessary—but he did not believe it—to wait on some of those who were not to be found in the market-place. It was madness to disregard the advice but it was, in his hopes, a work of supererogation to follow it—and to follow it he felt far more reluctant than to harangue the mob.—The proud can stoop to the ground, when they cannot bow their head; and very very different were the aspect and deportment of General Vaseney when he knocked at the little green-door, and his girls sate on the swinging-chains that connected a row of posts before the windows, of the house of a retired apothecary of the borough—from what he had exhibited in his driving-seat in the market-place.

They were received however with perfect civility and the manners befitting the character and situation of the person to whom the application was addressed. Hospitable offers were made, of any thing that could be acceptable at the hour; and there was even more disposition to discuss the subject on which they met, than the candidate himself could have wished. He was told cau-

tiously, that he stood little chance.—‘If indeed,’ said the person to whom he had applied, ‘you had happened to have been any particular *friend* of the vicar of your parish, something might have been tried—but *as matters stand*, considering all things, Sir—I don’t really know what to say.’

The general started, and asked ‘if he meant Broderaye.’

‘The reverend Maximilian Broderaye certainly, I mean—the identical person.’

‘Why, in God’s name, what has *he* to do in this borough?’ said the general, acquiring courage from what appeared to him an absurdity.

‘If you ask in God’s name—though, begging your pardon, in my humble opinion not the properest way of asking, I will, in God’s name, answer you.—Your vicar has nothing to do in this *borough*; but in the parish he may do any thing; and this, if you have never heard of it, I will explain.—We have here, for the cure of *our* souls, a worthless son of the church—a fellow put into it because fit for nothing else, and ordained by a bishop who listened to weak feelings rather than to his conscience—the young gentleman was taken out of the army and the King’s Bench, Sir—and by bare-faced simony, turned upon us poor barbarians—quite good enough, Sir, he was thought for *us*.’

The general could laugh—he repeated the word ‘barbarians!’ in no very ingratiating tone;—it rather savoured of consent than of contradiction.

‘Well, Sir! this minister of God, by hunting, shooting, coursing, dancing, roaring, and other ways not to be mentioned before ladies, got himself into disgrace and embarrassments—for we are not, general, such *barbarians* as not to know the difference between a man who does his duty, and one who, in all points, runs counter to it;—and disgrace, I need not tell you, Sir, seldom makes a man richer; and just then, the Almighty visited this town, and as some thought for the wickedness of this man, with one of the most dreadful calamities it ever knew.’

‘Lord a’ mercy!’ exclaimed Miss Vaseney—‘I dare say an earthquake or a ball of fire!’—She looked, while she spoke, as if she expected the ground again to cleave, while her sister fixed her eyes on a tremendous black cloud then sailing over.

‘Do not alarm yourselves, ladies,’ said the master of the house with a smile not very flattering—‘it was nothing so sudden in its approach or so short in its duration—it was a contagious fever.’

‘O Lord God!’ cried the general—‘that is

worse—how long ago is it?—is the infection quite over?’

‘O yes, quite—quite over,’ said the historian of the event, shaking his head in a way that proved his entering into the feelings of the party.

‘Nothing but a fever!’ muttered Miss Louisa to her sister—‘such fevers never go farther than the cottager.’

‘Don’t they, Miss?’ said the veteran in medicine—‘I have seen as fine bloomy girls, and as fine ladies as you and your sister, brought down to the shroud and the coffin by such fevers.’

A shudder expressed horror—the smelling-salts removed it; and the narrator proceeded.

‘When this fever was raging, not one of our great people was within reach.—It was London-season; and they were all away!—As to our sorry parson, when I applied to *him*, he had not a doit to give any body—and his wine went too fast, and was too choice, to be given away.—He would visit no sick—he would scarcely bury the dead—for your gay gentlemen, general, are very prudent in their care of their own persons—and well they may be!—I could not bear to see such distress as was every day under my eye—I could give attendance and medicine, and do a little in other ways—but not half enough for the demand—I went to Mr. Broderaye to consult him: he got the steward

at St. Emeril's to lend a hand to the good work of relief—he wrote to our great gentleman—he sent his own fine wine—he came himself:—he went from bed-side to bed-side, giving my medicines with his own hand.—Our squire, on hearing of the distress, came down himself; and a man who would do *that*, could well judge of your vicar's goodness, when in seeking him, he found him supporting a poor girl whose life depended on getting the bark down her throat, and coaxing her to try to swallow it, while he offered it to her lips. She recovered; but it was under a prescription of his, not of mine—and many were saved by it.—Now, general, as we *barbarians* are not all without gratitude, or, I may say, *sense*, Mr. Broderaye never can come into this borough-town, but you would think the king was come—he does not come often, indeed; but we do not forget him.—Our squire and he always liked one another, but, since that time, they have been hand and glove;—and though I confess your vicar has nothing to do in this borough, and we are free to elect whom we like, yet I do not think any of us, the *respectable* inhabitants, would like to choose—to choose, just exactly, *you*, general.'

'Why not *me*, Sir?' said General Vaseney, fiercely.

'Because,' continued the apothecary, 'as this

is your market-town, we are, commonly, pretty well acquainted with what you villagers are about; and we know, perhaps, more than is necessary to repeat.'—The young ladies here found the little parlour in which they were confined, 'so very oppressive,' that they begged to be allowed to retreat to the carriage, and, civilly attended, withdrew.

'There can be no objection, general,' resumed the burgess, 'to your trying your luck, or to the spending a little money—if you have more than you know what to do with—amongst us.—I should be sorry to hinder either; for I do not think that, in the present case, there would be much ill-will or party-spirit:—but, as to talking of influence or interest, miles and miles off, it is of no use upon earth—we are a mulish set; and as we have great confidence in our gentlemen, and cannot but think that a good education gives a man a better chance for thinking rightly than a mere blind ignorant will, we are not admirers of mob-law; and I think, as far as I know or have seen, there could be nothing less likely to promote your cause to any good purpose, than your—I ask your pardon, Sir—beginning with courting those who are the least fit to judge on such a question, by haranguing from your coach-box.'

The general could hardly forbear either laugh-

ing or blushing at the portrait of himself thus held up to his own view—the former was the easier task, and he gave way to his feeling.

‘But, my dear Sir,’ said he, when he recovered his power of speech—‘you must consider the times—the temper of the times—they are not now what they were when you knew the world—an age ago.’

‘I do not conceive,’ replied the *emeritus* son of Apollo, ‘that I am grown more ignorant of the world by living out of it after I have studied it, or more inclined to wonder at the progressions of society, for not crossing upon them. The world affords only a series of dramas which are played over and over again by different performers to fresh audiences:—some last out only the twenty minutes of an itinerant-burletta, others the three hours of a regular tragedy; but they are repetitions of what has been seen and heard before: it may have its puppets, its *fantoccini*, its hair-breadth dexterities on rope and wire; and we all know, it has its slight-of-hand deceptions; but whoever has seen and thought and read for one half of his life, may very profitably ruminate for the other; therefore I do not acquiesce in my own unfitness to decide on some points connected with the present state of things.—You have taken, Sir, the wrong road to win its respect—the blacksmith’s appren-

tice, the cobbler, the retailers of gin, of which we have more than are useful, for we have two—poachers who carry on their trade under the guise of something less dishonest, and all the rest of the smuggling crew, may shout and turn your carriage-wheels; but not one good substantial householder will you have, I'll be sworn—and, therefore, the only question, Sir, you have to try, is, whether in this borough, the *mobile* vulgar or the *nobile* vulgar predominates.'

'Now, upon my soul,' said the general, 'my good dear doctor, you are the cleverest fellow I ever talked to: you give me the greatest possible inclination to try my luck—I'd lay you 5000*l.* to a sixpenny-piece, I'll succeed by dint of the women—I have always had *them* for my friends—and you have plenty of pretty girls here.'

'Granted—but I am happy to say, they have no votes.'

'Well! I shall certainly try.—You will see me again.'

'As you please, Sir.—I have acted candidly by you:—you may inquire farther.'

'No no: I shall rely on my own powers.—Your vote, my honest friend, is not, I dare say, engaged—will you not give me *that*?—You look sulky—won't you wish me success, in common civility?'

‘Neither vote nor wish shall you have of mine—nor any farther conversation will I hold upon the subject—I shall have my principles suspected for your being known to have been thus long in my house—therefore, Sir——’

General Vaseney rose with a bound from the table on which he had been half sitting:—he clapt his hat on his head, and advanced towards the door, saying—‘Now, Sir, I *am* decided—you shall see, and your borough shall see, what a man of family and connexions, a man of high military rank, and who stands well with government, can do against the vicar of St. Emeril in a borough-election.—Now, I *am* determined—and if it costs me 10,000*l.* I will’—he turned about, and taking off his hat in mock obeisance, added—‘I will have the honour of representing you in the British parliament.’

Going out of the house in this artificial triumph, he encountered about twenty women, boys, and personages, such as had been described to him—he stopped to harangue them, sent to the next ale-house for a mug of the best ale, paid paper for it, drank ‘Prosperity to the borough,’ had the pleasure of hearing the fond few cry out ‘Vaseney for ever!’ and went home to put his threat in execution.

His distance from his residence was not suffi-

cient to sober him.— Lady Mary was dressing when he returned, and one of the little girls came running to her, to tell her that papa was chosen, and that Robert and William, the coachman and groom, who had attended him, were so drunk that John and Peter were forced to put up the horses.

Lady Mary knew this could not be correct ; but she feared that it intimated more encouragement than she wished the general to have met with in his mad design.—When informed of the truth, she was as much distressed as her nature permitted : she clucked, ‘ O dear ! O dear me ! how can the general think of doing so ?—what is to become of me and the children, if all the money goes in this way ?—there is no use in my saving, if he does so—I’m sure, my whole study is to save for the children—and now, these blue ribbons, I dare say, will cost a mint of money.—I ordered four pieces of five-penny ribbon myself ; and every piece is six and thirty yards—and that is,—let me see—eighteen—no fifteen shillings—the piece—three pounds, I declare, all together !—and *I* could not sit down to make cockades for horses and men myself—so we have that to pay for ; and, now, here will he be going on with expense upon expense ; and we shall all be ruined entirely ;—I wish, with all my spirit, now, we had gone abroad at once—any where—no matter where—for we shall all be ruined.’

The next move was a private conference with her husband, in which, on her knees, and with better arguments than the ribbons, she conjured him to desist from his purpose. He certainly thought he was justifying himself and bringing forward an argument which even *she* must admit, when he described the provocation he had received by the omnipotence ascribed to the influence of the vicar.

Lady Mary could not feel exactly as her husband did; but in what he urged, she saw a ray of comfort and consolation for herself. Fancying every one out of her own house, would oblige her in what she earnestly solicited, she made it her first business to contrive a private interview with Mr. Broderaye. She sent him a note, more than polite, requesting him to see her alone in his study, at an hour she named that evening; when it being summer, she took her walk as usual in the grounds; and the reply being a respectful acquiescence in her wish, she had no other uneasiness than in the subject which made her request the interview.—In an equal station of life, Lady Mary must have been aware, that she was about to ask of Mr. Broderaye what, after all she had heard, it was not fit to ask. She meant to ask him to forget all the injurious treatment he had received from the general, and others of the family, to con-

tradict that which he had declared to be his principle of action, and to engage in all the trouble of an election, to the forfeiture of friendship founded on esteem for him, for the sake of gratifying her husband, without being able herself to prove that he for whom she was thus solicitous, had any one of the requisites for such a situation.—The hope of saving expense by abating opposition, was the most excusable of her motives; but to use Mr. Broderaye's influence, if he had any, to discourage the general from his intention, never entered her mind, or at least her recollection, at the instant—she therefore confined herself to what might be called ‘canvassing the vicar.’

What was right to do, he seldom needed any body to tell him, and what was not right to do, no persuasion could induce him to do. But he could, and on the present occasion he did it effectually, prove, with a gentleness that atoned for all his firmness, the inadequacy of a vicious compliance, to procure a desired end. He disclaimed, as far as truth permitted, all the fancied power attributed to him, at the same time that he candidly confessed that, if it were the pleasure of these burghers to say that the steeple of any church should be their representative, or the bells of it direct their votes, it would be unwise to risque the thwarting them.—He professed himself perfectly innocent of all at-

tempts to gain their favour; and when Lady Mary, a little vexed, perhaps, at having so little to complain of in ill-success, asked ‘ How then came he to be so much thought on there ? ’—he went as far as he ever could allow himself to go in revenge, when he said, ‘ he believed he owed it, in some measure, to her ladyship’s family ’—she was going to ask ‘ How ? ’—but it seemed as if she had discovered without asking; for she stopped, and the conversation was concluded.

If her ladyship came to any resolution in the course of her walk home, it was to that to which she was so often driven, the resolution to be quiet, and to let things go their own way. And in this, she was beyond her usual point of tenacity confirmed, when, in a last endeavour to do just the contrary, she was shown the general’s double and triple entrenchment of good reasons. She knew indeed before, that even under the economy she had been practising, debts were again accumulating—and that others of longer standing remained to be adjusted by payment—but this had given her little increase of uneasiness, as the portion with which she was concerned, waited only the general’s receiving money—whereas formerly she had seen similar burdens daily increasing, without any prospect of liquidation; but she did not know that her husband’s affairs were, by the near approach

of certain days of postponement rendered particularly critical. This he now acknowledged, and he convinced her, as far as being positive could convince, that his chance for success was far better than was supposed, and that it not only was absolutely necessary to his personal security, but that by its consequences it would repair every breach made in his property. A slender hope is gladly accepted where despair is the alternative, and Lady Mary believed what she wished to believe.

On similar assurances, the smith, carpenter, farrier, and miscellaneous shop-keeper of St. Emmeril, enlarged their boundary of patience, and were easily convinced of the prudence of assisting the general's views, which, under their auspices, became just bright enough to allure and mislead. The day of trial came—and the event proved the folly of the experiment. The general and his party were glad to make their escape out of the borough; and the ladies came home with the tidings that their father was gone to Bath, hoping something might be done there. What the something was, was not explained; but Lady Mary, accustomed to this short measure of confidence, rested very quietly, satisfied that the system of affairs was now wholly out of her power of arrangement.

It seemed, or rather it was now made manifest, that the stability of 'the great family' at

‘ the upper house ’ had been, in a considerable degree, dependent on the success of the scheme which had entirely failed. The general was hourly expected to return, but returned no more : his eldest son came down, as if to assist his mother in some exigency ; but his stay was short ; and the vicar had no share of his attentions. The young ladies remained with Lady Mary, and by the showiness of their dress, and the prodigious gaiety of their manners, gave out that all was well, at least with *them* ; but applications for money were answered only by evasive promises, and the neighbourhood might have talked of the general and his lady, if their observation had not been called off to the proceedings of junior personages of the family.

A young man whom nobody knew, but who was supposed to be the mate of a trading-vessel, had been, some weeks before, seen about the village ; and the servants of the upper house could tell that something like frolic had been practised on him by the Misses Vaseney in a morning’s expedition : from what then passed, it was inferred that to allure and disappoint him, was the wit of their sport. He had disappeared ; but now returned ; and Lady Mary having met him occasionally, lounging about the park—not knowing even what the servants could tell, and being very prone to adopt into her affections, all those who

seemed thrown out of the affections of others,—had expressed herself inclined to show him some civility, especially as there was a faded character in his habiliments, which admitted of the supposition that, what would be merely an act of politeness towards another, might be a deed of charity towards him.

The kindly feeling had been repressed by the remonstrance of Miss Vaseney against a proceeding ‘so foolish and so exactly like her mother.’ With some appearance of reason, she stated the impropriety of such an interference, for the sake of a person who ‘had not been introduced.’ Lady Mary stood corrected; and the young man was suffered to take his walks without interruption.—With this said young man, who was not to be noticed, because ‘he was not introduced,’ Miss Vaseney, very little concealing her plans, but knowing that what she did would not very quickly awaken the observation of her mother, left ‘the great house’ accompanied by her sister: she had the consideration to leave a message for Lady Mary, ‘in case of any questions,’ with one of the under-servants, and the politeness to write from a street in Piccadilly, announcing herself as ‘her &c. Mary-Anne Penrowney.’—Who Mr. Penrowney was, the news-paper explained farther, by styling him ‘—— Penrowney, Esq.’—but to

what place he belonged, nothing told ; and it was a conclusion in which the assistance of the servants was required, that this Mr. Penrowney was ‘ the park-walking gentleman.’

If Lady Mary ever had had any vigour of mind, it must be confessed this was not just the best season for employing it—there was nothing to be done—and as little to be said, especially as the bride had pleaded in bar of all reproof, the precedent of her mother’s nearly-similar proceeding. Lady Mary was, at first indeed, as she confessed, ‘ a little surprised ;’ but her regret was not sufficient to make her cluck in her usual way,—if clucking it may, for want of a better term of description, be called. She had been already thinking of drawing-in her establishment, if she did not soon hear from the general ; and this subtraction of the two most demanding and least accommodating of her family, rather assisted her in the arrangement.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was now no remaining shyness between Lady Mary and the vicar. He was become too necessary to be ill-treated; and the high value set on his merits, was evident from the perpetual calls on his time and patience. Never having discerned that he and his wife were persons not at all agreeing in the longitude or latitude of their minds, but supposing that, in flattering Mrs. Broderaye, she better secured Mr. Broderaye's interest in her own concerns, Lady Mary added to his annoyances, that of the authorized adhesion of his wife, who, mis-led into a notion that she too was of use at 'the upper house,' expected to be associated with him in his visits, and was beginning to find out that she had not lost the power of walking thither. And indeed something might be said in extenuation of this absurdity, considering the incense her vanity was snuffing up from the obsequious attentions of Lady Mary, who, in some measure reversing the consecutive injunction of 'Love me, love my dog,' seemed to suppose that the vicar must take to himself whatever distinctions were offered to his *chère moitié*. It was a bad expedient—a

sad hinderance to business—and a very erroneous hypothesis to act on, either as to cause or effect.

That grand provincial settling-time, Michaelmas, drew near; and it was *very* near, when Mr. Broderaye was made the complete confidant of the Vaseney family, by a long letter from the general, the contents of which he was empowered to distil into the ear of Lady Mary, with due caution and reserve. As if nothing had ever set him and the vicar at a distance, he began, ‘My dear friend,’ and proceeded to state circumstances that perhaps cost the reader much more in perusing, than the writer in committing to paper.—The substance of the communication was this:—‘that something—which he left to be guessed—and in the hope of which he had gone to Bath—had turned out against him, and that, consequently, he had loaded his pistols, and begun a short letter to his wife, to tell her that she was freed from his influence over her destiny—but that, recollecting, while seeking for gentle words in which to convey this intelligence, the meritorious patience with which she had endured his inexcusable conduct, he had felt ashamed of his desertion of her,—had thrown his pistols out of the window into the Avon, and, finding he could bear his expenses till he got into safety, he had betaken himself to London one day, and found himself at Boulogne

on the third day after.—He now addressed himself to Mr. Broderaye, in terms as lowly as he might, at one time, probably have expected *from* him, entreating him to break the embarrassed state of his affairs to Lady Mary, with every expression of his contrition—to be her adviser and comforter,—and to give her the most solemn promises on his part, of perfect reformation, and attention to his affairs—and to this testification of good intentions, he added the hope that matters would soon come round, and that they might be again happy together, in that peace and quiet which, he confessed, he had hitherto too much despised.’

Lady Mary bore this in the best way. She coolly approved all that her husband had done, with an indiscrimination that placed in the same rank of merit, his rejection of the expedient of suicide, and his choice of Boulogne for his retreat. She then set herself to consider how she should best concur with him in his prudent resolves, and very laudably carried into execution whatever could tend to the necessary purpose. Having no one now to oppose her, she dismissed every servant that could be spared, borrowing money from the vicar,—ill as he could afford it!—to pay wages, that she might again make further retrenchments in her housekeeping. Under full powers from her husband, and the advice of her friend,

she showed how much may be done only under the simple guidance of necessity; and incensed as the St. Emerilians now were against the man for whom they had deserted their invaluable pastor, they now, in hope of regaining Mr. Broderaye's favour, referred themselves to him for guidance, that is to say, in the management of their own injured interests; and nothing could be more submissive than the shop-keeper who had, the week before, threatened to get a higher price 'at the upper house' for his goods than the vicar deemed them worth, or the bricklayer who had bid him wait to have the rain stopped out of his bedroom, till he had re-set the stove at 'the Court' for the accommodation of the general's cook.—It would have been betraying another cause beside his own, to have passed this over in silence: he had indeed no occasion to say much; for the infrequency of his reproofs, and the manner in which they were delivered, generally brought the offender to immediate repentance, while the offence, like suppressed sedition, only tended to strengthen the power that had been attacked.

All the *entrées* of St. Emeril's Court were now fully restored to Mr. and Mrs. Broderaye, and with Frank and Carilis they seemed rather to form the family than the neighbourhood of Lady Mary. Miss Sims, with the most good-natured

satisfaction, received again her withdrawn pupil, and the little girls were pleased to have her once more as their companion. That Lady Mary bent all her attention to the pecuniary necessities of her husband, was proved by repeated acts of meritorious self-denial;—and it must be supposed that she included in these, the remittance of what ready money she could lay hold on, in preference to paying Mr. Broderaye with it what she occasionally borrowed, and a proposal she called him to her one morning early, purposely to hear, that, considering the conduct and useful abilities of Miss Sims, and his value of Carilis's improvement under them, her ladyship and himself should in future divide between them the expense of Miss Sims's stipend. As to her board, Lady Mary very liberally remarked that 'in a family, such an addition was not felt, as Miss Sims drank no wine, ate very little butter, wanted neither noonings nor suppers, liked her tea weak, and burnt no night-light.'—It is really astonishing, as well as delightful, to contemplate the progress in prudence even of adults, under the influence of regular persevering practice—Lady Mary's was not only rapid but firm. She did not take her eyes off from the vicar's face while she made this proposal:—its success was important, and she watched it.

How much was the sum in question, must not,

for obvious reasons, be told—it was too much for the vicar to sacrifice—and perhaps, small as it was, too much for Lady Mary to stand engaged for, under the existing bankruptcy ; but she had a remedy : she should have constituted herself, in this desperate insolvency, the governess of her daughters—their accomplishments should have been suspended or even renounced, rather than such a proposal should have escaped her lips. When a man has been dishonest enough to spend the inheritance of his children, their mother must not manœuvre thus to get his deficiencies supplied.

But the vicar had his option :—a proposition is not a command in *this* country ; and he well knew his own limited circumstances, and his wife's uneasiness under his restriction of her expenditure ; and he made so little secret of his situation, that it required no effort to divulge it—and he had to take into his computation the recollection that Lady Mary might again need to borrow, and postpone payment—and even at the present moment, he had some information, new to him, of what her ladyship's gentle spirit could do in the way of firmness—when their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the post, and a letter from Mrs. Penrowney, who had now been some weeks a bride, and who, with as little abatement as possible

of her *independence*, desired an immediate supply of money, as her dear Mr. Penrowney's schemes at present were a little deranged, and she was ill, without the common comforts of life.—Lady Mary, having read the letter aloud to the vicar, with a commentary on every line, told herself 'she had no money for any body, and least of all for Mrs. Penrowney, who, perfectly deserving of all she might suffer, should,' she promised herself, 'find that her mother was not quite the fool she so often had called her.'

The disturbance caused by this letter, might have afforded a respite to the vicar's decision, if he had hesitated ;—but the letter being committed to the flames, Lady Mary felt at liberty to resume the interrupted subject, which she did, by saying, 'Well, my dear Sir—what say you to my scheme of this amicable adjustment ?'

There will be two opinions of what the vicar ought to have done. As a teacher of whatsoever things are 'honest, just, pure' (in principle), 'lovely, and of good report,' he was bound, on the same motives as those which led him to reprove the shop-keeper and the bricklayer, to have represented the unfairness—nay, the moral turpitude of such a scheme—Lady Mary's rank could be no defence in such a question—his own natural birth-right and his dignified power of casting himself out of

all consideration,—preserved him from any abject fear;—but if a firm refusal was his proper answer;—if to convince Lady Mary by strong argument that she was wrong, was his duty—it must be confessed, he fell short of it.—His female ward's advantages were in question—he saw instantly, by the very complexion of the proposal, that if he would not *pay*, he must not hereafter *accept*; and with a countenance unaltered, as at least he *designed* it to be, he bowed his acquiescence in the proposal. Perhaps the *peculiar* powers of Lady Mary's observation might discover what was not observable by himself; for her ladyship looked more as if she had been defeated than victorious, when she had carried her point:—she turned abruptly from the subject to some expressions of concern about 'poor Mrs. Broderaye'—and ended her soliloquy by afresh assuring herself that Mrs. Penrowney should have no assistance from her.

It must be a bad bargain and a very bad book from which nothing is gained by purchase or perusal; and Mr. Broderaye had not to reproach himself or Lady Mary with the entire failure of expectations.—He had bought, by this arrangement, freedom from all overpowering sense of obligation to her ladyship's generosity:—Carilis could never be reproached by the Vaseneys, as an eleemosynary pupil of their family; and he had

read enough of Lady Mary's faintly-charactered mind, not to trust too much to the forbearance of it. She now pursued her plans of good housewifery, down to the virtues of a dairy-woman and a huckster, and went into the lower offices of the house—as well as into those of her situation—with a very accommodating deportment, vindicating her butter when it tasted of the turnep, against the complaints of her customer, and bargaining for two shillings more, when the butcher offered but two pounds for a calf.—In his increased acquaintance with her, the vicar was able to make up his mind to one axiom, that, with three thousand a year and a good husband, Lady Mary Vaseney would have been an exemplary character, and that the first breach in her *good manners*, was made when the general spent the first twenty shillings beyond his yearly income—the first made in her *morals*, was when he uttered a deep sigh at the bottom of a country-dance.

Pursuing his plan of ingenuousness with his wards, and now, every day and every hour growing more anxious, particularly for Frank, whom he earnestly wished, at any inconvenience to himself, to send to the university, Mr. Broderaye had made them so completely his friends, that his plans for them never met the least counteraction

from their inclinations; and he found it rather necessary to keep the sense of obligation from pressing too heavily on them, than to urge it. The feeling of false shame was kept aloof by his taking on himself all responsibility. To meet the demand made by Lady Mary, it was necessary that Frank's coat should be patched at the elbows, and his shoes be soled and re-soled. Hurt as he was at this necessity of so ill accommodating a lad whose every gesture and sentiment declared him of no degenerate origin, he, at one time, thought of using, as additional consolation and powerful inducement to cheerful submission, the interest which his sister-ward had in it:—in his own instance he knew the influence which such a hint would have had on his mind;—and it now might have divided a duty between Frank and himself—but he was cautious. The children were perfectly affectionate towards each other: the boy had never lost sight of his appointment as the protector of the girl—in no instance had he ever preferred his own gratification to the care of her: he had opposed her in all dispositions to anxiety or fear; and he gently disregarded her when the tenderness of her nature would, by considering him beyond what was fit, have fettered him: he had accustomed her, under Mr. Broderaye's direction, to see a cut finger, to endure absence beyond a time fixed,

to have confidence under doubtful circumstances, and to repress any hastiness of decision ; but the growing youth had already too much of the *preux chevalier* in his composition, to be trusted with the secret that he was sacrificing his external appearance to improve that of ' Carry : '—in that energetic adoption of Mr. Broderaye's precepts of economy, which led him cheerfully to set potatoes, to gather apples, to oversee a brewing, and work in the hay-field, he would, on the mention of Carry's concern in his forbearances, have deprived himself, perhaps, of his food ;—but while she remained unmentioned, his hunger's conscience was not disturbed.—The girl had performed her part in the little drama of the family, with very satisfactory propriety :—schooled into circumspection by the original and ever-increasing worry of Mrs. Broderaye's temper—disgusted by her self-indulgence, and despising her solicitude in dress—provoked by perceiving that she alone of the persons who formed the family, rebelled against the general care of money, Carilis made up her mind to a thorough contempt, joined to her almost instinctive dislike ; but she could now, by habit, keep it from any overt act, under the dread of giving uneasiness to her guardian, which Frank had succeeded in convincing her, must be the effect of any disrespect towards Mrs. Broderaye.

Although the same plan was pursued with the two children—that is to say, both were brought up with the utmost frugality, and taught to expect hardships, and to attain whatever could assist them in supporting themselves, their guardian's mind could not rest in any sameness of ideas beyond first principles. For Frank, he saw nothing, even on the most distant horizon, that could dispense with professional resources; but on what species, even of these, he should fix his attention, so as to direct him, was more easily questioned than resolved. Frank's character seemed to fit him for an enterprising track of life; but the habit of living with Mr. Broderaye, and the conviction which has not unfrequently shown itself in other lads, that, under excessive obligation, he ought to assume no choice, evidently kept, at least, in abeyance, any propensity of genius. In the army or navy, even could he educate him for either, his friend had small means of pushing his interests, or furnishing him with what was requisite; but in the track for the learned professions, the difficulties were still greater. No frugality could make Mr. Broderaye's income bear the expense of three years at college; nor could he, without the hateful necessity of running into debt, pay the fee that would place him in any responsible situation connected with law—the bar, though his

talents might have suited it, was farther out of reach than any thing, as it called for an expensive education, and Frank had no fortune to spend while waiting to make another. In the discussions between the protector and the protected on this subject, Frank would himself endeavour, by pliancy and invention, to meet difficulty; and it occurred to the vicar's observation, that all his contrivances were calculated for remaining where he was. On nothing did he dwell with so much confidence, as the situation of a school-master, and he would talk on this, till he worked himself up to an enthusiasm, such as, probably, has, at times, actuated the master of a public-school, in describing what he would do, forgetful that the population, for miles round, did not, probably, afford three fathers who could wish to purchase his exertions for their sons, nor, perhaps, so many sons who would listen to him. In the mean time, however, he was the hardiest boy in the parish, very much beloved for his popular good-nature, quoted by all mothers who had refractory sons, and admired by all the misses for his graces of person, his agility, his courage, and his condescension—for, whatever his real claims, the vicar's friendship gave him rank.

The world bore a different aspect to Carilis. There was 'the half million' of Mr. Vanderryck

—there was the intervention of only one life between her and St. Emeril's Court, in case Lady Lynford's singularity of action should occasion her dying intestate—there was still, in the fancy of the vicar, the possibility, that the baroness might be induced to relent, and, at least, keep her from dependence or want—or there was utter destitution for her portion.—Her too, it was necessary to make useful; and nothing was omitted that could improve her in every thing that might contribute towards a provision for her. Without the aid of Miss Sims, who had been suddenly called to practise, when very little fitted for it, a very rigid economy, this could not have been done; but, under her tuition, and not even disdaining the wholesome lore of the Suffolk house-keeper, Carilis was becoming an efficient personage; and Mr. Broderaye could, sometimes, smile at the idea, that were these two children to conceive for each other such an affection as should end in matrimony, they might, at sixteen and eighteen, be better managers than many of a far more mature age.

While all these anxieties were revolving in his mind, a circumstance which gave him great pleasure, contributed still more to make him feel the pinching quality of his cares.—The friend, who, with his wife, had joined him in the office

of sponsors for Frank at his baptism, had long since left the country, but had never forgotten his spiritual charge. Little presents, such as Mr. Broderaye could suffer his ward to accept, had sometimes come very opportunely; and now, on an accession of fortune, this kind friend, who knew, in part, the vicar's wishes, made him the munificent offer of defraying half the expense of an education at Oxford, whenever Frank was ready to accept the benefit.—This act of generosity decided, so far, an important question:—Mr. Broderaye could not suffer any doubt as to the other half, to impede the progress of good to his ward, and, made acquainted with the furtherance afforded him, Frank was wound up to every possible exertion. Fortunately, he did not ask, ‘And what then?’ or he must have been put off with an evasive answer;—for his friend could not have ventured to intrust him with the secret, that, in case of his own death, in time to make it useful to Frank; his best hope was, that he might have sufficient warning of its approach, to try the generosity of Lady Lynford as to the accepting him as vicar of St. Emeril.

CHAPTER X.

UNITED as the two families now were, it was with sincere pleasure that Mr. Broderaye made himself a witness to an agreement between those who acted for the absent baroness, and for General Vaseney, by which Lady Mary remained, at her own discretion and convenience, tenant of St. Emeril's Court at the expiration of the term for which it had been originally let.—Could she have found a better bargain, she must have turned her thoughts to securing it. But the traffic which her ladyship carried on, more than compensated the very moderate rent; and it allowed her to pay the debts in the village, and to keep the general in tolerable heart and purse, while the channel was between him and his standing-army of creditors.

There was more improvement in comfort at the upper house than at the lower one. Mrs. Broderaye had played at being an invalid too long; and still a young woman, she had collected into her constitution the diseases of age. She would gladly have increased her activity, for the sake of the flattering society above her, when she really was unable; and, when once this point was

settled against her, she wore away, under fretting at doing that which she had made her choice. To meet her inability, every accommodation that could be obtained for her, was contrived. When she was angry with the stairs, she was, for a few days, pleased with having her bed removed to the ground-floor; and when she quarrelled with the garden, she was indulged with removing to the upper rooms for the sake of air: the sorry comfort of a solitary dinner, delighted her for a time; and it was rapture when the vicar threw two rooms into one, that she might have her bed in an alcove.—Then followed breakfasting before she rose, and making her hour of rising depend on her weariness of a cumbent posture. This soon resolved itself into getting-up-days and not-getting-up-days—next, to sitting up only while her bed was made; and, on the approach of winter, this latter scheme had been so well established, that no remonstrance or persuasion or prediction could move her.—Of course, the first cold that the first breath of air gave her, came on with alarming symptoms; and, having kept her husband for a fortnight without rest or relaxation, during which time she paid him the equivocal compliment of refusing every thing but what reached her by his hand, she died—of inanition.

The vicar behaved on the event as he had done

during her life—with justice and equity, leaning to tenderness.—No one, though all hearts had long since returned to him, presumed to condole with him, nor could any one, from any circumstance in his deportment, have concluded that he had cause to rejoice.

But, if not to rejoice, he had some counterbalance of the uneasiness he felt under the sight of so melancholy a catastrophe, in the liberation of a portion of his income, at a time when he needed to make the best use of every shilling, and, contrariwise, saw his wife's demands—demands that could not now be refused—rising on him daily. Young as Carilis yet was, the vicar soon felt himself repaid for his care of her, by her useful qualities and her assiduity for his comfort.—Elegant accomplishments—the society of Emma and Georgiana—Lady Mary's incessant demonstrations of affection, nay, even Frank's frolics and schemes of pleasure, were all with joy foregone when Mr. Broderaye would accept her, or she could perform any duty for him.

Every thing was wearing a more promising aspect than heretofore, when the vicar one day received a letter, not of a very prepossessing exterior, desiring him to meet the writer, on a day named, at a little inn on the road, between St. Emeril and Exeter. Initials only were subscribed ;

but he was told that he would meet with the most perfect confidence, and that the interests of 'one Caroline Leslie Monterne,' who was known as under his guardianship, formed the basis of the intended communication. Secrecy was enjoined; and he promised it, in a reply which, but for the argument used, he might not have thought proper to send.

Having preserved to himself that independence which prevented opposition and inquisitiveness from the young people, he had only to say that he was called away on business, which might keep him out an uncertain time. Lady Mary, on all such hints, took Carilis to herself, and Frank was, on such exigencies, now that frugality was a little relaxed in favour of the vicar, invited to the upper house for every purpose but sleeping. Her ladyship could not now be called inhospitable.

Mr. Broderaye, trusting that whatever concerned the destitute Carilis must be of advantage to her, set out from home at the very early hour necessary for being in time for this *rencontre*, with feelings too warm to heed the bitter coldness of a morning unusually severe in that western climate.

He was taking his breakfast in a little parlour of the village-inn, when the door of the room opened, and a middle-aged man in mourning, not

gentlemanly in his look or deportment—of that amphibious description, which may be any thing that can consist with a low sea-faring character, entered.

The substance of the communication which he wished to make, will suffice :

The ‘summoner’ explained first his own situation, by describing himself as Mr. George Bray, one of the nephews of Mr. Bray, whom the vicar had succeeded in the living of St. Emeril. He stated himself to have married a lady of the name of Wyerley, who brought with her a life-income, the largest part of which was a yearly allowance from Lady Lynford, which had now recently ceased by the death of the annuitant. He made Mr. Broderaye specifically accede to the axiom, that death dissolves all connexions.

He then proceeded to say, that after having himself been originally brought up to the sea, he had been taken out of that line of profession by his uncle, and put into an attorney’s office, much against his inclination, and that, having served out a clerkship, and set up in business for himself, he had been made privy to the circumstances of Lady Lynford’s marriage,—had been called upon to draw up an undertaking on the part of Colonel Wanston in lieu of settlements, and had even been

appointed to act as her father, by giving her away in the church at the time of her marriage.

The habit of respect for the baroness was so strongly fixed in the mind of Mr. Broderaye, that, at the moment, he felt the blood mount into his cheeks on this information; and looking at his informant, and contemplating him in all the vulgarity of his disproportions, from head to foot, he was almost ready to ask the cutting question, ‘What! *you?*’ but he could check himself; and his interest in the narrative assisted him.

Mr. George Bray then intermingled rather more than was necessary or desired, of his own history, by detailing his aversion to the law, and his dominant propensity to salt water—he stated elaborately all the advantages which he had proposed to himself, and the disadvantages he had apprehended in his marriage—the coolness of his deliberation on the subject, and the arguments which at last had settled the point—the offer that had induced him to go to the West Indies—his weariness of life and wife there, and his resolution to remain in England, ‘if in any way he could get enough to live on.’

From this excursion, he came back to the expounding the arbitrary tenour of the will of the late Earl of Lynford, the baroness’s father:—this was

indeed known to Mr. Broderaye ; and he concluded that he was in possession of all the intelligence Mr. George Bray came to give him ; he had too much temper to stop a wearisome narrator, who, in fifty impertinencies, might have *one* thing to say worth attention ; but it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found him drawing in to the tone of a *cadenza*, when he had only recapitulated the contingencies of Lord Lynford's will, and brought them down to the hypothetical interest of Caroline Leslie Monterne.

Going back a little however, he in some measure atoned for this, by announcing the removal of one obstacle to her heirship by the death of the sickly lad her father's relation—but still, as Lady Lynford had every thing in her power, little seemed gained, till he revealed the momentous fact, that Lady Lynford had to his knowledge, in contracting marriage with Colonel Wanston, committed that act which forfeited her property, and consequently that Caroline Leslie Monterne was now the rightful possessor of the noble estates depending on that contingency, and that for every shilling spent under this fraudulent concealment, and every act connected with the possession of St. Emeril's, her ladyship was accountable to the said Caroline Leslie Monterne, spinster.

The vicar's head was not accustomed to turn,

either with sudden joys or griefs ; but, in the present instance, he felt overwhelmed with surprise, which, for a moment, had power to prevent his attention from fixing itself on the person most interested in the truth of this statement. To poor Carilis indeed, it was highly important that Mr. George Bray's narrative should have truth for its basis—but what was the situation of Lady Lynford, if it had ?—This presently occurred to him ; and with it came the recollection that, according to dates, his own enjoyment of the revenues of the vicarage had been illegal, the presentation had been invalid ; and that at this moment he stood beholden to his ward for his provision, and might lose it when she could enforce her rights. Connected as were almost all his ideas with the interests of the two young people, a momentary flash of recollection suggested the almost-whimsical chance he stood, of holding the vicarage of St. Emeril in trust for Mr. Frank Newson !

It was highly necessary to be cautious in showing that he gave any credit to such a statement ; and the baroness herself, had she been privy to what was passing, must have been satisfied with his jealousy for her honour and interests, and the tenacity with which he adhered to his habitual opinion of her—but yet there was, in what he had just heard, not only such a character of truth, but

such a nice fitting and coincidence with all that he before knew:—this one fact did so account for numberless others; and so many came up to remembrance, which could no otherwise be brought within any rule, that he felt as completely satisfied, as if he had had before him the letter of the baroness's father which revealed her husband's history —And the rapidity with which all this presented itself, while Mr. George Bray was proceeding in his discursive oratory, now with the technicality of one of his professions, and then of the other, till 'covenants, ejectments, and tenures' were confounded with 'masts, lumber, and sugars'—seemed to add the force of its passage to its own bulk, and to compel every thing to give way before it.—But this was matter of personal feeling; and in no way did the vicar betray his conviction. In his own mind, putting even the interest of Carilis out of the question, he considered Lady Lynford as an accused person, who, in the equity of a conscientious investigation, must not only be presumed innocent, but must have every possible assistance given her in proving herself so.

A candid spirit is a ready-made judgment; and in any one but himself, Mr. Broderaye would have applauded that regulated course of thinking, which keeps the mind prepared to adapt its inva-

riable principles to whatever is presented to its decision. To do justice was in all things his first endeavour—to practise mercy he felt as a permission to stop short of exacting that which it is painful to demand—to walk humbly he had been early in life taught, by seeing the narrow path and steep precipices before him, where neither eye, nor judgment, nor guiding hand could avail him :—he was therefore ready in temperament, to meet any question, and to submit to any event ;—but all this was lost on Mr. George Bray, who as soon as he fancied himself and his story not fully accredited, thought it his part to be very angry. His anger producing no effect but that of making the vicar move to go away, it cured itself ; and he then, by what he perhaps meant for persuasion, tried to draw his new acquaintance into that sort of coupling which should make him assist, not in restoring Miss Monterne to her right, but in hunting down the baroness.

Hints occasionally thrown out, of the probable efficacy of money, were it offered him, if Mr. Broderaye should prefer screening Lady Lynford, gave the exact measure of his honesty ; but here he could meet with no encouragement. The vicar was much more likely to give her the advice which she had formerly received from Lord Winchmore, than in this way to purchase security dependent on

the honour of an informer, even if Carilis had not existed ; but in the present state of things, though it could not be said that the matter was indifferent to him, his interest in the event was so far divided, that he could not suffer any wish to predominate. To ruin Lady Lynford or desert the cause of his ward, would have been equally his abhorrence : a compromise naturally suggested itself, but how was this to be accomplished in the case of a minor ?—neither laws, nor equity, if resorted to in their fortresses, would admit of it : not even Carilis herself had a right to be merciful—all must be referred to the chancellor ; and there could be no hope but in procrastination.

On the part of Carilis, her guardian's feelings were more moderate : beyond such a provision for her as befitted her relative situation with regard to Lady Lynford, he had no wish. His affection for her was not that weak fondness which thinks nothing too much for its object ; and more disposed to assist in bearing than to shift off a burden, he would have disdained to bestow a thought on the probability of finding quarters for Frank at St. Emeril's Court.

The inclination to think to some purpose, rather than to talk to none, keeping the vicar more silent than suited the fervour of Mr. George Bray, he was saved putting those questions which were

necessary to learn the ground of his assertion.— In the mind of the man of business, this however had not the first place: he was more earnest to get the vicar's assent to the validity of the provocation under which he let out that he was acting, and which he stated to consist of two parts (one of which, however, seemed to have been lost by the way), and this was a never-sleeping sense of mortifying treatment from the baroness, which his wife entertained to her last moments.

‘ Better, better, let this posthumous wrath cool and die away,’ said the vicar: ‘ in the recent loss of your wife, Sir, your judgment may borrow too much from your feelings:—they will abate; and you may wish you had not indulged them, when you have lost the power of controlling their effects. Revenge is a very unprofitable speculation; for, the more complete our success, the worse for us.’

Refusals to listen were made solemn by very coarse words: ‘ His wife,’ he said, ‘ had borne every thing, because she knew there was no use “ in showing one's teeth where one dare not bite,” and she had been restrained in what he called “ doing herself justice,” by the fear of the stoppage of her annuity, but she had always said to him in her long illness, “ George, I hope when I am dead, you will not forget how I have been treated

by that woman—I have told you every thing—Wanston has told me, times without number, where he was born—he used to brag that he was a Roman—you have it in your power to prove the marriage—her father’s will proves the forbidding her to marry a foreigner—therefore you will have the power in your own hand, and you are a fool if you do not make use of it.” Now, Sir,’ concluded he, ‘one does not like to be called a fool, you know.’

It was in the power of Mr. Broderaye’s manners to keep a little in order those of Mr. George Bray; and this power was increased by his being able to tell him, on his general knowledge, that such evidence as this hearsay-evidence founded upon hearsay, neither was, nor ought to be, received further than in corroboration of better.—‘At least,’ thought the vicar, ‘by throwing stumbling-blocks in his way, I may gain time to recover my wits after this scaring of them.’

But Mr. George Bray was not so ill equipt with weapons as Mr. Broderaye supposed: he came armed with an attested copy of the register of the baroness’s marriage; and when the vicar said, ‘But, my good Sir, what good will this do you?—Who ever has questioned, or is likely to question, the fact of the marriage?’ he brought out a pocket-book ready to burst under its own import-

ance, in which were letters from his uncle, alluding in direct terms to the penalty incurred, and proposing farther demands on the baroness's purse.

‘Can you produce a letter from Colonel Wanston,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘acknowledging himself a foreigner? If you can, you have every thing in your power——’

‘No, that he could not do.’

‘Can you find any body who can prove upon oath Colonel Wanston by birth a foreigner?’

‘I can’t say—but I think I could try—I should think nothing of going to Rome myself—if I knew whereabouts to look—but my wife knew nothing certain enough; and she had such a head for confounding names of places and people, that I never heard any thing that I could remember, even if I could believe it.’

There was respite in this candid testimonial to the correctness of Mrs. George Bray; and the vicar gladly accepted it.—He did not offer his assistance in the search, though perhaps he knew, better than most people, how to set about it.

‘What say you,’ said the interested informer, ‘to going over to my aunt—my uncle’s widow?—I dare say she could tell us something to the purpose—she is not above thirty miles off—we could have a chaise here; and it is but two stages—we

should be back time enough for you to be at home to-morrow—if you don't mind one night.'

It would have been to give the lead entirely out of his hand, had Mr. Broderaye declined such a proposal, nor could he himself be without some curiosity, or rather anxiety, to know what account Mrs. Bray, of whose former situation with the baroness he was not ignorant, could give of the matter in question.—If her affectionate zeal should make her ardent in her refutation, it might, at least, be a counterpoise to the less-creditable zeal of Mr. George Bray: he therefore professed himself willing to undertake the little journey, and not at all constrained by any domestic circumstances. He did not depart from truth in thus boasting his liberty:—he knew that Carilis would have half a bed given her at the great house; and as for Frank, he saw him in idea, in all the greatness of his lord-lieutenancy—or rather self-constituted, the guardian of his guardian's property.

The vicar having had some dealings with the widow Bray, which required that he should see her, could not distrust her identity; and as she had felt and acknowledged herself obliged to him, he had no cause to fear for his reception. That she would assist in any persecution of the baroness, there could be no probability: her attachment to Lady Lynford was well known; and it

was not less so, that her present comforts were derived from her bounty.

The once erect 'Goody Parr,' now the aged and decrepit Widow Bray, was ill able to endure the sudden entrance of any two persons to whom she was not familiarized by daily intercourse, even had they come only on the ordinary pleas of visiting. But when her husband's nephew, whom she cordially hated, and had not seen since she became a widow, began, in a coarse and abrupt way, to talk of 'business' and 'evidence,' the poor woman was shaken from head to foot.

To assure her that no attempt was designed against her life or her property, might have been supposed a judicious method of calming her apprehensions; but it did not conduce to this end, when Mr. George Bray, as if to release her from every fear, said, 'We only want to ask you a few questions about the fellow Lady Lynford married.'

Weakened as were her intellects, she yet saw instantly that these words had a connexion with a circumstance that had made too deep an impression to be obliterated from her memory; and her recollection was sufficiently clear to tell her, that her judgment, in its present state, was not equal to the conduct of a nice question. She therefore intrenched herself in negatives and ignorance, and

professions of imbecility; but she did not omit to bring forward the registering in St. George's parish as a proof of Colonel Wanston's birth in it. Beyond this she could not venture.

Mr. George Bray knew enough of the world of chicane, to see through this, especially as the fact which he came to ascertain, was well known to himself as the cause of the extraordinary conduct of Lady Lynford's marriage. He had not to convince himself: it was the vicar who was to be satisfied: and nothing was yet done, or likely to be done, towards this, by the reference to Mrs. Bray.

Bad roads, a hilly country, the season of the year—and above all, Mr. George Bray's leisurely dinner on the road, which the vicar, in the dubious state of his mind, suffered to proceed in its natural pace, had made the travellers debtors to the moon, and detained them till the time of the widow Bray's early tea had been long gone by. At the first moment of his feeling his hopes relaxing in confidence, her nephew recollected that he was thirsty: the old lady graciously ordered tea, and while it was preparing, he questioned her as to what papers her husband had left.

To this demand she could answer clearly and with a little descant on her own love of order and care of property. Every paper of Mr. Bray's

was forthcoming ; and the whole collection was contained in a box, which, as the widow said, ‘ she had, some weeks before, *amused* herself with setting in order.’

For the world, this harmless woman would not have done a fellow-creature an injury, and, least of all human beings, Lady Lynford, with whom, as long as she remained in England, she had held that sort of correspondence which consists in complaints made by one party and relieved by the other ; but not at all remembering her own arrangement of this box, or the mistakes she had made in settling the contents of another more immediately her own, she knew not what it had to disclose ; and she might, as to effect, just as well have produced a certificate of Colonel Wanstons’s birth in Rome, as have brought forward what she called ‘ Mr. Bray’s papers.’

The key was ticketed, ‘ My late husband’s manuscripts,’ and her hand being ‘ *too shaky*,’ as she observed, to find the key-hole, she gave it into that of the vicar. On the top, when opened, lay a proof of filial affection, in a paper, flat, and about the size of a letter, written on, ‘ My dear mother’s hair, cut off after she was dead,’—with the exact date of the tonsure—there was no need to open this, but the old lady begged the vicar to look at ‘ her dear parent’s silver locks :’—he

obeyed, so far as to open the paper ; but as her command had not extended to the ‘ silver locks ’ to show themselves, he was not gratified with the reward of his labour, the envelope containing only about as much gold-beater’s skin, as would have met the exigencies of a regiment through a summer-campaign. Then rose up a *fasciculus* which, deploring her mistake in the former instance, she advised him to look at for security—though she believed it was only some bank-stock receipts for money, which a more characteristic shake of her head told had made itself wings.—She was again wrong, and was trying to recollect what it was that had mis-led her into being so—but recollection was all precluded, when, instead of bank-receipts, she saw bank-notes. She had only committed the common error of marrying things never intended to come together ; and when her joy subsided, she could tell how well she remembered having executed the counterpart to this blunder, in once upon a time, taking out with her the bank-receipts, when she was going to her landlord with her half-year’s rent—her distress at the time she described as great, and the cause unaccountable ; for she had never thought on this possibility ; but now, as she said, ‘ it seemed like the prodigal son come home,’—and ‘ she should certainly kill the fatted calf for him.’ The allusion, perhaps, was intend-

ed as a hospitable hint :—its good intention might frank it—or Mr. George Bray might *not* see, and Mr. Broderaye might not *choose* to see, the syntax of the rhetorical figure.

There was no occasion to make farther comparison between outsides and insides—nothing occurred for some time, that in the smallest degree seemed likely to connect itself with the present object of inquiry ; and whether any of ‘ the late husband’s papers ’ were in that box, was growing questionable, when the vicar lighted on a more bulky irregular miscellaneous parcel composed of many others, tied up very neatly in the most precise disorder and most accurate confusion. In a medley of bills, receipts, old news-papers, beauties *to be* in future sermons, and apparently the general-sweeping of a table surprised in long-standing accumulation, were letters received from the baroness after the disclosure to herself of the danger she had incurred, in which—trusting that her ‘ P. S. Burn this instantly,’ would be a law to her correspondent, she, under the necessity of arrangement, referred to the subject.—No one, with the information now possessed by the vicar, could doubt the fact ; but, had it been possible, the liberty of scepticism was removed by a letter from Colonel Wanston under apprehension of some opposing measure from the perplexed gov-

vernante, in which high-seasoned compliments—which probably humble vanity could *not* commit to annihilation—served to garnish that which was in itself a plain confession that he stood in the deprecated predicament, and was not born within the implied ‘four seas.’—General assurances that no harm could ensue—a courageous assertion that he saw his way out, and that the *risque* was only his, had had their power, perhaps, in pacifying conscience under breach of trust.

The preservation of Lady Lynford’s letters was to be attributed to pride and fondness—and in some measure to the poor woman’s official persuasion, that because she was to govern, she must be wiser than the governed.

Nothing less than the constant habitual discipline under which early misfortune and succeeding vexations had trained the prudence of Maximilian Broderaye, would have answered the demand made at this moment on his circumspection. He had in his hands and under his eye, enough to save all farther investigation in the courts of law, or to make work probably for every one of them; and had Mr. George Bray seen the papers that made part of the miscellaneous bundle, though he having no interest in the question, was not to be feared as a claimant against Lady Lynford, his knowledge of the law, small as it was, would have

taught him to annoy her in a way that might have made life almost intolerable. But he was, at the moment, very deeply engaged with a deed, in the bearing of which, he thought he had discovered a contingent remainder of the value of a few pounds in which he had a latent interest; and the box, from which he had himself taken this document, had been placed on a chair, was open, and had its raised lid next to him. To save time, he had authorized Mr. Broderaye to proceed in the search; and without any hope from such an advantage, he had been obeyed.

As soon as the vicar recognised Lady Lynford's hand-writing, he had seen enough to warn him to be silent; but when he met with the Colonel's letter, something more than silence was requisite to prevent the direful effects of this search. He could not think of what was regular or strictly form: he cared not for any risque to himself: he thought only how he might preserve the two females whose interests were so opposite, from the intrusion of this vulgar meddler: and, for this purpose, the concealment of what he had found was necessary. To leave these letters in Mrs. Bray's custody was unsafe—to remind her that they existed, was little less so: he therefore put on the semblance of a delicate forbearance on seeing that these were part of a family-correspondence;

and, without deviating from the truth, he discouraged his companion from farther inquiry in this quarter, leaving all others open to his choice ; and in restoring the box to its pristine neatness of packing, he took a favourable moment for depositing the only important part of it in his own coat-pocket.

The house affording no accommodation for guests, beyond that which had been furnished, the gentlemen betook themselves to the inn for the night ; and Mr. Broderaye appeared at leisure to answer Mr. George Bray's question, who were the individuals interested in the concerns of Miss Monterne. There seemed no particular necessity for concealment in this point : he had no one to name but Mr. Vanderryck, but this was quite sufficient : he knew the Dutchman, not only by name, but, in the course of mercantile affairs, and even personally : ' he would set him, aye that he would, upon the hunt ; and the old fellow, with the scent of money to allure him, would stick like a burr in the skirts of her grand ladyship. A trip to Holland was nothing to a sailor—he should be there and back in a jiffy'—he, indeed, knew how, not only to get into the country at that critical time, but out of it again ; and he was determined to go, and still more impatient to set out than he had been in the recent undertaking.

The journey back was a still greater trial to the vicar's patience than that of the day before. His companion, in the excitation of his mind, when it had nothing to act upon, made matters of curiosity for himself. Not a name on a passing waggon or cart—not the subject of a sign, nor an inscription in lieu of one—not a warning to leave scrapings where they were deposited—not a milestone—not a direction-post escaped without his proclaiming aloud his new information ; and disturbed as was the mind of the vicar, he yet felt comparatively happy when he saw again the little inn from which he had set out, and having taken a very slight repast, found himself seated on the hobby with which Lady Mary had permitted the bailiff to accommodate him.

CHAPTER XI.

MAXIMILIAN Broderaye had abundance of subject-matter for thought by the way — and for thought so out of the track in which he had for years been thinking, that he felt almost a stranger to himself. If he asked himself which he preferred, the agitation into which he was thrown by this discovery, or the hopeless stagnation in which he had reared his fair ward, he found it impossible, under the existing circumstances, to decide ; but he derived consolation and confidence from his unresisting acceptance of his lot in all its forms ; and he had saved himself from disappointment, by never having presumed to tell himself what alterations in his various solitudes he should best like, or be most certain would lessen his distance from peace of mind.

Carilis's interest in what was now impending, could not abate his desire for Lady Lynford's exculpation and quiet enjoyment of her natural rights. Whatever his respect for justice, and however clearly it might be proved that the baroness had *forfeited*, and that Carilis might *seize*, he could not wish to see the one plundered for the

investment of the other. Lady Lynford could not but be most grievously sensible to what she *lost*—Carilis must be artificially taught to estimate what she *gained*, and some injury must be done to her unsoiled moral sense, in teaching her to enjoy that which was extorted from the enforced submission of another, and that other, a person whom, on every consideration, she had been taught to respect and esteem.

The middle course appeared to him the only safe one. He had reason to hope that nothing so decisive of the important question as what he had safe in his pocket, was any where else to be found; and it was his plan, at all events to open a negotiation with Lady Lynford on the subject.—Whatever passed between them was to be known to no one; and he thought that with so much power in his own hand, he might obtain, at present, a comfortable provision for Miss Monterne, and such engagements for the future, as might make it the obvious interest of Lady Lynford to adopt her.—He might have used to himself, instead of ‘adopt,’ the better suggestion of ‘taking her to her heart,’—but for this he knew something more than his own endeavours to render his ward attaching to such a spirit as her ladyship’s, was necessary.

To find, and, perhaps, to follow the baroness,

were the next movements to be considered—the first might be accomplished by a short letter to her banker—the second required more than thought:—it needed money.—To spare—where there was nothing to be spared, but what must be felt as cutting to the quick—was as tedious in the process as it was uncertain in effect:—to borrow was hateful to him—to contract debts by diverting money from its proper channel, was, to his feeling, scarcely honest—at least, it was risking eventual injury to another.—What could he do to raise the sum necessary for an undertaking of unlimited extent and expense, that would injure no one else if it failed, and allow him the comfort of feeling that he did not endanger his success by a vicious outset? There seemed but one way: he had still some treasures to forego: he had fine engravings, bought for little in their own country!—of tenfold value in this! True, they were the refreshment of his spirits when depressed, were the relaxation of his over-worked faculties,—but, had he seen one of his flock hesitating in such a case, he must have brought the conduct of Abraham to assist his arguments and persuasions; and he did not forget it in his own exigency.—One law served for him and his parish.

His mind was made up, before he came in sight of his house; and without suffering this self-

concern to interfere with 'little Carry's' business, he gave way to the buoyant character of his spirit, and with a sort of figurative allusion laid the bridle on the neck of his borrowed hobby, in full confidence that, having set out right, he should be carried safe to the animal's dwelling-place in this little journey,—and, under a Superior Guidance, should accomplish his purpose in one much longer.

The farm where his horse was kept, being nearer to the village than to St. Emeril's Court, he went immediately to his own house. No alarm, or even wonder, would have been excited by finding neither Frank nor Carilis there, had not the stupid stare and the wild gaze of the lad who answered the purposes of foot-boy, cow-boy, errand-boy, and gardener, awakened his attention, and his suspicion of something unpleasant.—The house-keeper now came up, before the boy could answer to his master's usual question, 'Where are the young ones?' and he had only to furnish patience to hear out the circuitous narrative of the one, and the corrections of the other, by which he was to be informed that a man, of a description that, under the lad's management, was of every possible contradiction, had called on Master Frank in the dusk of the day before, that Master Frank had gone out with him—and had not been seen or heard of since. From his having left a message

for Mr. Broderaye in case of his return, saying that he should soon come back, it was conjectured that he did not foresee his being detained ; and this, added to his known habits of punctuality and consideration, gave reason to apprehend that some accident had befallen him.

The interests of Carilis, the jeopardy of Lady Lynford, the movements of Mr. George Bray, and all his own plans, were, in a moment, driven out of the recollection of the vicar, by a shock for which he was totally unprepared otherwise than by his habitual watchfulness. His first care would have been to engage Lady Mary to break the matter cautiously to Carilis ; but, perceiving that his servants had entertained a hope that Frank might have joined and would return with their master,—and that, consequently, his absence had not been published,—he saw that there was little danger of the news reaching St. Emeril's Court immediately, unless he made it worth divulging by the importance he gave to it : he therefore suppressed his own emotion, and appearing to be able to account for what had so alarmed his people, he took his way to Martha Pearce's alms-house, and questioned her.

The old woman now sinking under all the infirmities of years, nearly blind and very deaf, could afford him comfort by saying that she had

been called on, the day before, by a man, who, as far as her imperfect sight and hearing would permit her to judge, was the sailor who had saved the life of her dear boy, and from whom she had received him. He had questioned her, and had learnt where he might find him:—she had told him every particular, and ‘how good Mr. Broderaye had been to Frank and to her:’—the man had not revealed his design, but ‘she had longed to see Mr. Broderaye to tell him this, in hope that some good luck was brewing for the child—and so she trusted in God it would turn out, though she was sorry he was fetched away without coming to say “Good bye” to her.’—Mr. Broderaye, in tenderness, said nothing to abate this confidence, which was greater than he had looked for.—He was not then at leisure to resolve it into its principles, or he might have told himself, that had Frank been taken from Martha Pearce’s dwelling, he should have had to suggest to her, what she now suggested to herself. He shut the door of her one-roomed house, thankful, for her sake, that her aged feelings were so passive.

His own terror was abated—but he was little comforted. He could admit that Frank was most probably claimed by those who had the best right to him:—and that his lot could be worse than the best he could do for him, was not very much to

be feared.—In this reliance, he might have felt thankful ; but stoicism, which he neither possessed nor professed, was required to bear with equanimity, this sudden severing from a thing which his own practical goodness had made dear to him, and to which the success of his endeavours had attached him beyond the common feelings even of consanguinity.

In his walk home, he found himself proceeding too fast : he was at the point of land which obliged him to make his election of going immediately to wound the heart of Carilis, or retreating to his home to prepare his own for doing it : he was at this moment a coward ; and his feet were betraying him to the indulgence of his cowardice ; but he found it no more easy to resolve on doing what he must blame on reflection, than to do that to which he fancied himself unequal.

It was a winterly afternoon, and the compressing lowness of heavy clouds seemed to force the light on the least agreeable objects, in the same manner as the crushing weight of his mind confined his attentions to the most distressing subject : he stopped at a gate that afforded an extensive view of a cheerless expanse, and thus gave breathing-time to his conscience.

His thoughts were not turned on what he had done, but he could not tear them from what he had lost. Whatever endeared Frank Newson to him,

was, in this excitement of feeling, considered as the overpaying of small endeavours: he could recollect only the pleasure of his duty—he regretted that his pupil had been torn from him, thus imperfectly educated—as his modest appreciation of his own labour, or his large ideas of possibilities, prompted him to think him—he vainly wished he could have foreseen this event; but he could not define any solicitude that he could have increased—any better use of time that he could have made.

Wishes so vague, were in danger of being erroneous in proportion to their extent.—‘All that he had done for Frank might be superfluous and unsuitable’—‘he might be reclaimed to a subordinate class;’ and a new apprehension was excited by, not so much the politics of the European states, as the one despotism in which the continent and its dependencies were then held. No life was safe in France, whither he could not but suppose the object of his anxiety was on his way: he was now, as might be conjectured, above sixteen, just an age to make a choice morsel for the rapacious appetite of the military tyrant.—Conscriptions which spared none, were open every where to make him the property of one man:—he might be entrapped by his conductor, or perish with him:—he had been taken from the only spot in

Europe, which had defied the foot of the gigantic autocrat:—he was gone probably into the very heart of danger;—and even if he escaped it, it might be by the sacrifice of principle under the influence of authoritative example.

This was indeed, as the vicar soon recollected, creating chimeras to his own terror. He turned to the contemplation of other possibilities: he tried to think on the little trouble he had had in erecting a goodly edifice with materials furnished by Him to whom Nature is but handmaid—and on the abundant harvest promised, compared with the scanty portion of seed he seemed to himself to have sown.—How it was to have repaid him, was a track of thought into which he did not fall:—he rather preferred the comfort of thinking that Frank, uninfluenced to his hurt, would certainly behave well through life; that he would be an ornament to whatever country had given him birth;—and that, should it be his fate to perish, he could remit him with humble confidence to the mercy of his Judge.—Then came afresh the recollection of his noble spirit—his gentle temper—his warm gratitude—his tender affection—every instance of magnanimous truth—every disregard of personal consideration.—All, and every thing that showed the spirit of Frank Newson attached to, but not fettered by its corporeal

dwelling, came up with poetical aggrandizement to his guardian's memory ; and he might have been overtaken by the night, where he was, had not the too intimate connexion of poor Carilis's present peaceful ignorance with his disturbing information, roused him.

However he had postponed, he had no choice of action : Carilis must be told of his own return, and Frank's absence ; and he felt it ungenerous to Lady Mary and pusillanimous in himself, to shrink from doing this in person. He turned his steps therefore towards the Court ; and almost fancying that he saw in his hand, the dagger which he could not but fear would reach her heart, he first sought an interview with Lady Mary, and having communicated his distress, entreated her support of Carilis under this severe trial of her sisterly affection.

The early occupation of Lady Mary's mind with the subject of that passion which had shaped her destiny, made her very expert in detecting it, wherever it *might* exist, and sometimes fancying it where it *did not*.—She had from her first acquaintance with the boy and girl, set them down for future lovers ; and had not the vicar's regulating deportment made her learn to consider before she spoke, she might have gone beforehand with his wishes. But, since the death of Mrs.

Broderaye, her ladyship's surmises had taken a new bearing; and as every day, about this time, was teeming with the most heterogeneous surprises in the proceedings of conspicuous individuals, she began to foresee, in the tenderness of Mr. Broderaye, and the devotion of Carilis, that, waiting only a few years, she would atone to him for his former annoyances, by disregarding a disparity then not much thought on, and accepting the honour of being his second wife.—Like the resolvers of enigmatical dreams, and the torturers of prophecy, every thing that she had seen since she took up the opinion, was enlisted into proof—she pitied poor Frank whom she looked upon as jilted—but she met something, even in Carilis's unformed character, that would not suffer her to express her pity, or even to give a voice to her imagination.

Either this newest supposition, or the natural moderation of her own temperament, prevented her ladyship's feeling to agony, the disaster of which the vicar had now given her the first intelligence. 'She really had been, at first,' she said, 'shocked when he began: she was afraid of something much worse—every body must be sorry to lose such a fine young man as Mr. Newson; and she did not wonder at, nor could she blame, Mr. Broderaye's feeling on the occasion—but it was really time that he should be released from such a

burden ; and if the young man *had* friends, it was as well that he should know who they were.'—Her ladyship talked excellent good reason, but it was very cold-hearted ; it removed, however, all apprehension of her suffering severely in supporting the spirits of Miss Monterne ; and under this alleviation of anxiety, on a secondary subject, the vicar had less scruple in asking her assistance.

Had Lady Mary's mind been more disturbed by the recital just given her, she would, most probably, have *offered* her service in this way ; but as it had made no inroad on its tranquillity, it was, like the undiminished store of a miser, worth keeping entire ; and, to his surprise, she, in all gentleness but with no less firmness, declined the interference.—Before the unintentional unkindness had produced its effect, she indeed fully atoned for it, by very liberally offering the best abilities of Miss Sims for the purpose—observing that ' such people were used to such things '—and commenting on the comfortable construction of this world, which in general afforded undertakers for every disagreeable business that was to be undertaken. Her ladyship's practice being far less restricted by *want of sense*, than by *a sense of the expedient*, she threw into the scale in which she had deposited the proposal of Miss Sims for the office, all the consideration that she could bestow on the *means* by

which the end desired could be accomplished ; and while the vicar sat absorbed in anxious thought, she had, as readily as she would have suggested half a dozen various *settings-out* for a dinner-party, proposed to his choice a series of little dramatic explosions, any one of which might be used on the occasion.—To these he could reply only by a wish for a few minutes' conference with Miss Sims.

With great good-nature, Lady Mary took the young people out of the way for the time : Miss Sims came, and entered into the distressing business.

Her feeling for Mr. Broderaye was that of one who knew how close the attachment *must* be, where so much had been attempted, and so much performed—but from *him*, her thoughts recoiled on Carilis ; and she could not hold out any hope, that the blow would be met with any power of resistance. Her advice was, that the poor girl should be encouraged to open demonstration of her sorrow while its first violence lasted ; and that every reasonable cause for confidence should be presented to her imagination ;—but all dramatic schemes—every thing that required to be corrected back into truth, Miss Sims deprecated, and joined cordially with the vicar, in a determination to act with simplicity, and to trust the event.

The debaters were rising to go on this painful errand, when the door of the room burst open, and Carilis, wild, staring, haggard, entered the room, followed by the two little girls—the voice of their mamma, in vain, though audibly, calling them back, as if they had been entering a room where they must see a corpse.

It was evident that the apprehension of Carilis had been excited by the idea of some fatal misfortune to her guardian; for, assured of his safety, she seemed relieved; and Lady Mary in her cool admiration of her, under the now-removed terror, was beginning to warp into her old habit of supposition, and to pat the neck of her young friend, calling her, perhaps with more meanings than one, ‘The Child of Nature’—Mr. Broderaye was, just now, rather too much occupied, to recollect the designation of that from which the little piece with this title was borrowed, or he might have seen the counterpart of Lady Mary’s insinuated blandishment.

Still poor Carilis remained uninformed of that which must be told her—she was clinging to her guardian, and re-iterating her expressions of joy at seeing him. It might have been supposed that she would herself have contributed to her own information, by asking for Frank, as soon as her alarm subsided—but it had not been much her

habit, of late, to name him; and this might have led Lady Mary still farther into *one* opinion. It certainly—for it had not escaped his observation—led the vicar into *another*, which did not abate his anxiety at the present moment.

The joy of her relief from the terror that had seized her, was subsiding into tranquil happiness; and she appeared to suspect no new cause of disturbance. A pause ensued, which she broke by asking if she should get ready to return home; when, before she had an answer, her ear caught the name of Mr. Newson, whispered by Lady Mary to her girls, whom she had withdrawn, in all prudence, to a distance. Turning quick at the sound, the accompanying gestures of Lady Mary, and the direction of the children's looks towards herself, struck Carilis's attention; and she then resumed her aspect of apprehension, under alarm varied indeed, but not lessened.

Nothing could have succeeded worse than this bad edition of a well-prepared publication, under the best intentions of Lady Mary Vaseney.—But happily the very awkwardness itself was useful; for it suggested to Carilis a worse probability;—and becoming utterly unnerved, as she was standing, she uttered the words ‘He is drowned!’ and was sinking down on the carpet, when Miss Sims catching her, and before her sense of hear-

ing was gone, contradicting her firmly, she laid her at her length, and made her sensible that he was not only safe, but had probably found his family.

To hope the best and submit to the worst, had not been preached to her for more than seven years in vain. When trusted with the truth, the vicar could make her imitate his confidence; but he did not tell her his remaining inquietude, nor did she tell him the difficulty she felt in resting on Frank's probable advantage, without adverting to her own positive misfortune.—She begged to go home; and Lady Mary clucked with sincere vexation, at having no horses to put to her carriage for her conveyance.—Miss Sims kindly offered her arm in conjunction with the vicar; and Lady Mary gave permission for her remaining all night with the sufferer, reminding her, at the same time, of 'Georgiana's frock, which could not be set about, till she had cut it out next morning.' Miss Sims gave her word to be at home in time for the frock, and, assisted by Carilis's own silent endeavours, the care of getting home was soon over.

Miss Sims was consistent, and suffered the grief of Carilis, which it was impossible to repress, to vent itself in tears, and then to seek its consolation in questions which she patiently an-

swered. The poor girl had no inclination to set up her own judgment against the hopes which she was told she ought to nourish—she *did* nourish these hopes—but human nature, or at least the instinct of a dependent affection, would interpose the question, ‘And what is this hope, if realized?—what is it to *me*?’—She had lost half her little world; and she felt that she might sink under her undivided solicitude for the other half.—Frank seemed now, to her wounded recollection, the spring and support of all that she had been able to accomplish—and she distrusted her own powers of exertion, under such a subtraction of the encouragement of his commending words and his exhilarating looks. A recent reading of ‘Paradise Lost,’ presented images to her mind, which she fancied illustrative of her own sorrow; and the recoil of grief on her heart, warped her judgment into the decision that, not to have been separated, was mercy in the punishment of our originals in disobedience.

Miss Sims did not fail Miss Georgiana’s frock; and Carilis, pale and shrunken, made her due appearance at the breakfast-table—not awed by fear of her guardian, but restrained by his expectations from her. She had cried till she had no tears to shed: her hand was steady, and her look resigned; and if the placidity of her countenance was dis-

turbed by any operation of mind, it was by dissatisfaction with her own powers, because she could not forget herself. She returned to her duties like a sister whom the death of an only brother has left sole guardian of a father's age; and the vicar, though still comparatively a young man in years, and, without any qualification, young in all the energies of character, tried to flatter her by seeming to acknowledge the necessity of her care.—He talked of Frank as if it was comfort to himself to speak of him; and, for some days, he looked anxiously for the arrival of letters; but this reliance failing, he was driven with his ward into that unconditional submission which asks neither 'Why?' 'Whither?' nor 'When?'

The resumption of pursuits in which Frank had borne his part, was the opening of a second act of a tragedy that seemed leading to a disastrous catastrophe—but she saw that, in idleness, she deprived Mr. Broderaye of a solace which his affection made agreeable, and his uneasiness now made valuable to him. Under the gentle exhortation of Miss Sims, and with all those little sheathings of wounding edges which consult ease while they do not preclude wholesome exercise, she tried to be herself again in industry—Lady Mary was kind and soothing to excess—but her methods, Carilis was soon sensible, did little towards the improve-

ment of her fortitude : her own sensibility to her deficiencies, pointed out to her the treatment she needed—and she had honesty enough to resort to Miss Sims for correction, rather than to Lady Mary for flattering compassion.

CHAPTER XII.

EARNEST as the vicar was to put poor Carilis's affairs in some train, he could not immediately introduce the consideration of his requisite absence from home, while her mind remained under its first impressions. In a few weeks, her simple endeavour to do right on the principles that alone could sustain her, had operated so favourably, that he thought he might venture to hint to her, that her probable benefit required her submission to a short separation, during which Lady Mary would most kindly receive her. A revelation of as much as he thought prudent, of the purpose of his former absence, prepared her mind: he told her that her unknown distant relation, of whose existence, and her own pedigree, she had been previously informed, was dead; and he represented himself as entertaining a very faint hope of gaining a small portion of Lady Lynford's attention for her, in consideration of this removal of an intervening interest. She did not catch at what he held out; and it was necessary to show her, that he had no option in performing or neglecting his duty towards her, to reconcile her to his taking any trouble for

her. Concurrence in this dire necessity was made easier by Miss Sims's suggestion, that, under her grandfather's seeming forgetfulness of her, it was requisite to Mr. Broderaye's having any chance of obtaining the means of providing for her, or perhaps of continuing his charge of her. Nothing farther than London was named to her: the baroness's bankers were talked of as the negotiators, and she brought her mind down to this submission, which the coming spring was to demand of her.

New anxiety now disturbed her. With all her deference for her guardian's judgment, she could not but fear he should so far misunderstand her, as to suppose she would willingly take shelter in dependence as a refuge from labour. The consciousness to her precarious provision, and the knowledge of the imperious necessity of that system by which alone Mr. Broderaye had retained the power to be liberal, had made the prospect of a life, similar to that of Miss Sims, familiar to her; and if she looked to any thing pleasant in Mr. Broderaye's projected absence, it was to an employment of the time which should show him that she had profited by it. She was now well able to advance herself—to extend what was substantial in her education, and to improve on what was elegant;—and she saw the time approach with more composure than he had expected.

With feelings, yet at the best, not far removed from those of a widow about to part from a protecting father, she prepared herself for this trial, without bargaining for the consolation of letters, or specifying a point of time beyond which her patience under his absence would not last:—she grieved that his trouble was for *her*; and she expressed her highest confidence, that he would make his absence as short and as light to her, as his convenience permitted.

It required some management to keep from her observation the seriousness of the preparations made for this journey. She indeed was to remove to the protection of Lady Mary, and her wardrobe and implements of industry must go with her—the former was not bulky enough to excite her suspicion when told to remove it entirely. A friend was to come into the vicarage-house to take care of the duty; but this seemed to be consideration for the stranger; and it was Mr. Broderaye's plan to get his ward out of the house, in time to prevent her seeing his care in quitting it.

The curate had been rather negligent in writing to settle preliminaries; and within three days of his coming, Mr. Broderaye received a letter which he concluded was from him, and might perhaps put him to inconvenience by procrastination.

The letter was franked: the envelope contained these words:—

‘Rev. Sir,

‘The inclosed was put into my hand hastily, by a young man in the French dominions; but in what part I dare not reveal; as I have by great exertions and at great hazard, myself made my escape from thence, and suspicion of having aided me in it, might fall on a person who is not yet in safety. I hope and trust some terms will shortly be agreed on, by which those who have given no offence to the existing government in France, may be restored to their own country. In the mean time, I have the satisfaction of assuring you that loss of liberty and time, and great expense, are the worst evils you have to deplore for your friends, and that as they are of the number of those who make the best of what is bad, their situation is more a trial of patience than of fortitude.’

The frank was dated from London, and was that of a man well known in public life; and if Mr. Broderaye looked at it more than once, it was to give Carilis time to suspect something.—What was inclosed was a very small piece of paper—and this he took care that she should see.

But here her good habits interposed to his obstruction :—she did not presume to be inquisitive.

‘ Can you suppose it possible, my dear Carry?’—said he, seeing her still intent on her own occupation at the moment—‘ Can you suppose me a coward at this instant?—I really am afraid to open this little billet—I do strongly suspect it will tell us something—of Frank.—Does it not look like his hand?—It is directed only “Vicar, St. Emeril, Devon, England.”’

‘ Let *me*—let *me*,’—said Carilis hastily—‘ If there is any pain to be suffered, let it be *me*—you don’t know, Sir, what I can do *now*—and bear *now*—I can bear any thing—joy or sorrow—I can indeed—any thing but seeing you unhappy—you look pale—O ! pray sit down—pray, pray, give it me.’

Mr. Broderaye stood, indeed, pale—Carilis, flushed and with eyes sparkling into tears, broke the seal in assumed bravery—and saying only, ‘ It is—it is !—he’s alive—and well—and love to *me*,’—she let the paper fly—and ran out of the room.

The vicar could not follow her—he took up the paper, on which was written :—

‘ Safe with my nearest friend—well—in hope—not idle—grieved for what you must have felt—O ! that I could know that what I have written at every chance has reached you—Love to her.’

In another hand—a man's hand—and that of a person more advanced in years—was added :

‘You have not preserved the worthless, nor served the ungrateful.—A time will, I trust, come——till then.’

In the joy consequent on the removal of so much of a load of anxiety, and the substitution of such hope, neither the disposer of his fortunes nor the sharer in them, could be long absent from the mind of Mr. Broderaye.—He was quitting the room to seek Carilis—when he met her—not indeed wearing exactly the countenance which he had expected to see, but one, however, expressive rather of embarrassment than of pain or pleasure.

She anticipated his question or communication by condemning herself for her precipitate flight.—He was beginning to think her too scrupulous—but he saw a little colour come and go, and a little shyness to meet his eye—and he could tell too well what was passing, to ask for explanation : as little necessity did he perceive of reproof.—Carilis did not know that, at that moment, her guardian felt more than ever, indulgent, towards her.

The day of separation came—the painful hour arrived—and Mr. Broderaye walked up to the great house to deposit his ward there. Her spirits

were strengthened by the recent alleviation of their most oppressive anxiety; and under her guardian's management, it was for a short draught that she calculated her fund of patience. The heavy black veil that had darkened even common objects, was removed; and her simplicity let out a little more information, when, as if to comfort Mr. Broderaye under his concern for her, she said, 'O this is nothing—I have nobody *now* to care for but myself—it seems as if I was more in my own power *now*.'

Lady Mary, who always took the most good-natured, placid share, in the events of the vicarage-house, accepted Carilis with her usual kindness: and as soon as the few involuntary tears—which had been kept back while she was in the vicar's sight—had dried on her cheek, her ladyship was ready with her moanings on the departure of 'that delightful man,' and her rejoicings on the safety of 'that delightful youth,' to place the balance of Carilis's mind just where she had found it.

Mr. Broderaye's first letter from London, intimated the probability of his lengthened absence, and his intended pursuit of Lady Lynford, who, after various wanderings, had got to Paris, where, associated with an American family, she described herself, in her communications with her bankers, as

‘sitting in the whirlwind,’ though not ‘directing the storm’—and, if her expressions were not dictated by policy or imposed by necessity, the whirlwind and the storm seemed but too well to suit the turbulence of her state of mind.

St. Emeril’s Court, abundant as it was in all the possibilities of enjoyment, was not, by many degrees, so cheerful a residence to Carilis as her own home. The party occupying it, bore no proportion to its extent; and in what was done there, there was not that spirit which makes the end proposed by labour, sweeten the means. Lady Mary had her settled divisions of her time, as of her accounts; and, in an attention to regularity which had an air of superstition, she satisfied herself that she gave a most satisfactory return of her employments—but to *pass* the day was her purpose rather than to *improve* it: there was nothing done that would have been much missed had it been left undone; and when Carilis, at the end of a week, made her usual retrospect of her own time, and felt how, instead of the real hearty morning’s application, her hours were frittered by trifles—and how fettered she was by *routine*, she could not but consider herself, while apparently enjoying a great advantage, in reality called to submission. She was now Lady Mary’s constant companion; and preferable as she was in the

qualities necessary for the agreeable discharge of this office, to her ladyship's own girls, the charge of her was well repaid. To Lady Mary she appeared more charming than ever—not, probably, that she was, in fact, so very agreeably altered, but that she was judged of by a mind more at leisure than heretofore, to accept her endeavours. General Vaseney had removed to Brussels: he could conform to all systems, and changes of systems, and had facilities which left him little to fear in an enemy's country: he was either successful at play or very fortunate in speculations—or wondrously prudent in his expenditure; for his accounts of himself described his affairs as very prosperous. His lady, therefore, had less care than was her usual allotment; and, amused by her young companions, she felt an indulgence of her tenderness and a diffusion of tranquillity over her mind, which was comparative happiness, and which, when it became familiar, suggested the usual wish to improve it—and also the usual means—those of disturbance and subversion.

Having, some time before, assured herself that she might remain tenant of St. Emeril's Court at her own pleasure and convenience, she had begun to contemplate the possibility of quitting it and joining her husband, under the pretext to herself of finishing the education of her two younger daugh-

ters. Contracted as the family was, the difficulty and expense of moving were much lessened.—The two elder daughters were entirely out of all question : whether the distress which Mrs. Penrowney had described in her application for assistance, had increased, or diminished, or been removed—whether she was incapacitated from writing by the operation of misery, or had been relieved from the pressure of it ; and how her unmarried sister fared with her, — was all uncertain and uninquired : Lady Mary therefore sate lightly burdened with care or *cortège* ; and she had the unusual indulgence of time to think what would be agreeable to herself—an indulgence, perhaps, with which it was the least safe to trust her.

This weariness of being right, might have fermented into action, to the great inconvenience of Miss Monterne, had it not received a check from the general's replies. He had it much more at heart to get home, than to associate his family with him where he was ; and he parried his wife's inclination, by telling her that a little extension of patience would enable him to return to her, if she would draw in her expenses as closely as possible, and could prevail on her brother to assist him in a plan of the most perfect domestic quiet and strict economy.—To this proposal she could make no objection ; and in all the duty of a good wife she

cast about for the best means of obeying her husband. She wrote, in her most persuasive language, to her brother, and then took out her account-book.

There was but one superfluity in the family—this was the governess; and her ladyship pleading the general's orders and her own subjugation to them in her usual placid manner, which, contrary to the common rule, was, almost always, more difficult to endure with patience than any thing it could have to introduce—gave Miss Sims the same gentle warning that she would have given to a servant, and suffered her, in the kindest manner, to frank herself to London, utterly uninfluenced in her choice of resources; and in the most obliging way, permitting and encouraging her to write to her whenever she had a prospect of an engagement. To no part of this intention was Miss Monterne privy:—Lady Mary re-iterated, times without number, in the course of a day, her comfort in having 'so prudent a little personage' to apply to in all cases; and if a morning-visitor called in, Carilis was represented as the female Solon of the family—but this decision, not, perhaps, coming within the department of an *equitable* legislator, she had been her own counsellor; and her guest was little less astounded than the

person on whom the measure operated, when it was made known.

In any other partnership it might have been called rather an arbitrary proceeding in one contracting party to act without the concurrence of the other; and as, though Carilis had ceased to be a scholar of Lady Mary's academy, her ladyship uniformly accepted the moiety of Miss Sims's salary from the vicar's hand, the postponement of her dismissal till his return, might have been looked for;—but economy has no nerves; and all opposition from the ex-governess was precluded by the solemn secrecy of the transaction.—There was no danger of Mr. Broderaye's telling tales—he never betrayed those for whom he blushed.

Seven years' acquaintance with the world, and, probably, as long an exertion of self-discipline, could not have done more to fit Carilis for a troublesome existence, than this stroke of refined prudence. Attached as she was, not only by gratitude but by inclination, to Lady Mary, she felt most reluctantly called upon to form an opinion destructive of perfect confidence; but having suffered her first impetuosity of feeling to be talked into calmness by the matured experience of Miss Sims, who had long lost all expectations from the world, and had ceased to wonder at its disappointments, she considered, in the first place, the pe-

culiar situation in which she was herself placed, and submitted to be told, that though she could no longer love, she must continue to be grateful. She might indeed have been put to difficulty, had she been called to imitate any example of prodigious fortitude in this separation; but Lady Mary was very amiable on the occasion:—she clucked and lamented the departure of ‘that good Miss Sims,’ and encouraged ‘her sweet Carilis’ in all her tender feeling of regret:—she asked Emma and Georgiana if they were not very sorry to part from ‘dear Miss Sims, who had always been so good to them,’ directing all her gestures to the affirmative side of their voting-properties—and all this so exactly in compliance with the classic rule of ‘*suaviter in modo,—fortiter in re,*’—that she did not herself know that the words of her duty had been mis-understood or transgressed.

A great subduction was made from the comfort of Carilis’s life at St. Emeril’s by the dismissal of Miss Sims. She had, under the appointments of Lady Mary’s regimen, shared her chamber and her bed; and her conversation had supplied, in no small proportion, the deficiency of female tuition on small matters, to which Mrs. Broderaye’s helplessness had left her. Carilis was Miss Sims’s superior in the higher departments of cultivated intellect; but Miss Sims had the ad-

vantage in practical information confined to the female character; and under the impulse of Mr. Broderaye's urgent recommendation, his ward was daily availing herself of her useful talents—till, by docility and attention, and that disposition which creates good wherever it is exercised, she had got together the features of a character that bid fair to sustain itself under any very probable trial.

To all this merit in her young friend, Lady Mary was, to do her justice, fully sensible; and no opportunity was ever passed by without commending it. Emma and Georgiana not having yet lived in the world, had not been awakened to envy; and in the mutual kindness of the young people, her ladyship saw sufficient encouragement, to a slight, but very important variation in the plan of economy now pursuing. This she brought forward in three days after the departure of Miss Sims, in the gentle wish most gently expressed, on seeing the Misses Vaseney living without rule, that 'her sweet Carilis would just be so good—for she was certainly the sweetest girl in the world—and she only wished she had a son worthy of her—if she would only just be so good, as to see to those girls, that they did not lose what she had really paid Miss Sims such a sum of money all together—(beside her board, and having all her things, muslins and all, done in the laundry)—for teaching them.'

This *congé de travailler*, in its operation resembling the commission of the Roman Senate to a dictator to see that the republic sustained no detriment, spread itself like water from an elevated spring over the surface below it ; and Carilis, who went to bed at night in the character of Lady Mary's guest, visitor, ward, charge, or whatever implies disparity of experience, rather than of natural situation—rose in the morning, after due reflection on these few words, the gratuitous governess—but still the constituted governess of the two young ladies.

She had imbibed enough of Mr. Broderaye's spirit, to prefer a graceful submission under inevitable circumstances, to an ungraceful resistance which could avail nothing. She had now an opportunity not only of showing her gratitude, but in some degree of adjusting the balance of obligation ; and she did not throw away the advantage.—She was not to seek in her new situation—she had learnt with her pupils, had always been before them, and had had the additional benefit of her guardian's wide field of knowledge, and of Frank Newson's communicative spirit, which had often compelled her to take an interest in that which had nothing attaching to her mind in itself.—Neither had she been reared in ignorance of the art of imparting what she herself had attained.

Her exertions had always been called for at the vicarage-house when they could be useful; and she had had an occasional pupil allotted her, if a girl had a prospect of a good service, or a chance for making an useful wife, but for her deficiency in reading or writing. In her education the end of labour was more regarded than the apportionment of it to time, and she had been taught by the least circuitous modes that Mr. Broderaye could devise for himself or suggest to Miss Sims. While the girls of the village-schools were filling page after page with figures of one, followed by that addition to their forms which turns them into the letter *i*, a girl under the young lady at the vicar's, could write a weekly bill of household consumption, without error in orthography or relaxation of her hand; and this, merely under the docile adoption of Mr. Broderaye's axiom, that it is as easy to do something substantial when we are doing any thing, as to do that which will, in event, leave no trace of its having been done.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE party which might now again be called 'the school-room party,' had taken advantage of a lovely forenoon to return the visit of a family, in which Lady Mary thought her presence might be excused; and she was beguiling time with her little details of abstract computation, when she was roused, as if from sleep, by her man-servant's coming into the room, and saying, that, with various other parcels from the London-coach, a higler's cart had brought a poor old creature, whom nobody could understand, farther than that he wanted to see Mr. Broderaye, and was vexed, even to tears, on hearing that he was absent.

'Poor soul!' said Lady Mary—'let him come in—perhaps I can make out what he says—let him go into the breakfast-parlour, and I will come and speak to him—for I have got all my papers about me here.'

Drawing on her gloves very decorously as she crossed the hall, her ladyship saw this claimant on her compassion, led by the higler and the footman into the parlour, and there rather bumped down into an arm-chair by his own weight and infir-

mities, than seated. She halted that he might be settled—and in the reflection of a pier-glass she saw him take off his gloves, unbutton his surtout, lay aside his hat, and remove a handkerchief which had been tied over his head. She saw him cast a gazing look round the apartment, and shake his head as if making some painful comparison, or indulging some bitter recollection.—She advanced, and in all her gentle graciousness inquired how she could be of service.

Lady Mary did not find it so very difficult to understand the old man as she had expected. It was only the mongrel English of Mr. Vanderryck that she had to explain to herself; and having heard, in the course of conversations with the vicar, that his female ward had an uncle a Dutch merchant, she was less at a loss than she would otherwise have been.—She concluded him to be penurious, because she had heard he was rich: she hoped there was some good fortune awaiting her young friend; and she very kindly soothed his vexation and invited him to take refreshment.

Having made choice of coffee and toast for his repast, he proceeded, while waiting its arrival, to correct any hopes which Lady Mary might have entertained for Carilis, by describing himself as one of the many of his country, who had lived to see immense private wealth tyrannically seized,

and almost instantly annihilated. He was despoiled—he was ruined—and was now subsisting on the little that his near connexions could share to him.

It was all together a sort of scenery and suffering into which Lady Mary could fully enter; and as she led him on into details of his misfortunes and their aggravations, her yet fine eyes ‘shone in tears’—and Vanderryck, who must have lived beyond the age of the patriarchs, to have become insensible to ‘the power of beauty’—broke off his narrative to say, ‘Vat a briddy grea-dure you muss av been wen a littel one—nod, indeed, like my voif or my Garline—bud very very briddy.’

Between a disposition to smile and to frown, Lady Mary took the medium of forbearance to a weak and probably weakened intellect, and proceeded in her encouraging and sympathizing queries. The old man did not indeed gush out into disclosures, but he intimated that his troubles, which might have been at an end, had he found Mr. Broderaye, must now probably overwhelm him:—he spoke of him as having, some years before, taken the care of a little grand-child of his; and there was in his muttered manner of speaking on this subject, something so like a confession of delinquency, as to carry conviction of his being the person he claimed to be.—Lady Mary was not

wholly ignorant of the complexion of business between him and the vicar; and had Mynheer come in the plenitude of his accumulations, a friendly resentment for one whom she esteemed as she did Mr. Broderaye, might have made a part of her reply; but now she saw before her, an aged man suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty; and she thought only how to meet the present evil.

So much good-nature on the part of Lady Mary deserved some indulgence, and she was disposed to take it by giving an agreeable surprise to the old man. She meditated the same to Carilis; but not knowing how it might succeed, she thought it safest to warn her of an occurrence that might prove so highly interesting to her. Having, therefore, arranged her scheme for meeting the young people before they could seek her on their return, she sate craning her neck to look for them, and at the same time listening and replying to her guest.

He had no continuity of recital: his thoughts were very excusably absorbed; and it was the fear of his sinking into painful *reverie*, that often prompted her questions. She had heard of the passion of the Dutch for bulbous roots, and of the distinguished house of Hope at Amsterdam—she recollected that there was in the library a small painting of the street, in which their town-mansion

was situated ; and before she was answered about the tulips, she ordered the picture to be brought to her.—But here peeped out the inherent quality of pecuniary emulation.—No concern was expressed for these merchant-princes, comparatively fellow-sufferers with himself: he put the picture aside, with ‘ Dake id away—dake id away—Hope is de ridge man szdill—he come here—vine house—vine dings!—And vor de dulibs, I did never like dem mudge—dey are dings dat do doi—and wen dey doi, wat is dere? and I do nod underztand dere wat you call noarsing—and de vine color is noding—I did like, my ladie Vat-your-name—I did like de ben-an-ink money—de hundert dousan pouns—dat wass *my* way—bud I do believe,’ added, he shaking his head, ‘ I ad bedder av mind de dulibs—for iv I zay dat dey doi—I may zay, and where is de money? Ah! my ladie Vat-your-name, dere oughd do be zomding bedder den de money an de dulibs in dis oorld, or id is nod wordt living in.’

The young party and their attendants returned; and Lady Mary’s vigilance prevented all unpleasant surprise or *rencontre*.

Mr. Vanderryck had declined all

‘ —the soft solitudes of dress,’

and remained where he had been deposited on his

arrival. Lady Mary met Miss Monterne, and whispering to her, that there was an elderly foreign gentleman in the breakfast-parlour, who had wished to see Mr. Broderaye, she cautiously acquainted her with what had occurred in her absence, and with her intention of very agreeably astonishing her grand-father.

But even this gentleness of preparation was almost too little to enable Carilis to bear the awful sense impressed on her mind by the idea of seeing some one related to her, and in this superiority of degree; and Lady Mary had to wait the subsiding of great emotion, and the relief of a shower of tears, before she could realize her kind intention of giving a rare pleasure. The traces of a feeling so little connected with grief, were however soon removed; and having taken her to her dressing-room, arranged her hair in nice order, and cooled her eyes with rose-water applied in the tenderest manner,—with no little pride in that which she had to exhibit, she led Miss Monterne into the presence of her grand-father.

But instead of the perfect enjoyment of the moment,—which the various anxiety interwoven with Lady Mary's existence, might well excuse her coveting—her innocent and benevolent plan produced alarm and repentance. Her own looks and the very expression of Carilis's ingenuous

countenance declared, even to the foggy perception of a Dutchman, something uncommon.—On the approach of ladies, he tried to get out of the arm-chair into which he found himself inserted; and with a contortion of countenance that might have suited the painter of Marsyas for a study, and in a voice between a scream and a howl, he cried out, ‘My Garline, my Garline!’ and had it not been for a stout table which received his hands, and bore his weight without flinching, he must have fallen on the carpet.

Lady Mary assisted him in re-seating himself, and he was beginning again to breathe, when his grand-daughter, overcome by the pressure upon her sensations, fell on her knees before him, and hid her face in his hands.

‘Meess’—said Vanderryck, as soon as he could speak, ‘I beg your bardon—I was misdake—it was a—I done know wat you call id—you are like a shild of mine—but nod now—she did nod do so.—My Garline ad no knees vor her poor fader.’

Carilis could not understand this figure of speech—still kneeling, she looked up at Lady Mary, who raising her, said, ‘But, my dear Sir—do not let us disturb you too much:—I meant indeed a pleasure for you.—This is your daughter’s daughter—your dear grand-child—under my care while

Mr. Broderaye is absent—and a dear child she is to me.’

‘My Gott!’ exclaimed the Dutchman, raising his eyes and hands—‘and how briddy she is!—come here—my shild—wy you are briddier den *your* mudder, but nod briddier den *her* mudder, vor she was an angel—bud wad your name?—your religion-name, I mean—I know your oder enough.’

Carilis looked to Lady Mary, as if fearing her own powers of articulation might play her false.—Her ladyship answered for her, by giving her baptismal names, and explaining that compounded of them by which she was called.

And now the Dutchman, all fondling and given up to the dotage of feelings which even in their morbidity are amiable, made Carilis sit on his knee, tall as she was for the situation, and patted her cheek, and looked at her hands, as if she had been an infant in long coats, and then, as if established in some claim by the forbearance of opposition, said ‘Will you led me keess you—meess?’

The thousandth part of a moment sufficed for Carilis to refer by a look to Lady Mary, and to receive rather her mandate than her permission in a nod and a smile—she submitted; and certainly in the submission, she did not lower the old man’s opinion of her.

Open as Mynheer Vanderryck ever was to the

perception of female beauty, his admiration of his grand-daughter did not discredit his taste. She was indeed the pretty thing, the pretty creature he tried to call her, if a fine slender form justly proportioned, a skin healthily tinged, but pellucid to the treacherous revelation of every meandering vein, and to the increase of every suffusion excited in the heart, could constitute prettiness.—Eyes that spoke every thing tender, teeth that had ranged themselves in proud order, as if to attract notice to their enamel, hands formed for elegant purposes, and feet nicely suited to the light weight they supported, finished a figure which reared in a crowded city, or quacked by anticipating care, might have proved too delicate for exertion; but which, under simple management, failed in none of its functions.

It required a little time to develop the probable consequences of Mr. Vanderryck's, thus casually lighting on his grand-daughter's temporary abode; and Lady Mary was naturally anxious to know whether the ruin in which he described himself as, for the present, involved, was decidedly his permanent situation, or an inconvenience existing only during the contested subjugation of the continent. Conversation tending to ascertain this, was not held in the presence of Carilis. The

Dutchman was indulged in the full enjoyment of his 'briddy greadure's gombany,' and Lady Mary enlarged her hospitality to satisfy her kind curiosity.

Discussions between the affable hostess and her guest produced confidential communications, which Lady Mary, with the best-tempered patience, picked, syllable by syllable, out of the embarrassed diction of the Dutchman; and on his own representation, she saw no prospect of lucrative inheritance for her young favourite from his means:—there was no consolation in his *exposé* of his own circumstances; but, introducing Mr. George Bray into his narrative as a person of whom she might know much more than he did, he repeated to her the confident assertions to which he had given implicit credit—and gave her the astonishing intelligence that his grand-daughter, by the operation of Baroness Lynford's forfeiture, and the recent death of her distant relation, was become the rightful owner of the house in which he found himself,—with all its appendages of property.

Her ladyship, overpowered by mixed feelings, and now under the growing habit of turning over to Miss Monterne whatever was oppressive to herself, could almost, for present relief, have rung the bell for her. But recollecting the prudence of

keeping quiet, she took a few turns in the apartment, and then sate down to feast her ears afresh with that which had been too agreeable to them, to admit of questioning its reality.

She had known from Mr. Broderaye, solely because it would have reached her in a worse way, as it was no secret to his wife—that there was a distant connexion between Lady Lynford and his ward; but he had uniformly represented the interposing life as precluding her from all expectation, even should the baroness not marry again—and her utter dereliction of her, he stated as barring the access to all favour.

When the necessity of quitting home for the purpose of conferring with Lady Lynford, obliged him to say more, he had kept that medium between ungracious reserve and incautious confidence, which prevents the perception of distrust and the evil of disclosure. Lady Mary knew from him as much as did Carilis, on the subject, and no more: her best wishes for success went with him, but his failure would have occasioned her no surprise, nor would it have called forth from her, any vehement blame of the baroness. It was not more difficult, nor was it more painful to her feelings, to conclude that Lady Lynford's interest for this branch of her house, might have

been alienated by the unequal alliance with a merchant's daughter, than it had been for her to justify the Dutchman's resentment on the diametrically opposite ground. But that such a woman as the baroness, a woman whose very exterior, as known or described, had uniformly declared all her departures from common character to be connected with consideration for herself—that such a woman had been guilty of such an oversight on so important a point—was as incredible as that she should have determined to disregard the prohibition.

Still it was no more possible to contend against assertions than against facts ; and Lady Mary was forced to keep her mind in equilibrium ; but the preponderance of her kindness, which included no regard beyond that of Carilis's advantage, showed itself when, in the persuasion that Mr. Broderaye's absence could not be long, she bound Mr. Vanderryck not to quit her till his return. A great gratification would have been withdrawn from her, she was convinced, had she suffered this pleasure to go out of her sight :—and she seemed to herself to have carried a great and a difficult point by her own dexterity, when the old man gave her his hand on the bargain.—Without repining, she sacrificed part of her night's rest—which she seldom had felt disturbed by her own anxieties—to the ar-

raying in her mind all the circumstances respecting the baroness which she could call to remembrance.—She knew that her marriage had been of a kind that claimed silence from polite people—but now, with the key furnished by the Dutchman, she could understand clearly, and reconcile to rationality, all the obliquities which it was known had marked Lady Lynford's actions, from that period; and, like the vicar, she *felt* rather than was *convinced* that the report was true.

Life seldom flatters with so vivid a pleasure, as that which now seemed ready to overpay all Lady Mary's cares for Carilis. What indeed could be a more vivid pleasure, than to be thus, as it were, appointed to tell one so dear to her, and so deserving, so pretty, and so pitiable, that all apprehension for her future welfare was removed, and its place filled with the feeling of security for herself, and of an authoritative influence on the happiness of him to whom she owed her very subsistence? There was no restriction laid as to the prudence of the disclosure, or the manner in which it should be made. She could not but be impatient to make it—this was very excusable—and if there was any doubt on the subject, it was whether Carilis's spirits would bear the communication without taking wing. Lady Mary knew where to find her at an early hour in the morning:—she therefore,

arming herself with her sublimated smelling-bottle, crossed on her path, and withdrawing her from her own girls, gave her the exciting information.

But poor Lady Mary's calculations often misled her. Instead of delighting as well as surprising Carilis by this recital, she embarrassed and shocked her; for, instead of congratulating herself, she argued against the probability, as if to prove it impossible, would have been pleasant to her:—she could not conceive that, if Mr. Broderaye had been confident on the subject, he would not have given her some intimation of it, or that he would have expressed himself in the terms that he had done at parting. It had been one of his last injunctions to her, to gain every improvement; and his own inability to secure her a maintenance, had been urged as forcibly as ever. She knew that he considered the death of this distant relation as in her favour, but that he placed no reliance on it; and that the business on which he was now taking so much trouble, was merely to represent her situation to Lady Lynford in the hope of procuring her a small annuity.—But, even supposing the utmost true, as she had never heard it from her guardian, who was said to be informed of it, she must suppose he had some reason for not telling her; and ‘if she never,’ she said, ‘were to hear what that reason was, still she must be sure

that he did right, because she had always found that what he did was the best and the kindest that could be done.'—'But what,' she asked, 'could she say to him now that she knew it?—it might hurt him or distress him. He might say that she believed another person rather than him—it appeared as if she had been trying to find out something in secret—it did not look fair and open—and he might say that, if she made new friends, he would take no more care of her.—In short, she wished she had never heard it—she could not—she would not believe it,'—and, at present, merely influenced by her habitual deference for Mr. Broderaye, the novice in this world's temptations stood firm.

This, it must be confessed, was not the most encouraging way of accepting the good intentions of a friend, to communicate happiness—but it was far too respectable to be blamed—it was too right to be corrected—it was the unquestioning obedience of a faithful disciple—it was the genuine refusal of innocence to let any thing less pure touch it—the delicate repugnance of an unspotted conscience to be soiled. Lady Mary could not appreciate this : she could not entirely brook the being *out-prudenced*. There was a silent claim of superiority in being so *very* right, that was not quite agreeable to her ; and, on the same principle as that on which fathers feel grati-

fied when boys show 'a little of the devil in them,' and mammas make gesticulations of satisfaction when little girls are caught craning up to looking-glasses, she would have been better pleased with 'a spice of human nature.'—If the principle be not obvious in itself, it may be translated into the comfort felt in seeing the standard of moral virtue kept down to our own adjustment of it—a comfort that degrades in the acceptance!

Lady Mary was not indeed offended; or if she was, the feeling led her into nothing that wore the semblance of displeasure—she nodded and smiled Carilis into a conviction of her *worldly incapacity*:—she patted her,—told her she was a very good little girl—but professed herself convinced that somebody must take care of her.

Carilis's next interview with her grand-father explained the business farther, and she was obliged to renounce all her incredulity, and retreat to the citadel of her confidence in Mr. Broderaye, which had remained unshaken even by Lady Mary's wonder at his privacy. It had already, under her gentle insinuation, alarmed the Dutchman, and to his imperfect comprehension, represented the vicar as having been deficient in the duty of a guardian;—in which case, he was beginning to arrange for himself a plan which, stripped naked, amounted to his waiting to see that his grand-daughter's affairs

must turn out prosperously, and then assuming the care of her. Carilis, whose heart was not where she was sitting, heard all in a sort of silence which she thought imposed on her, which to others might appear submissive—but which, in reality, was as dignified as if it had owed its origin to the spirit of Lady Lynford.

Lady Mary had no cause to fear the diminution of her kind-hearted delight in the prospects of Carilis by any argument that an inexperienced country-girl could bring forward to check it. When she next spoke on the subject, she had the encouragement of finding that she had shifted her ground of opposition, and that she gave credit to Lady Lynford's having done as was represented—but with that vexation and distressing misconception which her ladyship compared, in her own mind, to 'a child's sewing a pocket-handkerchief into a bag, instead of hemming it when it was all got ready,'—she found Miss Monterne, instead of thinking of her own happiness, shuddering at the misery entailed on Lady Lynford, and asking herself 'How should I like this myself?'—'Really,' as her ladyship observed, 'it was too childish—or a vast deal too wise—she could not decide which—and she was almost sure that Mr. Broderaye would think, if he was gone in quest of the baroness on this business, that it was hardly

worth the trouble to take pains for one so insensible to his exertions.'

'Not to his *exertions*—my dear Lady Mary,' said Carilis meekly;—'insensible I am, and I hope shall ever be, to the temptation of happiness at the expense of another.—Were it you yourself—were you the owner of this place, do you think I could bear to see you turned out, that I might come in?—and as for Mr. Broderaye's thinking ill of me, he *cannot*—because selfishness is his abhorrence—and he will not think me too wise, or pretending to be too wise—for our little Susan was not older than I am, when she refused to go to London with that captain who offered to provide for her father and mother, and to raise her from her poverty to every thing she could wish—she saw through it; and she could explain all the deceit; and when I commended her penetration, as above her years or her education, Mr. Broderaye corrected me by saying, she followed only the light of a clear conscience—this is the light which I shall wish and strive always to follow, for he was very much pleased with Susan, and there is no other light I see to be trusted:—there is no use nor comfort,' concluded she, in a peevish tone, 'in asking one's self what one likes.'

Still Lady Mary, at every opportunity, renewed the subject, and persisted. She placed it in all

sorts of lights; and Carilis was forced to hear from her ladyship and Mr. Vanderryck every painful inference that could be connected with her threatened felicity: she had to listen to the *memoranda* given to the Dutchman, by Mr. George Bray, for his contemplation to spur him to active vengeance,—and of the retrospective bearing of the forfeiture on whatever had been spent or done.—She was in possession of the fact, that even the presentation to the living was null and void.

She was compelled to listen, till starting up from her seat, she ran out of the room, saying—‘I shall lose my senses—I am all confusion—nothing seems firm about me—the earth under my feet will give way—O dearest Lady Mary! do unsay what you have said.—Tell me it is only a dream—and I shall be happy.’ Of the two persons sitting in judgment on her proceedings, the Dutchman was the more merciful! She had reasoned with him, nearly as she had done with Lady Mary; and either her simplicity, or that still stronger claim to his clemency, her being ‘zo briddy,’ won upon him; and at the conclusion of something like a defence of her, he gave it as his newly-formed opinion, that if ‘de men of de oorld minded de dings of de oorld no more den diz maidkin, id might be all de bedder.’

Lady Mary’s next kind attempt was to raise

her young friend to importance in her own eyes, by flattering her with the idea of power consequent on wealth.—It did not succeed—Carilis was not confident enough that she should know how to use it:—it alarmed her as much as the former idea had shocked her.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL was now disturbance and confusion in the hitherto-monotonously tranquil great house; and had not Miss Monterne earnestly entreated and obtained a promise, that the most perfect secrecy should be preserved on the subject that distressed her, the commotion might have extended throughout the county.

Emma and Georgiana had been neglected without knowing why: — their good-nature was alarmed for Carilis; and, to satisfy them that it was causeless, she again devoted herself to them, not at all regretting the separation from Mr. Vanderryck, to whom she was conceiving no small aversion, as the author, or, at least, the editor, of all that had given her uneasiness.

She had, however, very soon a consolation, if not support, in a letter from Mr. Broderaye, who had reached Paris in perfect safety, and gave her the kindest assurances that she might be at ease about him, as, amongst his father's surviving connexions, he had found persons in situations that facilitated his progress, and secured him from the dangers and vexations to which travellers had been

subjected. He had not then found Lady Lynford, but he had heard of the family with whom he knew her to reside:—he wrote in good spirits, and with the kindest affection; and Carilis fancied the distance lessened, and the time of his return drawn much nearer, by the arrival of this comfort.

But the perusal, the possession, and the agreeable delusion, of this letter, were not its only points of value. Mr. Broderaye told her how to address him, and expressed an earnest desire to hear from her!

This was an outlet for feelings, which were accumulating too fast for a mind so far short of its full growth, to sustain without suffering. To communicate to him what oppressed her—to tell him how it affected her—to assure him of her innocence in having come to this knowledge, and to beg his direction in forming her judgment—was to see herself within reach of a port after a sad tossing on a stormy ocean, without oars or rudder.

Yet here was another sacrifice requisite: on one side or the other, she must depart from her natural ingenuousness; but, on which side, she could not make a question.—Lady Mary, she was well convinced, prejudiced as she was by her kindness, would never permit her to send a letter of the description hers must be, if she made her privy to

her intention of writing : however reluctantly, therefore, she was obliged to adopt the necessary measure of privacy ; and the pain it cost her, made her more than ever impatient for the time when she might yield up to her guardian, the very troublesome liberty of action to which she felt herself consigned.

It was at break of day after a sleepless night, and with every precaution lest Emma and Georgiana, who were now quartered on her chamber, should awake, that she, in as few words as possible, stated to her guardian the circumstance of her grandfather's arrival—the purpose of his coming, and the communication he had made : she did justice to Lady Mary's goodness to her ; but she implored him to assure Lady Lynford, if there was any truth in what she had heard, and he approved her sentiments, that no consideration on earth should ever induce her to take advantage of it. ' If, indeed,' said she ' (as I am told, she would have a right to 500*l.* a year), she would, on my renouncing all this cruel claim, when I am of age, let me change places with her, and be so good as to let me have the 500*l.* a year, she could never feel that she had done me an injury ; and I should be the happiest of all happy beings ; for I should be very rich, and she could not be hurt.'

No *ruse* of diplomacy was ever executed with

more trepidation than this not only innocent but commendable exertion of prudence was made by Carilis, whose mind, however well directed, could not furnish its own support or give her the comfort of knowing that it needed none. The letter was written, folded, sealed with a wafer, and directed, before Emma or Georgiana waked—it remained only to get it to the post-office of the village; and this could not be accomplished without the assistance of a servant.

Educated in an abhorrence of every thing clandestine, and particularly cautioned against making a servant a participant in what might be followed by injury to integrity or the forfeiture of confidence, she felt less innocent than heretofore, when she had secured the service of the gardener's boy, and her thoughts involuntarily took the direction which her guardian had so often given, that which led to the probable event of a small deviation from right. The effect of this on her countenance, was a new demand on the zeal and good-nature of Lady Mary; and when they were next alone, she renewed her endeavours to awaken the sensibility of her young friend, with redoubled ardour. First representing Lady Lynford's conduct as meriting the threatened chastisement, and receiving for reply the questions 'What is that to me?—How can I rejoice in this?'—she proceeded,

over the same ground, to make Carilis aware of the price-current of this world's blessings—she stated herself as but too well informed of their value by the privation of them—but this connecting itself only with individual gratification, Carilis could quote in her own defence, Mr. Broderaye's unremitting anxiety to keep her mind free from covetousness, and disposed to prefer the lot that seemed to be hers, before any, that she could fancy for herself. 'My guardian,' said she, 'dearest Lady Mary, is not a man to make a show of what he does, or to seek praise from telling the motives to his goodness—but *we* know him: I mean *I* know him, and I know that he has but one rule for himself and for *us*—for *me* I mean. I never can get rid of the awe on my mind which I have felt, when he has made us, after family-prayers, kneel down with him, and as if he had been only one of us, putting his hands on our heads, has prayed to God to keep us from all evil ways, from pride, from discontent, from covetousness, and from all the temptations of the world. Now, were I to feel any pleasure in this prospect, I must disobey him; and what then should I have to rely on?'

'O!' replied Lady Mary, 'you think too deeply—I cannot say I am fond of philosophizing young ladies—your guardian would never be severe—he would not turn you out of the vicarage,'—

said she laughingly—‘and if he does, I will take you in.’

‘It is not being turned out, that I mean when I say, What should I have to rely on?—I mean, where would be my confidence?—I should be a coward, as I am by nature; for it is nothing but his teaching me that I have nothing to fear while I do right, that gives me courage—I should tremble like an aspen-leaf, at every thing, if I could not say as he has taught me—“The Almighty will protect me.”’

‘Well! this is an odd kind of courage in my opinion—at least, I am certain it would not serve *me*.—*My* courage is founded only in the persuasion that all our care of ourselves is of no avail—therefore I never disturb myself.’

Her ladyship now took her to some of the richest spots of the wood in which they were walking.—‘Would not these, if her own property, make her heart swell with pride—the laudable pride of an Englishwoman?’

‘No.’—She called to mind what she had read.

There was another string unsounded—a string that seldom fails of exciting vibration—and Lady Mary was preparing for the experiment, when in a rallying tone, she said, ‘Well! after all, I am afraid you have no higher ambition than will just serve to make you the little *vicaress* of St. Emeril.’

When we mean to be witty, it is very mortifying to be stopped by a request to be intelligible; but Carilis was obliged to be guilty of this irregularity; for she had no conception of Lady Mary's meaning.

She explained it, by saying that 'the honour of being, in a few years, the second Mrs. Broderaye, would probably content her.'

Now what became of all the moderation in the character of the two ladies?—No one of Mr. Broderaye's precepts was at hand to direct the deportment of the younger one—the case was new;—and her feelings directed those of the elder one, when the indignation with which the suggestion was met, required her to take her own part.

Carilis, in tears of extreme anger, resenting for her guardian an imputation that seemed, to her, to reduce all he had done for her to a scheme—an imputation which her untutored sense taught her must have made his conduct during the term of his marriage, questionable, and which, if not effectually wiped off, must imbitter her home to her—kept no terms with Lady Mary. She saw her no longer, as she had done, the prudent though feeble mother and mistress of a family—she regarded her not as her friend and protector—but as one whose words she must weigh and whose actions

she must examine, before she could decide on trusting or approving.

Lady Mary could not endure the reception given to that which, had the novice caught at it, she might probably have explained away as *badinage*—she justified herself without any call made on her self-defence—and as if supposing that the disparity of age would be pleaded against her, she fortified that point, by saying ‘she saw no difference in happiness, whether a woman married a man five, or five and twenty years, older than herself—that those things all went by destiny, and that there was no withstanding our fate.’

This being too childish for even Carilis, she was catching hold of it as a way open for her to get out of the feeling which she feared had carried her too far—and unwilling to give offence, where she was so much indebted, and frightened at her own supposed delinquency, she tried to make up for what occurred on her part, by an ingenuous confession to Lady Mary, that she had written to Mr. Broderaye her full opinion on the situation in which she was so painfully placed.

Her mind was relieved, and Lady Mary’s was not offended—any thing of this kind might be done without censure from her—she had none of the vicar’s ‘abhorrence of clandestine transactions.’—She blamed Carilis; but it was only

for marring her own good fortune—and she comforted her and herself, with recollecting the nugatory character of all this wise precaution, and good-humouredly retracted all she had said respecting the ambition of being ‘*vicaress* of St. Emeril.’

But she drew out the weapon only to wound more deeply: perhaps a little encouraged by her companion’s blundering between the singular and plural in describing the vicar’s solitudes, she saw where she might strike; and acting in utter disregard of what she knew to be the delicate caution of Mr. Broderaye under circumstances that required peculiar forbearance, she yielded perhaps to the same impulse as had misdirected her own youth, when taking Carilis’s hand, and peeping under her eye-lids, she only named ‘Frank Newson,’ and asked what he might, at some future time, say to her obstinacy. Momentary as was the touch, the contagion was communicated:—Carilis, while she felt the sound penetrate to her heart, was, in an instant, taught by an indefinable sensation to dissemble—she awkwardly tried to seem unconcerned, and betrayed herself the more.—Lady Mary left her, and sought Mr. Vanderryck, every moment more convinced by her own disposition to activity, that there was much to do in this business, or—at least much for her to do.

Quitting Carilis in perfect good humour, she joined Vanderryck, and represented to him, far more powerfully than was requisite, the absolute necessity of their acting together.—And now not at all leaving things to take their own course, she was managing every circumstance—Carilis was, in her apprehension, instantly a ward of the Court of Chancery, with a liberal allowance from the Chancellor — and herself, Mr. Broderaye, and Mr. Vanderryck, for her guardians;—and now no longer shrinking into quiet, she saw herself accompanying the delicate minor into the presence of this general protector of the wealthy youth of the kingdom, and in an instant, with that deviation of thought and rapidity of decision, which are equally characteristic of her sex, she had decided on the *costume* of dress which might render Carilis most interesting in the eye of those whose good offices she must claim.

There was some little inversion in the common order of things at this moment—the elder lady was considering the garnish of the repast which she meant to give her good feelings—the younger struggling under a clouded judgment in a question that decided perhaps her character for life. Lady Mary, convinced as she was, that she could not be wrong while her motive was so entirely the advantage of a fellow-creature, saw no-

thing to reprove or correct in the means by which this might be accomplished; and perhaps in a former part of her life having been as sensible to the omnipotence of the name Augustus Vaseney, as she wished Carilis to be to that of Frank Newson, she might think the path now prescribed to her by her duty as an indulgent friend, to be that which she was most prone to take.

Carilis had retired from this confidential interview, in the state of an unsuspecting guest poisoned at a delicious banquet. No painful symptoms indeed manifested themselves immediately—on the contrary, she felt exalted to happiness by this recognition of a pretension which she had never dared to make—and now, bitterly did she repent the precipitancy of which she felt herself guilty, in writing and sending clandestinely the letter to Mr. Broderaye, the least consequence of which, she could not doubt, would be the ultimate forfeiture of his active friendship, if not of his regard and pity for her, if she had done wrong. She had not hinted the smallest wish for forbearance, therefore she must expect by the earliest possible return, if the letter reached him, the most severe expressions on her folly and presumption; and if he saw the matter in the same light as her ladyship did, her self-confidence in acting thus on her own judgment, must offend him, as much as her want

of ingenuousness must, however secretly, have hurt Lady Mary.

There was still a more galling cause of repentance in her having shut the door effectually against any advantage to Frank Newson. Lady Mary's repetition of his name had indeed not been the first collision that elicited from her heart a spark of hope that Frank regarded her with an affection tending to their passing their lives together. Left, by his sudden departure, to make her own conjectures, to recall to memory past moments, and to find her own consolation, it was neither surprising, nor in any way reprehensible, if she aggravated her sufferings by thinking what, without the cause of them, she might have hoped for or promised herself.

To a mind like hers, easily alarmed and from infancy impressed with the seriousness of a precarious fate, the idea of superior protection was almost necessary to the endurance of the suspense to which she was born.—Her guardian made it—and he could not be wrong in doing so—he made it a part of the consideration which he inculcated on the minds of the young people, that his life was equally uncertain with that of any parent; and Carilis, whenever this was a-new pressed on her recollection, almost involuntarily drew nearer to Frank. When he was gone therefore, she lost not

only that which was obvious to every one, and for the loss of which she must have claimed general pity ; but she felt, in prospect, as completely cast out upon a desolate world, as ever did any woman of twice her age, who had consigned a husband to the grave, on whose life depended her daily bread, and her shelter from the skies.

The mere certainty that Frank was in existence and not in danger, had been her restoration to hope and confidence; and if he had found a friend or relation, so much was her condition improved; as a doubt of his kind disposition could not enter her mind;—and now in what she had done, should he ever think of her as his wife, she had cut him off from that which, in its fullest extent, whatever that might be, could not, in her estimation, exceed his merits or discharge her obligations to him. The hint she had given of her preference of the income reserved to Lady Lynford, to that immeasurably greater emolument, the property forfeited, now appeared to her, romantic folly. What would 500*l.* a year be to Frank, compared with that which he must, at one time or other, know might have been his, but for her arrogant interposition? Concealment, under any circumstances, was unnatural to her; and towards *him*, where she alone was concerned, it was impossible. He must know it, and at all events he

should know it from herself, if ever she had means to tell it—what then must be his reproaches?—or what rather must be his silence?

To recall her letter was impossible—to write another therefore was her only resource; and to do this, she again sate down in secret, trusting to Lady Mary's being fully occupied with Mr. Vanderryck.

She had no disturbance: the letter was written under no perturbation but that of her own mind;—and with more attention than she had bestowed on its precursor, she read it over in what she thought her coolest judgment;—and again she was disappointed in her hope of her own approbation. What she had represented on paper, when collected before her eye, reached her comprehension as an epitome of most disgraceful selfishness and most disingenuous artifice.—She could not dare name Frank Newson or any recollection of Frank Newson, as the stimulus to her second writing. She was driven to refer to the effect of re-consideration, and in some measure to lay on Lady Mary the merit or the demerit of having brought her to a sense of imprudent presumption.

All this was so unlike herself—so unlike whatever she had before practised—so unlike what she supposed Mr. Broderaye could approve, that she was far less disposed to be satisfied with this ef-

fort, than with that which she had considered so injurious to Frank Newson. Instead of preparing her letter for conveyance, she tore it into shreds, and dropping on her knees, in a convulsion of distress, she sobbed out an unformed supplication, that at least she might not be permitted to offend that Power before whom every secret of her heart was, she well knew, laid open.

She rose, encouraged by her own ingenuous submission—she felt as if she had entrusted herself and the guidance of her, to a superior hand; and now asking herself which of the two letters which she had written, she could with most confidence present to the judgment of Him whom she had long since been taught to know as ‘of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,’ her heart involuntarily claimed the former one as its own language; and her disquiet was all over.—She might, she confessed, have acted imprudently as to *this* world: she might have injured Frank Newson, but this world was not the only one in which she was to live; and she was confident that Frank, if he returned with the generous heart he carried away with him, would far more probably commend her disregard of his interests, than such a regard for them as her second letter displayed. Nor did the concealment from Lady Mary again harass her. In comparing her ladyship’s opinions and power

of judging with her guardian's, she could not but discern their inferiority ; and she saw now with perfect clearness, that to accomplish a purpose, which every moment more strongly convinced her was right, she had not the option of communicating it to even so kind a friend.

Whatever were the plans or intentions of Mr. Vanderryck and Lady Mary, Carilis considered herself as completely fenced by her own proceeding, from any participation in that which she could not think right. She had made Mr. Broderaye her counsellor in the affair, and was therefore herself at rest ; and under the information of her conscience, she could behave with perfect ease, and without the least fear of giving offence to her grand-father and her friend. If the subject was brought forward, she declared her repugnance to availing herself of any error, either wilful or unintentional, on the part of Lady Lynford ; but referring every thing to Mr. Broderaye, and impatient only for the time of his return, she took pleasure in the comforts which her aged grand-father was enjoying, and which he seemed peculiarly to enjoy ; and her gratitude to Lady Mary was increased by the kindness and politeness with which this comfort was bestowed.

Weeks and months wore away imperceptibly to Lady Mary—heavily to Carilis—Mr. Vander-

ryck felt as if only entering on his share of that abundance and ease of heart which was directing itself in the course of things towards that 'briddy greadur his Gariliz.' Lady Mary corresponded for him with his friend Mr. George Bray, who was in London; and no assurances on the part of either were spared, that could satisfy this supposed friend, that the interests of Miss Monterne were attended to:—nothing however could be done till her guardian's return, and for this they were not a little anxious.

CHAPTER XV.

HAD Lady Mary been 'at ease in her possessions,' it is very much to be questioned whether her naturally-harmless spirit would, with so little allowance of mercy to Lady Lynford, have taken up the cause of Miss Monterne. Satiated with abundance—informed of the disproportion between the power ascribed to wealth and distinction, and the real advantages connected with them, she might, long ere this, have sighed, as many have done, for obscurity and a cottage, and have read lectures on the vanity of this world;—but compelled by her husband's prodigality to know the value of money, and suffering under the want of it, she, in her good-nature, transferred in idea the feelings of her own bosom to that of her *protégée*, and supposed that no mode of acquirement could diminish the importance of affluence.—So far she was excusable—her judgment was warped, and it claimed allowance—but she was not excusable in another motive to zeal, and which it is to be feared was the more energetic.—Some expressions in her letters to the general, written in all the real fond-

ness of her heart, and perhaps with anxiety to keep his from truancy, indicated that she held him in remembrance in her exhortations to Miss Monterne, and in her toleration of the impoverished Dutchman—and that in sowing seeds of kindness, she foresaw a harvest of gratitude. Her ladyship ought better to have defined her duties—but she was poor !

There was a contrast to her frame of mind on this occasion, in the feeling of Mr. Vanderryck, which if it had not almost drawn tears from the eyes of an observer, must have produced a smile. He had lost every thing but a bare subsistence—but with his accumulated wealth, he had lost his ardour in accumulation.—It would indeed have been, at his age, a vain hope that he could raise another pile of gold to any height ; but it was not merely a feeling of despair that unnerved him :—he had had time, while his fortunes were declining to their present state of ruin, to contemplate their unstable foundation and their real character : he had rested on them, by habit, for want of other resources of mind, and when they failed him, he looked at them with more of contempt than regret. Thus much is to be said in detraction from the moral merit of this philosophy—he had never known the *use* of riches—except indeed when he lavished them on his ‘ Garline ;’—and surely *she*

could never teach him to esteem them for the gratification they brought !

In his own country, while watching the inundation of despotism, as he would have watched the rolling-in of the sea on the cutting of the dykes, he had, with no heedless eye, contemplated the better case of those, who untethered by wealth and cares, could change their land, or comfort themselves, if they remained, that they had little to lose ; and with this cooling of mercantile fervour, he had resolved to abide consequences.

It was in this wholesome settling down of his judgment, and this rational contemplation of the disturbed world, that Mr. George Bray's zeal for justice to a stranger—for revenge of his deceased wife's wrongs—or for the obtaining means to remain in England, had found the old man. His taste for money—like his taste for beauty—though dormant not extinct, was not so profoundly asleep as to be deaf to the call made on it ; and no longer forgetful of his grand-daughter, nor inclined to consign her affairs entirely to the management of the person to whom he had abandoned her, he had, with all expedition, settled his own, and had then made the best of his way to London.

He had visited the ' gra-touze ' which had been his mint and his glory :—What was it now ?

—an empty lecture-room delivering its experience in echoes, and giving the sum-total of its profits in vacuity!—Want of title had kept it unpurchased; and want of decoration had repelled temporary occupiers.—It had stood waiting for better days, till it became an attractive scene of sport to the boys, who quickly demolishing the glass in the windows, excited the compassion or the disgust of the neighbourhood, to obtain for this once dignified mansion, the protection of a few deal-boards.—Predatory attempts had succeeded mischievous sports—the iron and the lead were gone, but the walls seemed still to preach patience, though they could suggest no ground for hope. Vanderryck stood before it, ashamed to say that it had been his.—He chose an early hour of the morning for this survey; and suffered a bricklayer going to his work, to tell him his own story.—‘Ah! well, well!’ said he, as he turned away—‘id is gone—bud I shall go doo—I av losd all bud my garagder—dad is nod gone.—De war an de vi’lence av ruin me and dousands—bud nod de vine doings, an de bamber my abbedide—bedder bedder a dousand dimes, *be* ruin dan *do* ruin.’

With great diligence he had sought out his faithful clerk Shelly, whom he had found in decent comfort trafficking in the money-market with his savings, and happy in seeing ten children

growing up in habits of moral virtue corresponding to his care of them—‘Habby, habby goundry!’ exclaimed Vanderryck—‘You, Meester Shelly—you English none of you know ow abby you are.—I know your way—you grumble and mudder—you dreaten and you ghick—you abuse your ghing, and you dalk of blogs vor de heads of your minisdry—bud go all where I av been—zee wad I ave zeen—an you will all be glad do av your ghing, and your daxes, and your minisders—and den dimes worse—deach your shilder to be gondent, Meester Shelly; vor de oord *gondent* means more den de half million—I gan dell you.’

It was no ungracious answer that the old servant made to his fallen master.—Delicacy and respect forbade his following the lead of his feelings; but he prevailed on Vanderryck to remove from the inn to his house in a decent part of the town, and there most kindly entertained him; till he saw him into a hackney-coach in his way to the conveyance by which he was to reach Exeter, and from thence the village of St. Emeril, where, on the representations of Mr. George Bray, he hoped to find himself made a sharer in his grand-daughter’s good fortune and great inheritance. The disappointment occasioned by Mr. Broderaye’s absence had been severe; and he must have betaken him-

self to his friend Shelly in despair, but for the hospitality of Lady Mary Vaseney.

Charmed with her manners, prepossessed by the still-fine lines of her features, he saw in her kindness nothing but the spontaneous exercise of benevolence to himself and his grand-daughter: his own speculations had never gone out of the track of commerce—he had bought, as he told Mr. Broderaye when disclaiming the extraneous taste for pictures—he had bought when ‘de mark’t was cheap, and zold when id wass dear’—but his intellectual circumference contained no repository for schemes of ostensible charity, that made the two ends of a virtue meet in his purse.—He might have admired Lady Mary’s ‘businez-head,’ if he had got sight of one of her postscripts to the general; but if his eye had turned upon his ‘briddy Garliz,’ he would have decided that ‘de good head mighd be very good ding—bud de good hardt wass de bedder.’

In all the business that was to be transacted on this important concern, Lady Mary took an unwearied part; and she prepared every thing, against the expected return of the vicar. Carilis, devoting much of her time to the two girls, and stealing what she could for those pursuits which were to prove to her guardian that his exhortations to industry had not been disregarded by her, or her

obedience relaxed by airy imaginations, left her counselling friends full liberty and opportunity for the arrangement of their plans for the ensuing campaign. She preserved a silence, not presuming in its obviousness, not ill-humoured in its aspect, not stiff in its texture—but firm, modest, placid: she set up no opinion of her own—she detailed no feelings—she quoted no Scripture;—but she had her opinion and her feelings, and a law, promulgated by the highest authority, written on her heart.—She could give no offence by referring to the time when her guardian should arrive—she could not be reproved for possessing that patience which it is the duty of a teacher to inculcate.

To escape blame and to avoid discussion, was the height of her ambition; and her endeavours were not lost on the observation of her kind friends, though very differently accepted. Lady Mary's consideration for her, was visibly increased by the revelation of her prospects:—she could not indeed dispense with her tuition of Emma and Georgiana; but there was an improvement of style in her *demandings*, which showed some alteration in her regards. She was yet far from pleased with the deportment of her young friend, and seemed to apprehend that, unless she could bend her uncomplying spirit, she might herself be

reduced to feel awed by the conduct of one whom she had compassionated, and instead of having occasion to make allowances for youth, might have to ask them for her own maturer age. She had tried cool statements, enlightening reasoning, inducing persuasion—and had occasionally resorted to that pretty *badinage* which hinted at Frank Newson and his claims—but even this weapon had lost its point : Carilis, in settling her opinion of Frank Newson's judgment, had settled her own conduct ; and that housewifery of her peace, which perhaps the short measure with which it had been dealt out to her, had taught her—added to the painful intensity of her feelings when suffered to get the better of her, made her, on prudent considerations, as well as under the regulation of duty, cautious of disturbing herself.

One circumstance of her situation, very much in her favour, was her incessant occupation. Besides the care of ' just seeing that Emma and Georgiana did not lose what had been so *expensively* paid for,' which included a daily trial in every branch of their education, made unpleasant by the dull aversion of the one to any act of industry, and the volatility of the other, Lady Mary now ' paid her the compliment ' of doing nothing without her participation or at least her advice ; and it was so very convenient to say ' Do,'

and ‘Go,’ and ‘Tell,’ and ‘Take care,’ instead of, in person, doing and going, and telling and taking care, that it was not matter of wonder, that a deputy should not have a sinecure-post. In a little time, on a fortunate discovery that ‘sweet Carilis’ was very clever at figures, the analytical account-books were turned over to her;—and on a difference with her waiting-woman, her ladyship really thought that the upper house-maid, who had only Emma and Georgiana to attend on, beside the superior part of the house, would do just as well for her, ‘if dear Carilis would only just be so good as to assist her occasionally with her nice taste, and just, now and then, look into the store-room and see a little to the household-linen.’ Still this was all done ‘in very good style,’ and without any forgetfulness that the person now so employed, was one day to be mistress of the mansion.

Nor was the Dutchman without his claims on the leisure of his grand-daughter; but they were claims which carried themselves to her heart, and which it delighted her to fulfil.—In all the old man’s anxiety on the subject of her expectations, there was a character that very soon charmed away all the dislike which she had felt on seeing him the first mover in that which had so disturbed her, and left her comfort and pride in possessing a relation, without alloy. There was nothing indeed

to gratify her vanity in the old man's exterior, or the manner of his introduction, or in any thing connected with him: Lady Mary, when she spoke of him to her servants, kindly called him, in a compassionating tone, 'The poor old creature,'—and clucked heartily when at a loss to contrive his dinner, if she had thought there was 'just enough for four;' but the old man's habits were so frugal, and he was so little inclined to enlarge his allowance to himself, when it was at the cost of another, that, in any reproachful expression uttered against him, she must have expected a reflection on her own precipitancy, in thus making him a burden.

That he might not be felt as such, was one of the first cares of Carilis, who always called him her grand-father, and expressed the most affectionate respect for his character, which as it daily developed itself, was indeed more and more entitled to her veneration. By preserving himself honest in a corrupt world, and even by that seemingly trifling—and perhaps, to many, *ridiculous*—abhorrence which he had entertained of defrauding even the public treasury, to the injury of the country in which he was amassing wealth, he had kept firm a foundation for still higher moral virtue, and preserved a delicacy of honourable feeling; the best preparation for the disinterested philosophy

of Christianity. The natural tenderness of his heart—nay, the very weakness of his nature—united him to his fellow-creatures in bonds of charity, while his genuine admiration of female beauty, and his relish of the elegancies connected with it, made him a lenient censor of that which must be allowed to a rising generation.

Bitter as had been his resentment of his daughter's hard-hearted ingratitude, and the deception she had practised on him, he retained the recollection of her with melancholy regret, rather than with anger, and was candidly inclined to attribute her faults to her education and the loss of her mother. In proportion to his sense of her deficiencies, was his satisfaction in seeing Carilis as much entitled to his admiration, and much more to his esteem. Taking an interest in her pursuits, or in seeing her pursue them, he asked it as a favour that she would sit with him, when he would otherwise have been left alone, and she could command her time;—and being without other employment, and unused to idleness, he made business, or at least something like it, for himself, out of her occupations, and seemed to strive to gain new tastes, in hopes of new reflections of pleasure from hers.

Her whom he had considered on his first acquaintance as a play-thing, stopping her to curl

her hair over his fingers—putting on his spectacles to look at her hands—admiring a ribbon that he thought new, and fancying her a child—he soon found a most valuable companion, not only able to entertain him, but affording, in the unsophisticated integrity of her heart, a lesson from which even threescore and ten might profit. Lady Mary's character he soon saw through—he admired her fine person, her manners, her politeness—and he did not receive her favours to himself ungraciously; but when he grew confidential with his grand-daughter, and began to understand the ground on which she refused to listen to what he came to urge, he saw the difference between the protectress and the *protégée*—‘My ladie,’ said he, ‘is very goot and very jarming; bud id is all, I gan zee, ad lasd vor *zelf*—bud you, my Garliz, av no *zelf*—I shall lose you, my Garliz, iv you will led me.’

If he was a little anxious to know whether he could depend on her for any improvement of his reduced situation, he might be forgiven, especially as he was content with her promise to do her utmost, whatever might be her means; and thus understanding each other, he dropped all impatience, and leaving Lady Mary almost alone in the question, he took up rather the moderation of his grand-daughter, and joined his experience to

her natural feeling, in arguing against all departure from right, in the hope of advantage—he had felt the vanity of the world himself, and could not recommend to another, a pursuit that had misled him.

He talked to her of Frank Newson as described by Lady Mary, and gently questioned her as to her expectations from his affection. She might have feared rough persecution or jocular disbelief from him, when she disowned all claim on the companion of her infancy; but Vanderryck was truth itself; and he was not disposed to act against any one as if it must be extorted by authority, or affronted into producing itself.—He gave her credit at her first word, and listened to her, while she simply strove to remove the impressions which Lady Mary had made on his mind, of this additional resource of hope.—She convinced him that she had no right to build expectations, even on the continued *kindness* of Mr. Newson: she considered him as removed entirely to another situation, by having found his friends; and though she hoped to retain his friendship, she saw there might be obstacles to his showing it.—When pressed to explain the regard she felt for this imaginary brother, she made no scruple of avowing her decided fondness; but when the hope of their future union was inti-

mated, she was the first to point out the various impediments that might stand in the way; and she showed her mind prepared to allow them all their force.

Vanderryck's admiration of her was more than just—it was astonishment—he knew not what English girls were who had been well trained; neither had he ever had it in his power to contemplate the heart that is so often to be found in young subjects, on whom the world has not operated. He naturally, under the feelings newly excited by this most agreeable association, wished to acquaint himself with the machinery which so delighted him in its productions; and when Carilis could only refer him to Mr. Broderaye's instructions, and Mr. Broderaye was not at hand to take him as a pupil, he was forced to content himself with the book by which he found she had been taught; and reverting to the very same point as that on which he had held forth to his own daughter, he again gave his testimony in favour of that which he feared had been forgotten in *her* education—and saying to Carilis, 'Gan you nod, my briddy dear, wen you read your Bibel vor yourzelf, read id vor me doo?'—he easily induced her to this act of piety, and listened to her soft voice and pleasing cadence, with a stillness of satisfaction that seemed to admit no recollection of misfor-

tune. When she was called away, he would read again what she had read, till, in a few weeks, he had acquired the habit of reading to himself, and when she offered her service, he would say, ‘I am avraid, my briddy dear, I mind more your briddy reading, den de woords.’

Carilis could not judge of what she was doing, because she was ignorant of Vanderryck’s previous habits : she could not boast herself the instructor of a man whom she knew not to be in want of instruction :—all her allowances were made for his imperfect knowledge of English ; and she could not possibly comprehend that she had any advantage over him, but in her fluency of language ; and even had he made her his confessor, and explained to her all his deficiencies, her respect for him was too firmly established to allow her to do any thing more than add a conscientious humility to the catalogue of his other virtues.

The party of St. Emeril’s Court can take care of themselves, while we look after the movements of the vicar.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. Broderaye's search for Lady Lynford in Paris was successful; and when her residence was known, he wrote to her, in terms calculated to warm the heart of a sojourner in a foreign land, towards a countryman, entreating her to see him: he had a most obliging answer from her—she would see him the next day at an hour she named;—and she did not disappoint him. He had prepared his documents, so as to give her as little trouble and disturbance as possible, and had endeavoured to bring his arguments of persuasion into a point that should make it her choice, as well as her prudence, to coalesce with him: he had a plan in his mind, which, if accepted, would have kept the important question in a state that could wound nothing but her pride, and that secretly, till Carilis should be of age; and he trusted to his knowledge of his ward, that her power to oppress would not be carried to an extreme.

When approaching the hotel at which he was to find the baroness, he might say to himself as others have done when so severely tasked, 'The

human frame ought to be iron and steel to endure such service;—but if he *did* express this weak diffidence, the feeling was soon over; and he did not disgrace her recognition by any failure in self-possession.

Either he had omitted the word *alone* when he requested her to see him, or she had disregarded the hint—for she received him into a room where were many visitors, and where conversation, in which she appeared taking much interest, was rapidly carried on.

In person, she was still more shattered than when he saw her in London—in complexion more artificial:—her reception of him was still more vividly gracious—it was ‘a scene,’—or, what would have been called formerly, ‘theatrical.’—To exhibit him to her company, who did not all look of the most trust-worthy complexion—and to exhibit them to him, seemed her purpose or the veil to some other: she turned the conversation at her pleasure, with her usual adroitness,—was profuse of her blandishments,—raved, in affected transport, about things for which he knew she entertained a thorough contempt—took up the spirit of the day, as it existed, at the time, in the place of her residence; and when she had frightened him from all attempts to out-stay her visitors, by new arrivals and strenuous detentions, she got rid of him by an

appointment for the morrow, which in the evening she postponed, and then broke, under the plea of indisposition, promising, however, that she would 'indulge herself in the gratification of seeing him,' at the very first moment of her ability.

He waited a week, making daily inquiries in person, which produced nothing satisfactory; and at the expiration of this time, he went armed with a few lines which could betray his business to no one, but which amounted to little less than a denunciation of worse evil than that which she made a pretence, if she continued obstinate: he concluded with comforting expressions of probable advantage from compliance, and urgently entreated her to be advised.

He might have spared his paper and his labour:—her ladyship was two days before him on her road to the south.

He followed her without delay, and heard of her at various places. No exertion on his part could enable him to overtake her; and, from circumstances that betrayed themselves, he was led to imagine that she was acquainted with his progress, and that she accommodated hers to it.

His spirit was now roused; and he resolved not to give up the pursuit: he followed her, and soon found she had changed her direction as if to perplex him, but he tracked her till he was certain

that she was making her way to Geneva, and found her, as he had expected, at Secheron, where she was making agreement for a *bijou*-house on the lake. After as much dodging as would have secured any denounced spy, he saw himself in the same room with her, and having once gained this advantage, he was determined, however imperfect the means of detention in his power, that she should not again escape him.

In the very first interview, after allowing time for her anger at being thus followed, to evaporate—after throwing her out of all the play by which she hoped to avoid the mention of Carilis—he not only obliged her to hear his justification of the part he had taken in behalf of an orphan whom she ought not to have left thus to his care—but he forced her to listen to all the much worse which he had to tell;—and exerting a degree of resolution little less than that necessary to a surgeon compelled to amputate the limb of a wife, he left nothing to conjecture or for future revelation. She now knew that he was acquainted with her want of caution in her marriage, as well as with the prohibition which had so imperiously demanded it—and he then tried to make her sit down calmly with him as her best friend, to consider what, in a situation so desperately dangerous, was the most prudent course she could take.—He had given her

every assurance that, as far as he had been able to discover, the proofs remained with him ; and she needed not many words to convince her, that she had nothing to apprehend from his disposition towards her, would she but show herself disposed to do justice. Mrs. George Bray's treachery had not astonished her ; and she could laugh at the foundation of the revenge which she had commissioned her husband to take.—With the disobedience of the *ci-devant* Goody Parr, she was very justifiably offended, and hardly inclined to admit superannuation as any excuse—but it was in vain that she tried to fix Mr. Broderaye's attention on these incidental appendages to an important fact :—he uniformly returned to the charge, and she derived no more relief from the subterfuges to which she had recourse, than is to be found in looking at the equipages in a gay street of London, when the dentist, whose window affords the view, is waiting impatiently for the courageous moment.

In the distress of mind and consequent bodily suffering attending the conflict and the defeat, Annette, who still retained her post of *fille-de-chambre*, was called to her lady's aid, and the quickness of her obedience might suggest a suspicion that she could hardly have been out of hearing.—Her deportment met the vicar's perception as that of almost authorized insolence ; and her zeal for her

lady expressed itself in language such as Mr. Broderaye could not, with any propriety, endure.—She dared not reply otherwise than by a look attended by a profound curtsy—but the look and the curtsy had their meaning. The vicar took the liberty to shut her out as soon as her services could be dispensed with—and then proceeded to warn the baroness, mildly but firmly, that, on any second attempt to escape him, he would set off for England; resigning to her the living of St. Emeril; and, agonizing as it must be to him, as her friend, and her debtor for much kindness, that he would suspend all personal consideration, and, as Miss Monterne's guardian, proceed against her, under the direction of those in whom the trust connected with the forfeiture was vested.

Convinced that she was in a net, through which she could not break, and aware that Mr. Broderaye possessed every advantage, she came to terms, and, giving her word of honour that she would not fly, she prevailed on him to spare her, for a few days, till she had effected her removal into her house. He would not doubt her:—nor could he suppose she would now incur such danger as that which he had warned her not to provoke.

She gave him no cause to repent his generosity. A message from her after a few days, which he could have spent very agreeably, had his thoughts

been at rest, called him to her ; and he was repaid for some part of his uneasiness, by finding her improved in patience and rationality. She now received him with tears and bitter self-reproaches, repeating frequently her wish that she had known him, before she had so entangled herself by want of circumspection.

With grief he contemplated the ravage made in her person by the disturbance of her mind. All power of sleep had abandoned her, and she was writhing under the irritation of her nerves. She made him listen to her while she professed herself incapable of supporting such a trial ; and as if anxious for posthumous affection, she assailed his pity by a highly-coloured picture of her younger life :—her father, and all those whom he had employed in the care of her, passed the ordeal of her severe review ; and if she omitted to name any fact, it was because the necessity of condemning herself, discouraged her. The legend of the miniature was detailed without exaggeration ; the idea of Colonel Wanston had long lost its power of exciting hyperbole—and she was mortified down into an acquiescence in the censure she merited.—The episode of Lord Charles's unavowed courtship, and her reception of Lord Winchmore's proposals, were passed over in utter silence : they could not be mentioned by one so equally distant

from submission to shame, and from that which spares the feeling of it.

Farther in her own memoirs she had no cause to proceed : she could remind him of even his own acquittal of her while her conduct was under his eye—since that time, life had been passed in shunning him, and in attempts to shun herself.

Hoping that, by taking time to improve opportunities, he might be able, without proceeding to extremities, to bring her into such sentiments towards his ward as would tend to unite their interests, he fixed himself near her, and daily and hourly, when he could get access to her, tried to moderate her subjection to the opinions of a world in which she had so abused her excess of ill-understood power. Her old habit of predilection for Mr. Broderaye revived in this intercourse ; and in his society, and in a country that might give some false impulse to her spirits, she could fancy theories that made submission easy.—Again she was haunted with ideas such as disturbed the quiet, even of the retreat that had brought her acquainted with him ; and however her pride and her sense of what she owed to herself repressed them—there remained in the vicar's option one concession which she would never have asked—and he did not offer.

Had Baroness Lynford retained all her rights and possessions, with the perfect power of dispo-

sing of them—had she shown herself entitled to unqualified esteem; and had her personal distinctions and intellectual pre-eminences been still greater than those so unsparingly bestowed on her by nature, she had nothing to fear from the presumption, or to hope from the impressibility of Maximilian Broderaye.—The point which he had in view, was not to make her heart tender towards him, but her conscience alive towards herself; and to facilitate this, he urged the claims of Miss Monterne as a relation, her destitution, and her promise of worthiness. He went, indeed, as far as he dared, in holding out the hope of advantage from an immediate acquiescence in necessity—he represented, as part of the character of his ward, an exemption from all selfishness, and a pitifulness of nature which might eventually be favourable to any one trusting to her construction of her right:—but even *this* demanded caution in the suggestion, as an indignant feeling of inverted power was immediately excited by the recollection of *prostration*, as her ladyship termed it, before one far better entitled to her contempt and hatred than her respect and affection.

Still untractable, though harrassed and terrified—one moment defying and the next deprecating the evil which she had brought on herself—remonstrating against the merciless tyranny of making

her responsible for an inadvertency, yet not able to justify her own portion of this self-deception—it seemed at last, as if the want of strength to endure the conflict, must, even without conviction, bring her to a better spirit.—From almost taunting Mr. Broderaye with a representation of what she saucily affected to consider the point aimed at by those imaginary personages, whom, most unwisely and provokingly, she chose to denominate her ‘persecutors,’ she would turn to assail his humanity by adverting to the complicated deception that had entrapped her; and by a heart-breaking picture of the degradation to which he was striving to reduce her; but, happily for his feelings, dealing largely in exaggeration in this last article, she defeated her vexatious purpose, and left him the resolution to tell her, that, with the income that would be her provision, she could be no object of pity: he brought to her recollection his own father and his privations: he drew a fair parallel between their situations—*she* exiled by her own voluntary act from that which she might have retained and enjoyed—*he* despoiled of possessions still more distinguishing—still more in revenue—still more important to him as a man and a father.—‘Yet,’ said he, ‘see how my father submitted—I do not say that his submission had the great features of Roman fortitude, or the martyr-character of that of

such men as Sir Thomas More ; but he did, what perhaps is as useful in common life, and as exemplary in a lower walk—he made the best of an evil lot :—when he had lost his princely domain, he pleased himself with the pictures of it—deprived of his fine Paris-hotel, he repaid himself by mimicking the distribution of its apartments in his cottage.—And I am confident,’ said he smiling, ‘ that the blue-damask drapery-curtain which he hung up over the staircase-window because it was a sole survivor, was a powerful consolation to him, in suggesting that nobody else in that part of the kingdom had curtained a window in such a situation—it restored distinction to him, and he accepted it cheerfully.’

‘ Now, my dear Lady Lynford,’ resumed he, more seriously, ‘ what do you think I should have said, in gratitude, to any one who had secured to my father an income of five hundred pounds a year?—and what would he have felt himself?—you must make allowance for any soreness of recollection in him, as I do for the same in you.’

‘ Recollection!’—she repeated disdainfully—‘ Your father had something to comfort him in *his* recollection—he made the sacrifice to necessity or to principle, or to something that consoled him—he fell with others—he was not a single instance of degradation, amongst a crowd who maintained

their honours and distinctions.—And even in your suggestion of the *convenience* of such a pittance, you do not argue fairly;—how would he have liked to have received it from the bounty of the low wretch invested with his property?—Could he have gone to his palace-gate and stretched out his hand with the ‘*Date obolum Belisario,*’ to a menial servant, to be reported to the inflated usurper of the mansion?—Am *I* to stand before —your — your favourite — your darling — your nurse-child, and, having represented that I come for my quarter’s allowance, wait her pleasure, while her cofferer, her treasurer, or some passive fool whom she may have made her husband, counts out the sum, looking for my obeisance, and with his very frown bidding me be thankful, and telling me that it is grudged!—O Broderaye! when you *persuade*, I can do any thing—when you *reason*, you arm me against you—you exasperate me.’

‘If *I* have erred in the parallel I have drawn—my dear madam,’ said the vicar calmly, ‘what have *you* done? Who calls on you, or who would permit you, to undergo the least humiliation in receiving your right?—Who, that knows you, would not defend you?—And how unfairly you argue in treating this allotment as a matter of option on the part of Miss Monterne, or as benevolence!—I

see you shrink at her name—you must learn to hear it, and to bear it, Lady Lynford—these feelings, forgive me if I say, are beneath you—they are childish.—Miss Monterne, or Carilis, or my ward, or what you choose me to call her, shall never, if I can frame her docile spirit to my purpose, feel any thing for you but esteem, respect, and love. She can assume no height, she can treat you with no indecorum.—Your attending on her, you well know, can never be required;—but you exaggerate merely to keep up in yourself the spirit of provocation—which, believe me, can have no effect on me, either in your favour or against your interest.—Entreat me,—I can do no more for you than I will and shall do without entreaty—provoke me—I shall do no less than I would and should do, under no influence whatever.—But why all this disturbance of yourself, and vain attempt to disturb me?—You are losing that time in fancying impossible evils, which would be profitably employed in considering those which are real. Bring yourself at once to resolve on some plan consistent with that which is secure. What I should advise, would be your settling here, or in a country such as this, and doing it in a way that should justify and exalt you.—You cannot imagine that I would recommend any dishonourable pretexts; but were I you, I would profess myself submitting to ne-

cessity, and bring my mind to an identity with my words;—I would prevent every unpleasant rumour, by avowing my having been over-reached in the circumstance on which all this unfortunate business hinges—I would do myself justice, by showing that I had erred through want of suspicion—and I should then have no difficulty in making it known, that, yielding to the operation of a severe edict, I had no choice but of the place in which I should conform to its bearing on me.—Your choice would confer obligation wherever it fell—and your residence—you may trust me, for you know I never flatter—your residence would be a blessing:—no disgrace could attach to you.—You *must* be distinguished wherever you are known—and what greater distinction can you covet than that you would attain?—the character of an English woman of high rank, submitting with grace and dignity to evil, not seen in time to be avoided—bringing into a foreign country what would be considered still as opulence, and possessing every elegance of person, mind, and manners, that can recommend her to the first attentions.—Is this degradation?’

She was silent. He continued:

‘Will the fate of my ward be as enviable?—Will not every one of your friends——’

‘Friends indeed!’ she retorted; ‘what friends

have I, or even now shall find?—The world has not been very liberal in its friendships towards *me*:—I have experienced little from it but envy and deceit—except from you:—forgive me—forgive me’—said she, bursting into tears—‘I do not mean to be unjust even in my distress—you are an exception to every thing—but my situation is one that would drive the strongest mind to madness.’

‘No, no, no’—replied Mr. Broderaye; ‘I cannot allow you to rave thus—I do not wish to be harsh, or to force you to comparisons too violent to be easily admitted—I do not talk of the lilies of the field to *you*; but I say that your feelings cannot be correct, if you do not admit that Miss Monterne’s situation will be a painful one, and the more eminent, the more eminently so—You complain that the world has afforded you no friendships—will it afford her more when she comes into an inheritance thus devolving on her?—with what eye can she, poor girl! be regarded at St. Emeril’s?—she may be called usurper, the receiver of property arbitrarily forfeited, the supplanter of a rightful owner.—And if you knew her gentle spirit, her strict integrity, her uncontaminated principles, her insensibility to all artificial good, you would acknowledge that she claimed respect, and demanded consolation, and you would see your advantage in having to deal with a heart

that the world has not yet spoiled. I know that she cannot do what is not perfectly consistent with feminine tenderness, and with the morality of our religion.

‘O! do not mistake me,’ interrupted the baroness—‘I will accept nothing from the young lady’s bounty.—Were she to throw herself at my feet, and lay her crown and sceptre on the ground, and entreat me to be beholden to her for the restoration of all she plunders me of—I would spurn the offer and the person who made it—the very transfer of the right would have polluted it altogether.’

‘How perverse!’ exclaimed the vicar. ‘Who talks of crowns and sceptres in the case of an English peer’s property? What can all this raving mean? and as to the pollution of the property consequent on the transfer—*that* must have taken place at the moment of forfeiture, if at all:—I cannot really; Lady Lynford, sit to hear you talk so:—excuse me; my time is precious—and if you give me no cause to hope I can do you service, you must not be angry or surprised, if I get back to England as quickly as I can.—I repeat what I have said—I am ready to divest myself of those means of living which you bestowed on me—I will not render your suffering more poignant, by remaining in a place whither you cannot come with pleasure:

—I will, if you choose England for your residence, be still your friend, and at hand if you wish it, to testify my high estimation of you, and my sympathy for you—or I will, if you choose to reside out of England, betake myself to the situation of a travelling-tutor, as soon as my ward's affairs are settled, and I can establish her to my satisfaction—or I will contrive some use of my talents by which I may subsist and keep myself out of your thoughts. You may command me; but you must do your part.'

To be insensible to such generosity of procedure, Lady Lynford must have renounced every great quality by which her mind had been characterized. A strong difference exists between the merit that is obscured, and that which is extinguished; and on this nice perception, Mr. Broderaye's unwearied patience was founded. He had a decided advantage which it was his care not to mis-use or to make oppressive: he had confidence in her good sense; but how long it might take to make her listen to it, was uncertain, unless he set limits to it by showing that there were some which he himself could not enlarge. At present, the progress was small; but to have made her hear him was something, and on her request for time, he again made her renew her promise not to attempt escape, and was merciful.

In that same day, however, she sent for him again, and was then calm through exhaustion. She began to talk as if sensible that her powers of existence were inadequate to the call made on her feelings : she professed herself ready to meet her fate—but in the grave rather than in the world : she tried what reflecting on the vicar as the cause of her sufferings and their consequences, would do—but this did not succeed any better than her other endeavours. She then, seeking elsewhere for the indulgence of her fermenting feelings, expressed her confidence in his friendship, and the energy with which, she was convinced, he would in all cases serve her ; but the possibility of availing herself of it she regarded as passed by ; and she talked to little purpose, as if her death would decide for her, that on which she could not decide for herself.

Again he left her, and again he sought her, determined that this should be his last inefficient attempt. She was, at this interview, a very different creature ; she could think on nothing disagreeable at present, for she was in momentary expectation of a visit from a family of high rank, with whom she had, some time before, been domesticated in her wanderings, and who were affording protection to a lady whose distresses called for the utmost pity. Lady Lynford's feelings on

the occasion were, as usual, prodigiously excited; and she was very much disposed to recount what she had learnt of this sufferer's situation, instead of thinking on her own; but Mr. Broderaye, considering it as a subterfuge, would not permit it. He meant to keep the high ground he had striven for; and if her ladyship would not follow in the path in which alone she could proceed with any profit, he saw no reason for indulging her in excursion.

On this principle, he was disposed to refuse the truce for which she begged on account of this engagement; but she begged very hard, and urged that the stay of her guests could not be long, as they were on their way to Paris, where was their home.—They claimed her best attentions, which she could not offer them if harrassed with the daily denunciation of 'the public execution' preparing for her. Again she attempted to describe her charming *protégée*—but the vicar had no ears.

He was wrong.—What she would have told him was worth his attention—and he would have confessed it so, if he had drawn from it its due conclusion—but proverbs have told us that man's wisdom is not always his pocket-handkerchief—or if it is, that he occasionally mis-lays it—and sometimes, alas! when he needs it.

He held out, till the carriage containing this

‘interesting’ company, was positively in sight, and then insisted on a renewal of the baroness’s promise not to depart.—‘On my word,’ she concluded, ‘I will not remove—and indeed I will endeavour to think with patience on what you have said.’

Unwilling to deprive her of any refreshment of her spirits, he, though greatly to his inconvenience in every way, consented to grant the truce she asked; and as it left him at liberty, he accepted for a few days the invitation of a friend, who offered him many indulgences of taste and agreeable recollections, in one of the most beautiful situations of this Gallo-classic country. He had been there two days, when he received a new proof of what such a mind as Lady Lynford’s could do under the pressure of its own strong emotions. She wrote to him.

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY Lynford's letter will not be intelligible without a preface; nor will a preface render it clear without a hasty glance at her proceedings while, apparently exercising the glorious privilege of liberty, she was in reality wearing out her exile. She had cleared, with a bound, all those obstacles to a vagrant life, which for years had compelled the more sober-minded of her country-folk to chew the cud of timely travel, or to content themselves with the information which the British isles could afford them. Arrived in safety with her highly-appointed friends at Malta, she had been the ornament of society and the solace of private life; and with the utmost reluctance they found her, after a residence of some length, listening to excitations of her awakening curiosity, and accepting the undertakings of persons who had much in their power, for the safe indulgence of it. Once set in motion, her feet were no more inclined than her sensations to rest. Sustained by a nervous insensibility to danger—impelled, on one hand, by the unnatural hatred which she had conceived against her proper place, and attracted, on

the other, by the hope that she might for a time be charmed into forgetting it, she denominated herself a traveller, and bent her whole attention to foreign countries, regardless, or worse than regardless, of her own.

Her progress was eventful in proportion to its risques; but very much indebted to that aversion to recede, which had more than once given the character of headlong to her progress, she had not only got into countries and cities, from which others were scared by reports, but she had left little unseen which she wished to see. Even where an aversion to those of her country prevailed, she could find means to remain and; could feel, while others were hastening out of Italy, a soothing satisfaction in tracing at leisure, spots of interest, with which the information she had received from 'dear Meryon' had made her acquainted. Compared to recollection of the injury she was suffering from Mr. Broderaye, that remembrance of her earlier friendship, which had heretofore been agonizing, was refreshment.

The visitors whom she was now expecting, had been of the utmost service to her in her progress. At Naples she had been received into their family, and had experienced kindness for which she was impatient to make a return.—That which was now in her power, was indeed small; for their

coming was sudden, and it was little they could accept; but whatever was to be done, all who knew Lady Lynford would know, must be done in the best way; and she had attached these persons sufficiently to her, to make them very desirous to see her again.

The distressed lady who accompanied them, was indeed an object of compassion. She was originally of a family made rich by the most liberal processes of industry, and consequently not out of sight of those further advantages which wealth leaves its votaries still to sigh for. Reared with a view to elevation, habitually obedient, and having no opposing reason, which she was authorized to bring forward, against their disposal of her, she had acquiesced in that which she was assured would establish her own happiness and that of her family, and had become, at a very early age, the wife of a man rising, by his talents, to great distinction in the diplomatic department of politics: he had been attracted by her person and manners, but having no time to bestow in courtship, he had acted in his own affair as he would have thought wisest in the interests of his master, and simplifying the business by making that his commencing application, which a man at leisure might afford to make the finishing one, he had demanded an audience of the father, delivered his credentials,

found them accepted,—proposed articles as the foundation of a treaty,—and made it definitive as quickly as possible; not a little facilitated in the negotiation, by the pride of the lady's mother, who, in her anxiety for her daughter's splendid establishment, had not overlooked the possibility of this offered relation, or been wanting in her endeavours to represent the young lady as exactly fitted for it, by maternal solicitude in her rearing.

Exalted by her marriage into the rank of a Neapolitan countess, and distinguished as the wife of Count Forestieri, whose rising power procured for him the homage of all who hoped to profit by it or feared to suffer by it, she was for some months amused by novelty and parade—but, accustomed to family-association, and to obey the wishes of her parents, she soon felt herself in an unpleasant alternation of crowd and solitude, and in want of that direction of which she had too suddenly been deprived. The count, unreasonably though not unkindly, expected to find in a wife whom he had married a girl, the finished perfections of a practised woman of rank; and his principles of attachment to his country admitting of his conforming to its most violent changes, he was anxious to make his countess as serviceable to him as the wives of other public men were to their husbands—but the lady whom he had so hastily

chosen, was no chime-clock or piping-bullfinch. Retirement would have been her choice, if a choice had been allowed her; and in retirement she could have pleased whenever encouraged. In the bosom of her own family, she was esteemed, by better judgment than that of her parents, a treasure—permission to be useful was received by her with gratitude, and an intimation that she could give pleasure was a command.

In a fine hotel in Naples she was lost—in a beautiful villa a few miles out of it, whenever the count could make leisure to attend to her, she gratified his pride and rendered him the envy of his friends. Sensible to the loss he sustained by this local deficiency, he got round her, as qualified teachers, such women of rank as were then coming into notice on the foundation of talents adapted to the artificial demands of the time.—But these associations were far more painful to the young countess than even her own deficiencies:—she soon saw herself environed by females of attractive or commanding powers, but who, in intimacy, declared themselves utterly worthless. Against such friendships, therefore, she remonstrated; and, being allowed to substitute for them her own assiduous endeavours, she taught herself, under this necessity, what she was required to learn, and, thrown back on her own good sense for guid-

ance, succeeded in obtaining her husband's approbation of her measures, and in convincing him that his interests might be furthered without resort to low expedients. The necessity of acting had shown how capable she was of understanding her part; and in a variety of foreign situations, Countess Forestieri acquitted herself with a degree of dignity that satisfied her husband's pride, and with a courtesy and refinement that won the good opinion of all who came within its reach.

The only stipulation she had made on her marriage, was for liberty to visit her family, and it was never refused her, neither was it ever granted:—the count had neither leisure nor taste for such relaxation; and to spare his wife for a time sufficient for the purpose, would have been to suspend habits which she had made valuable to him. She had so accustomed herself to be useful to him, that in the transaction of official business in private, he dispensed with all assistance but hers:—she was guilty of no neglect, no incaution; she made no mistakes, no such blunders as Lady —, when in returning some long-detained and ill-treated papers in the name of her husband, she wrote, ‘ Lord — presents *her* compliments to Mr. —:’ she was accurate, neat, nice, alert, and of perfect prudence, and she could not be spared for a purpose no more important than her own gratification.

But at length, when injured in health and impaired in fortune by diplomatic missions, the count had requested the government under which he found himself, to accept his services at home, he felt himself supplanted and unnecessary:—the next gradation, he well knew, was to the rank of obstacle and impediment; and this he scarcely had seen verified, when his violent removal was projected; and his wife's having presumed to act well spontaneously, was a call upon those whom he had first summoned to instruct her, to coalesce for the punishment of husband and wife.—Violence was necessary where justice could do nothing; and the persecuted pair were driven to all the extremities that slumbering revenge, which had only waited for its day of rotation, could inflict. In obscurity that left their existence doubtful, they had in vain sheltered themselves: in this, the countess had learned the death of her father, and had become a widow; and having with great difficulty, and under great peril, escaped, in a state of privation that left her to the temporary charity of her kind friends, she was making her way home.

No expectation of sober pleasure or of exciting interest, that Lady Lynford had formed, was disappointed in the arrival of her expected guests. Her friends were delighted in seeing her; and she had all possible gratification of that pride which

attends the return of courtesies, and the consciousness that, in her own house, and at liberty to indulge her feelings, she *must* appear to advantage. Her villa and its appointments testified her good taste and her enviable opulence—she was proud for her country as well as for herself, and at perfect ease in showing what an English peeress could be in a foreign land. Her visitors were capable of appreciating this ; so that she was not an actress without an audience.

The distressed lady, whose situation was too serious to be likened to that of the Countess Trifaldi of the inimitable Cervantes, had been introduced, in whispers which announced some remaining apprehensions, as Madame de Faiville, and her claims to compassion were written on her countenance. The wreck of her person bore witness to what it had been : her dress, which was deep mourning, was the clothing of a statue, and distinguished in its simplicity : it seemed to owe its character to the wearer, and to refuse for her all that which others covet as embellishment. Even Mademoiselle Annette's more-than-sufficient partiality to the fashions of her own country, was forced to confess that, though the *tout ensemble* was *bien triste*, it was *très imposant et d'un très bon goût*—considerations, whether for or against, which had not influenced the choice of the mourner, who,

indebted to her friend's purse, had consulted economy.

That the lady was polite and wished to show her due acceptance of every thing done for her accommodation, was soon evident. She seemed to have a mind superior to seeking the compassion or calling out the interest of those whose tranquillity she was disturbing. No more had been told Lady Lynford than that she was the recent widow of a man once in power, but become obnoxious to those whom the never-still spirit of revolution had placed in authority—that her proper appellation must be concealed—and that her safety in her journey onward, depended on the circumspection of those who protected her.—In Paris, which was her present destination, they had hopes of security for her; but in their journey thither, she was liable, on more pretexts than one, to be detained.

The baroness never but once descended from her pedestal without previously considering the soil on which she was to set her foot—nor did her judgment, except in that one instance, ever betray her into inconvenience; she

‘—— never did repent of doing good.’

The condescension which her heart and all its kindly feelings now prompted, met its return; and Ma-

dame de Faiville's expressions, earnest as she was to make them the messengers of gratitude, seemed to call in the aid of whatever her countenance could lend, to make them just to her feelings. That she was decidedly reserved, under her present circumstances, could not be taken as offence—to show the wish to be otherwise, atoned for it. Lady Lynford was too correct in manners to be inquisitive; and her enjoyment was too great to allow her to risque any part of it by imprudent self-indulgence.—O! that she had but thought thus coolly, when St. Emeril's was the possession in question! No one could read better lectures than her ladyship—she was one of the almost-entire population of the globe, who may, on self-experience, observe with Shakespeare's 'second Daniel,' how much easier it is to teach than to reduce teaching to practice.

There was a character in Lady Lynford's feelings of kindness, which always, without naming them condescensions, obtained for them the acknowledgment that they were favours; and the sufferer who now called them forth, seemed little inclined to reject them on this ground. She was disturbed with no mechanism of goodness—she was importuned with no pressing assiduity—she was not made sensible that her entrance had produced a rippling on a calculated stillness—but she

saw that Lady Lynford could not, in the nature of things, be accustomed to tempt a sickly appetite to take its food—to dry tears from a stranger's cheeks—or to do, in the course of *years*, what she did, for *her*, many times in the space of a *morning*.—And that this was all done as if she thought herself fortunate in the power to be useful, and without a word that could be construed into paying herself even by ostentation, rendered all that she did, doubly and trebly valuable.

The stay of these respite-bearing sojourners would not have exceeded three days, but for the expectation of letters, on which, it seemed implied, that Madame de Faiville depended for more than direction of her movements, and which ought to have met her. Lady Lynford hailed their detention on the road, as the boon of Fortune to herself, but without any unfeeling stoicism towards the distressed lady. They came when the party had been ten days together, and when, if Lady Lynford could have detached her thoughts from that which was before her eyes, she must, at least, have been *beginning* to ask herself what Mr. Broderaye might or might not suppose of her silence. But their contents did not bring relief to her by whom they were anxiously looked for. On the contrary, they increased her grief and her dejection. Their import was made known to the ba-

roness through their common friend: it was of a nature not to be otherwise communicated; for the cause of distress was the second marriage of Madame de Faiville's mother, by which she had, for her life, given up all control of her property, to a man who was making the common use of such an advantage. Influenced by disapprobation of his son-in-law's political conduct, and under various considerations, the father of Madame had placed this confidence in his wife; and she had quickly abused it. A short letter under her own hand, testified her having been made sensible of her folly; and others more explanatory from relations, contained the comfort of remittances, but recommended it to Madame de Faiville to postpone her return till she had further advices.

The plan on which she was proceeding, whatever it was, could no longer be pursued: her friends acquiesced in the necessity of forming a new one; and she herself was ready to direct their judgment by a disposition to suggestion and exertion.—Lady Lynford's heart opened its widest portals of benevolence on the occasion, and offered every thing that could attract to participation, or give time for thought. Her invitation was sufficiently warm and cogent, to justify a female thus circumstanced, in accepting it for a few weeks:—and the generous hostess might insensibly be

influenced to make a point of her compliance, under the fancied protection which this association offered against Mr. Broderaye's intrusions. Madame de Faiville saw her friends depart without her, with consoled resignation; and the baroness, who would not have given 'poor Carry' a night's lodging, felt a pleasure new even to *her* experience, and pleasant as new, in the ability to shelter one so needing the comforts she could bestow. It was not disturbed by the apprehension of what Mr. Broderaye might next do:—she saw some great and many small impediments to his plans of annoyance—and she meant to make use of the office which she had undertaken, to parry his efforts for his ward.

Confidence, if it could be with any safety bestowed, might now be expected by the baroness—but it would have been still her consistent pride to avoid every thing that should tend to force it:—Any revelation of herself—any detail of her distresses, beyond what attached to public circumstances, her guest might, with propriety, have been led to make in the course of a morning's chat, a walk, or in contemplating the propitious softness of the moon reflected in the lake which the windows and a magnificent terrace commanded.—The season of the year, now summer, gave the

best opportunities; and the various day called forth all the feeling that could promote this *épanchement du cœur*. Or for any effect produced under these circumstances, the baroness might have waited, and have met the agreeable result without surprise; but it could not be without surprise, that, on Madame de Faiville's turning towards her when the carriage of her friends was out of sight, with an expression of countenance and manner that indicated the sense of grateful but sole dependence, she heard her, in very good English, which she had not yet spoken or appeared to understand, profess herself her country-woman, and beg to be accepted as such:—the letters which had stopped her in her way, were brought forward—no reserve remained; and though none of the persons named were of the baroness's acquaintance, she could not refuse entire credit to all that she had heard, or fail to recollect that this was not quite the first time in her life, that her thoughts had been occupied by 'the Countess Forestieri.'

Lady Lynford could think in company, decide in company, arrange and methodize in company, or she might not have been able to give herself, during the whole day, to her new charge, and at night, instead of retiring to her rest, to write as she did to the vicar—:

‘ My dear Sir,

‘ It is only this day that has enabled me to keep my promise of again submitting myself to your jurisdiction ; and even now, I am not alone—but having no prospect at present of farther loss of society, I will not try your patience longer.

‘ I am enjoying the respite you granted me from a trial to which the worn-out state of my nerves is ill suited—but my punishment, like that of Alcibiades when departing for Sicily, hangs over my head ; and I must, you may tell me, prepare to undergo it.

‘ In one way, I will prepare myself—I will do away the only unfavourable impression you can have received—the only lowering sentiment you can have entertained of me.—This is not to be effected by the humiliation of a confessing penitent, or even by the strong asseveration of indignant integrity.—I can prove to you, by more than words, that consideration for myself as connected with your friendship, however influenced by my own misfortunes or any circumstances attaching to you, has never been of that species which could need excuse, or impeach the disinterestedness of my respect.—I confess your claim to every tribute that the heart can offer you ;—but you must not tyrannize over me, as if you supposed that I cannot

rebel.—You do not yet know me—you will, when you have read this letter.

‘ I am suffering under conflicting impulses.—Every feeling of general benevolence or particular sympathy—every recollection of times comparatively happy, or at least undisturbed by my present torment—nay, even the very memory of your father, prompts me to consider only you in what I have to say—while my native pride, my resentful sensibility, my jealousy for my own exalted integrity, warn me not to endeavour to do that good which even you may mis-understand, nor to risque an act of generosity which may be calumniated as a bribe.

‘ I disdain the imputation—I will not accept mercy where justice is denied me.—Strip me of all I inherit—invest your favourite with my trappings—and worship the idol you have set up—still, still you shall know that I deserved better—you shall have *your* conflict to endure:—you shall have to reproach yourself, in your severe prosecution of what you, I doubt not, think your duty—insensible to the bias of a weak fondness for a baby!—that you have, for her sake, exposed to the tempest, her whose last effort was made to restore sun-shine to you.

* * * * *

‘ My agony has made me pause. I must now

be succinct. You would not hear me, when I would have interested you in the little I then knew of the sufferer whom my expected visitors were conducting homewards.—Will you *read* what I have to say?

‘ She is left with me—and must remain with me till she has farther advices from distant friends. While my visitors remained—and it is only within a few hours that they are departed,—apprehension of their domestics made it necessary that she should be known only as a Frenchwoman returning to her family in Paris.—She has no family in Paris—she is no Frenchwoman : her title (for she has a title as the widow of a foreign nobleman), struck my ear as not new to me.—When I asked myself where I had heard it, the scenery of our beloved Wye rose up to my view, and in my mind’s eye and ear, I saw and heard your father talking of his *bon petit Max*, and describing the family to which you had then attached yourself in travelling.—In short, I was immediately satisfied that the lady who is now under my roof, and who was introduced to me *ostensibly* as Madame de Faiville, and *confidentially* as the widow of Count Forestieri, is no other than the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Wayville, of whom your father used to talk, as the friends with whom you were travelling, when I first knew him. I pause,

that you may recover your astonishment, and believe me.

* * * * *

‘ I have no dissimulation—I am persuaded that, on your part at least, there is more to be considered than the mere lighting on a lost connexion, or even the painful calling to remembrance your early friend her brother. I might have continued to think the dear count, your father’s, anxiety for you over-measured, when he was alarmed by your looks on your joining him, had not your recovery convinced me that he expected no more from them than was just;—but I was soon induced to think that your affection had received some impression; and when I observed your silence when Miss Wayville was named, I could conjecture.

‘ Under these circumstances you cannot be offended or hurt by my having indulged a reasonable curiosity:—but do not be alarmed—those who possess our respect, inspire caution even in serving them. My visitor and I have spent the day *a quattro occhj*; and it was only when speaking of her lamented brother, that I ventured to ask her if she recollected Mr. Broderaye as travelling with him. She said only, “ No—I know no such person.”—I was not quite satisfied—I recollected your father’s having obliged you to forego your

family-name while absent—and I asked her to correct my error in the name of her brother's friend. She answered me then, with less pliability of manner than I have ever before seen in this finished woman, "Hermont."—I was then satisfied that I was right in the supposition of your identity.

' Now, if you are really interested in this discovery, you may be disappointed, in my having nothing to add, but that the subject was dropped by the countess, without her seeming to have even the common wish to hear more of a countryman, or one with whom she had been acquainted.—The remembrance of her brother may account for this; but I leave you to your own construction of it.

' Weary and disturbed as I am, I cannot close, without doing justice to myself by showing you that I cannot, even under my present injurious treatment, withhold the eulogy that this charming woman merits:—I have never yet seen her equal—never met, in my own sex, with one whom I could so unreluctantly own my superior.—Her conduct is precept and example—she will return to a home, if she ever reaches it, embittered to her by worse than natural calamity—her father is dead: her mother has cut her off from present means of subsistence, by a disgraceful marriage:—with the gentlest spirit she has enough of my high feel-

ing to disdain dependence on the man whom her mother has married; and she talks with firmness of sparing herself the misery of contact with this disgrace, by making a lucrative use of her talents.

‘ I am ready to act in this nice business as you may direct me. I have only to say, that, next to peace for myself, which you are not disposed to allow me, yours is dear to me.—I can fancy that this heroic endeavour to promote your happiness will repay me for the effort, and that to see you sensible to it, will atone to me for much that I must endure;—but I cannot trust myself:—I may be deceiving myself when I say, that if I am to be plundered, I could feel consolation in retiring on the little that will be left me, with this fellow-sufferer, and that the pride of thus showing you how I *can* act, will support me through any trial.’

The letter concluded in all the warmth of genuine friendship, and in a tone of the highest feeling; and being sent by a special messenger, it reached its destination very quickly. The vicar was fortunately alone, and thinking, as he paced a walk in his friend’s garden, on the best means of making the discordant interests which he had to manage, agree for their own benefit. He had just,

under the favour of a mercantile house, written to his ward, in some uncertainty, whether his letter would reach her, but anxious for the quiet of her mind ; and he now was at leisure to wish that Lady Lynford would dismiss him.

One reading of such a letter as hers, did not put him in possession of its contents—nor was he as much master of himself as usual, when he had finished a short billet, saying, that, waiting only the return home of the friend with whom he was wearing out the time, and which could not detain him two hours, he would be with her, in the hope that, till his arrival, she would preserve perfect silence, and then admit him to a private conference.

Lady Lynford received the billet, and felt that her and Mr. Broderaye's situations had very much changed in their relation to each other.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON arriving at his lodgings in his way to the baroness, the vicar was not surprised at finding himself expected and inquired for:—he could not hesitate in concluding that Lady Lynford had, on the receipt of his billet, sent to expedite the interview he had requested; and he was ready to precede her messenger. But he soon found his mistake when he was seized, as a denounced person, by two of the *gendarmes*, who formed the military police of the French usurper, and ordered to prepare his baggage, and to accompany them to an undefined destination.—Clamour and resistance, experience had too often proved, were in such cases vain: he tried what assurances of his power to free himself by representation, would effect, but to no purpose: no entreaties to be allowed to inform his friend, could obtain a hearing. No violence or even incivility was offered him, but the procedure was not the less forcible;—and supported only by the hope of a speedy liberation, he was compelled to submit to the power of his attendants, and travel with them, as their prisoner, till they arrived at one of the most southern of the

dépôts then constituted as cages for entrapped travellers, where he had time in abundance to reflect on Lady Lynford's communication, and on the cruel choice of the most interesting moment of his life, for this peculiar severity, and to trace it back, under the information of his conductors, to the *patriotism* of Mademoiselle Annette, whose look, on his first interview with her lady, he well remembered had promised something, not much less than what she had so very dextrously performed.

The prisoner's thoughts did not want subjects of occupation: his companions did not disturb them more than their service required:—'Poor Carry'—'dear Frank'—'Baroness Lynford'—all put in their claims, with the business of his detention, for his regard; but if he had ever professed that the three former he never could for a moment *forget*, he had now departed from the letter of his professions—the last he certainly was not quite prepared to *forgive*; but Mademoiselle Annette's malicious pride might have felt mortification, could she have seen the oblivious shade into which her brilliant exploit fell, to make way for a very dissimilar subject of contemplation.

One minute's permission to leave the room in which he had been seized, had given him time to tear into fragments which defied construction, the

letter he had received from Lady Lynford :—he dared not keep it, pleasant as might have been the re-perusal of a part of it. She of whom it spoke, was still dear to him, as when her amiable brother had encouraged him to let him try Sir Robert Wayville's disposition towards him, and the design of bestowing her on Count Forestieri had been avowed in time to prevent further question. Her then-blooming excellence was remembered in all its promise; and to have heard of her, after the lapse of so many years, was to have recalled defunct recollections from their preternatural intombment. He could not now consider her as lost to him, unless the coldness with which she had received the mention of him, was to be interpreted as repulse—and, even here, he could bring up some support from words and looks, that had never died upon his ear or departed from his eye. He had respected her obedience: he felt that he had no claim—that he had made none:—but still he did not call her obedience choice, or consider himself as shut out by it from hope that, in her present situation, and possessing such a spirit as hers was described to be, she would give its due appreciation not only to his constancy, but to his compliance with the calls of duty. He was not now at a time of life when the voice of passion could make itself heard in opposition to the whispers of con-

science; but he could still cast a retrospective glance on his earliest love, and say that he might have asked a blessing on it. What he had endeavoured to inculcate on his wards, he felt well founded in his own instance: all the affections of his heart were interested, with energy increased by opposition, and he could not predict the event of that which interested them; but he had not forfeited his pretensions to success—he must wait, and he could trust.

The possibility of improving his misfortune by making inquiries for Frank Newson, recalled his thoughts into activity. As he had been described as in France, and amongst the many who were deprived of liberty, it was to be inferred, that those to whom he belonged, were foreigners with respect to that country, and, without doubt, English. He therefore framed his search for a lad of a certain description, between sixteen and eighteen years of age, attached to some English person or family, of the class, either of prisoners of war or *détenus*, most probably the latter.

He had not left the letter behind him, to which he owed his information, on quitting St. Emeril—he had foreseen the assistance which it might afford him, should he, in his pursuit of the baroness, be carried near any of the towns in which he knew his countrymen to be impounded; but under his pre-

sent circumstances, it seemed requisite to the security of others, to conceal or destroy it.—Unwillingly he took the safest course:—it was the sacrifice of one more reliance, but he made it.

No inquiries in the place where he was set down, procured him any satisfaction: the persons with whom he was compelled to associate, while waiting the event of immediate and powerful remonstrance against his detention, were not of a class amongst whom he could wish—far less hope—to find Frank Newson.—In that rotation of allotment which seemed to consider only the enriching every *dépôt* in its turn, by consigning to it those who could afford to be the most lucrative, the place of the vicar's detention was in its worst season; and had he been driven to acquiesce in his abode there, he would have had to make up his mind to something worse than solitude—the avoidance of ineligible society.

In one respect he was fortunate: he was placed where he might be frugal; and this, as his complaisance for Lady Lynford had reduced his funds to something less than thirty pounds of the money of his own country, was important: he might perhaps, even where he was, have got credit for a small addition; but, had this necessity come near enough for immediate consideration, he must have turned his thoughts into some different track, in

the consciousness of no bank at home to honour his signature.

His prospect, at the best, was not very supporting—perhaps, had he been purely of English descent, he might have propounded questions to himself which might not have increased his fortitude—or if greater praise seems his meed, than that of a mere physical effort in which his will bore no part, the early study of his father's conduct under various difficulties, might now be profitable to him: he put in action every mean for getting free; and, allowing time for returns, he endeavoured to make the best of his lot, which, in the present instance, had not fallen on the best ground.

To wound the heart of his little girl at home, by denominating himself a prisoner, which he feared she would accept in its least qualified sense, was so repugnant to his feelings, that he preferred her suffering by his procrastination, relying on her calling to mind, to sustain her under the anxiety of delay, all the precepts with which he had striven to fortify her—and led on from day to day, sometimes by favourable receptions, and at others by the success of persons in a similar situation, he hoped out one fortnight, in the persuasion that another would not only release him, but restore him to his own country. It was requisite, indeed, to see and confer with Lady Lynford: nothing

must detain him—the baroness must give him her decided determination, and, let it be what it might, he must, at all events, get home as quickly and as cheaply as he could.—On another interest he must not think too deeply.

But there was a latent evil even in the exertion of so much that was praise-worthy, which escaped the vicar's observation : he did not perceive, that, however buoyant the natural character of his spirits—however firm the constitution of his frame—however determined was his resolution not to care for himself, he was demanding too much from the decreed infirmity of human nature : he could tell himself, in his attention to habits of neatness and decorum, which the want of spectators never induced him to relax, that he looked ill ;—but this was merely, he was persuaded, the necessary consequence of his situation and the impatience of his feelings : he might have extended more charity to such a failure in any other than he allowed to himself ; but still, however he might lament his feeble powers of resistance, he was forced to acknowledge them, and under the complicated harrassing of circumstances that left no alternation of bearing—allowed no suspension—and afforded no refreshment—notwithstanding all his endeavours, he felt compelled first to consult a sensation of lassitude by forbearing exercise—next,

to calm irritation of spirits by procuring what resources of intellectual amusement he could find ; and these soon failing, to take, first to the ragged couch in his apartment, and next to the bed in the adjoining closet.

In a severe illness of many days, which called rather for resignation than fortitude, he found that there were virtues, or degrees of virtues, to be practised, which even *he* had yet to learn ; but while he confessed this with humility, he did not disturb himself with blaming his previous ignorance, or considering as erroneous, the path in which he had pursued his duty.—He might have been too confident in his own powers of endurance—but his confidence had never been confined to them—he might have indulged hope to excess ; but hope he looked on, as he did the exuberance of youthful spirits, as a superfluity bestowed on mankind calculated for accidental expenditure — as the gale which assists to bring the vessel into port, though it may, in the course of the voyage, sometimes carry it out of its due direction. With no more weight on his mind than his own concerns imposed on it, his spirits might have supported him ; but Carilis was a living anxiety that kept him from repose ; —and Lady Lynford's communication, notwithstanding all his endeavours to be quiet, had awakened at least a curiosity, which took its turn in

keeping up his fever of spirits whenever he had at all succeeded in calming the other subjects of his solicitude.

He met with kindness from the persons with whom he was lodged, but his small store consumed fast under a species of disbursement for which no contract could be made. The necessities of those in his own situation made the best use of their means excusable when exertion was practicable; and as he was not known to bear all his wealth about him, and nothing yet in his external indicated it, forbearance was not obviously a duty. Perceiving, when he could first leave his bed, that his finances called for whatever succour he could obtain for them, he again urged his wish for a removal nearer to Paris; and under the voluntary offer of the trusty guardian of the *dépôt*, to represent him as having nearly suffered death by the climate, he obtained permission to remove, but only to a situation in the heart of France.—Still this was gain: the distance between him and his most efficient friends was much diminished; and if reduced to the extremities he must expect in case of failure, he could sustain them perhaps better than where he was.

With great difficulty he bore the fatigue of a journey which admitted of no consideration for an invalid; and all his endeavours to feel cheered when

he found himself in one of the best of the French towns in which the English were deposited, availed little.—On his entrance, he saw persons whose appearance declared them sufferers in the same misfortune, and whose looks towards him might have given hope of sympathy, had the power to hope remained ; but under the fatigue of his removal, he saw no use to be made of association, no comfort but that he should die amongst a better class of his countrymen—whether he perished by disease or want.

To inform himself who these were, was an effort which he made under the apprehension that it might be the last demanded of him. To find a name he had ever known, was a wish he scrupled to indulge : the catalogue gave him no pain from sympathy—it presented no one for whom he could individually feel an interest—for all were equally strangers : the *corps* consisted of London-merchants and idlers, persons who, either in the prosecution of business, or for want of it, had come into France.

The designation of most importance, he could not but know, as it existed in the peerage of his own country ; and the estates connected with it, were in the county adjoining that in which he had now for many years resided.—He knew this personage to have been reported in the west of

England as *détenu* ever since he had himself resided at St. Emeril, but he knew no more ; and as Lady Lynford, in all her disclosures, had never thought it incumbent on her to divulge to him her coquetry with the deceased Lord Charles, or boasted her playful rejection of the overture of the Earl of Winchmore, he had had no opportunity of sympathizing in their fate, or acquiring an interest for the survivor of them. The record therefore of ‘ *Le Comte de Winchmore et son fils le Vicomte Astham,*’ was lost on him.

In health, he would have put himself forward, in the confidence that Englishmen would feel for an Englishman—and he would not have doubted that his professional character would have been his passport to the best of their society ; but his feverish feelings were debilitating to his courage as well as to his strength, and from this unprofitable inquiry, he slunk back to his lodging and his bed : his fever returned with accumulated violence : he was in the house of less kind people, and recovering from a night of delirium to a sense of the sad reality that had environed him, he exerted his remaining strength to consign his small property ‘ to the care of any one of his countrymen who could feel for a stranger,’—and then, like a deer hunted-down by a combination of small powers, against any one of which he could have

made head, he retreated again to his bed to die in decency.

The distress of Lady Lynford had increased with every answer her inquiries obtained for her.—She had taken an interest in the affair which she was managing, that made her impatient for the vicar's arrival: his delay was at first vexatious; and when it was extended beyond the term imputable to accident, she tormented herself with fancying that she was mis-understood, and her communication contemned. These ideas were removed, when rumours of the seizure of an Englishman made her apprehend the truth; and other anxieties connected with her own situation and that of Madame de Faiville, forbade her even to think this privation the worst she had to dread. Intimations were whispered to her, and circulated amongst her acquaintance, of the prudence of a timely retreat; and she was about to give some orders of that tendency to the *faithful* Mademoiselle Annette, when she received—whence obtained she knew not—assurances that she was in no danger. She might, through more indignant contempt for her means of security, have disregarded the benefit, had she known how entirely she was at this moment in the hands of her waiting-maid; but Annette took care never to show her face when she pulled wires.

To conceal from one with whom she was so intimately domesticated, as with Madame de Faiville, the species of uneasiness under which she was suffering, or the name of him who called forth such friendly anxiety, was impossible, or, at least, inconsistent with her natural frankness, and the uncertainty of the period during which she must endure this restraint.—The labyrinth—the denounced labyrinth of ‘dear Meryon,’ in which, notwithstanding all his warnings, she had, so much to her inconvenience, lost herself, had given her an abhorrence even of the slightest shade over truth.

Madame de Faiville, therefore, knew who Mr. Broderaye was, and his close connexion by friendship and obligation with her protecting friend. Of Frank and Carilis there was no occasion to speak—and, indeed, of *them*, Lady Lynford had so contrived as to have little to say—but of Maximilian and all his various recommendations, of his father, their claims, and their unmerited hard fortune, she talked much; but, if with any intention of discovering what passed in the mind of Madame de Faiville, with little profit:—Lady Lynford herself could not more tenaciously have observed a determined silence upon any subject. She recognised, indeed, her lost and ever-lamented brother’s travelling-companion, and evidently with painful feeling; but it seemed pain individually

connected with the recollection of her brother. That his friend had veiled his pretensions, excited no surprise that had an agreeable aspect : it seemed rather to displease her—yet, in replying, as far as good manners required, she intimated that her brother was probably intrusted with the truth—but what were her grounds for this supposition, she did not disclose—nor could Lady Lynford have inferred from her manner, that Mr. Broderaye had been as much a favourite in her family, as his grateful expressions bespoke him.

Somewhere there was mystery, but it eluded detection ; and as nothing short of point-blank questions, and better excuses for putting them than she could bring forward, would have removed it, she still exercised forbearance, and suffered not even this suspension to abate her confidence in the vicar. She could call him her ‘persecutor,’ and in the inconsistency of irregularly-excited feelings, she could *say*, if not *think*, very harsh things of his strict performance of his duty—she would not see the gentleness which attended his conscientious exertions—she could talk, as if he aimed, not only at her *property*, but at her *life*, in what he was doing against herself ; but had Madame de Faiville attempted to justify any unfavourable opinion of her own, the baroness would probably have stood forth his most earnest advocate, and

claimed the privilege of treating him ill, as one which she could not condescend to share with any body.

This supposed imperfection of confidence on the part of Madame de Faiville, was an abatement too small to be regarded in the baroness's enjoyment of her society. Her guest was by some years her junior, but far her elder in practical acquaintance with the world. 'To call her accomplished,' said her ladyship, in describing her to a friend, 'would be to bestow on her petty praise.—There is as much difference between her and what is called an *accomplished* woman, as between a person who has learned the individual meaning of technical terms borrowed from the learned languages, and one who possesses the knowledge of those languages in their fullest extent. Her mind has seized on great masses of knowledge in the outset, and has subdivided into minor attentions: she has read not half so much as I have, but to ten times better purpose.—I read a book because it will entertain me—that is to say, spare me the fatigue of thinking, or, because, in the general result, I shall be a gainer by its information; but Madame de Faiville reads nothing but in a decided direction to some point—her intellects never go out for airings, they are always on the prettiest journies that taste and intelligence can seek or recommend. If she had been

a bee, she would have been respected as the most industrious of her hive, not, perhaps, because she could wander farther, or bring home a heavier load than her sisters; but because she would have directed her flight to the most productive spots, and have incumbered herself with nothing that would not turn to profit; and by this economy of time and trouble, she has made herself not only rich in valuable information, and acquired a fund of written experience which makes her superior in judgment and foresight to most women—but she has kept her mind in the habit of pointing out to her the most accurate and shortest methods of doing every thing;—and all this natural and acquired power has fallen to the lot of one possessing a heart equally alive to every duty—equally tender to every impression—equally retentive of all that can stand the nice criticism of her conscience—and a temper that, however pressed on, seems never to lose its elasticity of goodness.'

The woman who gave this praise deserved some herself—especially when that woman was that concentrating personage baroness Lynford.

But fascinated as she was by the charm of her companion's talents; and novel as was, even now, to her, the indulgence of a female-friendship, she was not supine in her endeavours to learn the fate, and state of discomfort of St. Emeril's pastor—

but to no purpose were her endeavours : circumstances connected with the attempt of some of the *détenus* to effect their escape, called forth strict orders against all communication ; and the Bastille in its rigorous existence, was not more faithful to its trust, than were these less appalling, but not less constraining holds of the mixed multitude of unfortunate and improvident.

Her ladyship's zeal having now fallen into the track of pitying sympathy with one particular set of the unhappy, her recollection of similar sufferers was quickened ; and her next-county neighbour and former admirer, Lord Winchmore, took his share in her thoughts. There were regards to be observed in the interest she was even so well justified in expressing, as that which she must have been culpable not to have felt for Mr. Broderaye ; and she was cautious of turning attention upon him by an insulated concern in his misfortune.—She therefore included Lord Winchmore in her feelings for her countrymen, and could hear of his distresses as having been peculiarly great : he had been firm in his refusal to injure himself by a compliance with enormous demands, which were made, not for liberty, but palliations of detention ; and he had, in a most exemplary manner, withstood all the enticing of his reckless fellow-captives, to beguile the time of his

captivity by licentious pursuits. He had not been wanting in promoting the comfort of those suffering with him ; but, for a long period, the range of his benevolence had been contracted by the severe chastisement a successful attempt for the liberation of his wife had drawn upon him : he had been incarcerated in that fortress the most deprecated by the whole *corps* of *détenus*. From this she was told he was lately removed, and, on certain conditions, indulged with a residence in the central *dépôt*. In the hope, and for the very remote chance, of equal good-fortune, or an eventual extension of grace to Mr. Broderaye, she wrote to his lordship, and put her letter into hands that claimed confidence. It was of no more present use than poor Carry's protest against the good offices of her kind friends, which she had written from St. Emeril's :—there was no post for prisoners—the letters were not indeed uniformly destroyed ; but they ended their journies short of their destination.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH all the imputed fragility of human nature, and all the right which is assumed to complain of the bad workmanship of its Great Artificer, there is truth, as well as jocularly, in the observation, that we, in many cases, 'take a great deal of killing' to finish us. Maximilian Broderaye was a happy proof of this tenacity of life, when he lay, for three days, scarcely looked at by the people of the house in which he had sickened, and exciting no other curiosity than to know when they might eject him, and pay themselves for their Samaritan virtues, by possessing themselves of the small property they had impatiently surveyed. They really must, after all subductions, have been good people; for they imitated the gentleness of Lady Mary Vaseney so far as to 'let things take their course:'—and yet there was a pillow on the *moribond's* bed, which they might have drawn from under his head, thereby promoting, according to popular opinion, the ease of his passage to a better world:—and if this had not answered the benevolent purpose immediately, there was the resource of laying the same article of luxury nearly

in its original position, with only the intervention of his head :—but the good people let the pillow and the vicar alone, and he lay, in a world of his own imagining, in which poor Carry played a principal part, with wings on her shoulders—Frank was *zephyrizing* around her—the late Mrs. Broderaye, extended to an enormous breadth, was vexatiously standing in such a direction that he could not clearly see a lady who stood behind her—and Baroness Lynford was flying in the air, on a Pegasus of her own grooming.—With all these persons he was holding appropriate conversation, when the sound of wheels, moving with great expedition, close under the windows of his apartment, restored him to something rather more of kin to common sense—represented to his recollection the probability that these wheels which had now stopped their whirling, were coming to convey him where he most wished to be—and giving him the strength he had not, enabled him to faint away in his anxious endeavour to spare their waiting.—When sensibility returned, the day was fading.

‘ Pray, pray try, my dearest friend, if you love me, try to swallow this,’ said the voice of some one behind him, who was raising him, while another person offered a glass of liquor to his lips.

The vicar opened his eyes—there was nothing to repay them—the voice was still, and the man,

a gentleman in appearance, whom he saw before him, he knew not—he felt one of his wrists hindered from moving, and looking for the cause, perceived that he was under medical contemplation:—feeling pressure on his chest, he turned his eyes thither, and saw two long young hands, the arms to which were supporting him. The request to him to drink was repeated—he listened—but all was confusion—he looked at the stranger who was kindly and cogently offering him the medicine. Ulysses could not have withstood the invitation—he drank; and whatever transformation ensued, was in his favour as a rational being—the owner of the hands had not appeared; but the cup-bearer and the doctor remained in sight—the patient was suffered to sink down; and the next sounds he heard were sobs of great distress or deep agitation.

To gaze and wonder was still the extent of his ability—intellect was not strong enough for the excitation of curiosity; and the powers of utterance could not answer to any impulse on them:—it was night:—the room was lighted by a lamp;—and while the sobs still rose from the floor, the person from whom he had taken the medicine, sat in perfect stillness, and he who had held his wrist was moving about softly, as if executing his own ideas:—again he was made to drink—the sobs

ceased ; and the same long hands came to support him : he now drank without entreaty—and knew nothing, nor even imagined any thing, till it was again broad day-light.—Oh ! how grateful was the refreshment he felt when, with new life infused into him, though yet deplorably weak, the sensation of waking crept over his frame ; and he could wish to know to whom he was indebted for such offices of charity !

Two persons were in sight, whom he could now distinguish as this kind friend, and the medical practitioner.—Nutriment was then presented to him—the long hands were not there to support him, but the supposed friend performed the office ;—the sick man bowed his thanks, and again slept.

The progress of recovery had been quick enough, when the day again faded, to restore the power of speech. He begged to know to whom his thanks were due. ‘ To *me* none,’ said the medical assistant ; ‘ I am only doing my *duty* :—to his lordship here, Sir,—to the Earl of Winchester, I believe I may say you owe your preservation :—have no doubts, I entreat you, of your recovery—you can have no fears of being again neglected, Sir ;—you will have every thing that can restore you, and I trust will be on your feet in a very few days.’

The vicar held out his hand to the earl in

speechless gratitude.—His friend shook his head, as if declining all thanks; and the companion in his kind care, made something like a sign to him, as if he was in danger of betraying that which was designed to be concealed. — Lord Winchmore kindly reproached Mr. Broderaye with not having made application to him on his arrival—‘ I have, it is true,’ said he, ‘ been absent for the last ten days, therefore knew not of your being here; but, as you may suppose, I was at no great distance—and in such a case I always leave orders for my immediate recall, on any fresh arrival amongst us unfortunate beings, if I can be of service: consequently your inquiry for me might have spared you some suffering.—Still, I hope we are in good time—your name reached us; and it would have drawn us, without a moment’s delay, from the farthest possible distance.’

‘ I have no claim to such attention—my lord,’ said the vicar, ‘ and I cannot understand how I can have excited it,—unless—indeed—common calamity—or my profession.—You do not mean to say you know me—your lordship *must* be known:—my home is in Devonshire—therefore your title is familiar to me.—You may know Lady Lynford;—my preferment is on her estate—but *me* you cannot know.’

‘ Certainly, not personally, till now, my good

Sir—Lady Lynford I have known from my boyhood—but there is sometimes acquaintance, Sir, where there has been no interview.’

‘ She may have mentioned me.’

‘ No, never :—I have, as you may conclude, known nothing of her of late—I have been out of England a very few years short of twenty—and I seem likely to end my days here ; but yet I hope.—Still, Sir, I know *you* ; and there is not a being on earth, for whom I have a higher respect, a warmer affection—or to whom, I may say truly, I owe so much.’

This was very awakening flattery. What could it all tend to ?

Why, it tended to, and it ended in, the gentle communication of Lord Winchmore’s particular circumstances, and in the cautiously-prepared introduction of the possessor of the long hands, and the editor of the sobs from the floor, as his lordship’s only son, Viscount Astham,—and Mr. Broderaye’s enraptured recognition of him—as Frank Newson !

Hours were too short—days were too short—weeks were too short, for the full enjoyment of such a large portion of restored comfort—such a termination to mutual anxiety ! It was not enjoyment that precluded remembrance of others ; it

was of that species which extends the wish for its diffusion, to every human being.

If ever childless man felt himself blest to the utmost wishes of a father, if ever the single stem of a family felt itself supported by a branch from another root, it was Maximilian Broderaye, when, one hand resting on the steady arm of Lord Winchmore, and the other on the officious shoulder of his son, he made his first essay to quit his chamber, and inhaled health at every step. To it he returned no more: he was placed under the same roof with his friends, and commanded to 'take no thought for the morrow' or for himself. It was summer, but the heat was not oppressive: all the advantage of climate was in favour of convalescence, and he was in hands that left him only his choice of indulgences.

'But dear Frank,' said he one morning when, refreshed by a night of sound sleep, and by the exhilaration of restored habits of personal attention, he felt almost himself again—'you must not keep my curiosity on the tenter-hooks much longer—I want facts to fix my thoughts on;—mine, at present, is a foggy gratitude.—Do ask your father to put me in possession of those circumstances which brought you to my care, and took you out of it.—As for *you*, I might as well apply to the pump there—I should have such a gush of

information as would souse me, and then such a dribbling as would provoke me to fancy your arm the pump-handle, and to use it accordingly.—From Lord Winchmore I may hope something more regular.—But if you ask him to indulge me, do not, I beseech you, let him distress himself—I fear your being brought to England he cannot dwell on—therefore let him consult his own ease—you can fill up chasms.’

‘I certainly lost my mother,’ said Lord Astham, ‘when I was saved by the sailor; and it has been a deep wound to my father’s feelings; but he can bear to talk of it. You will find him not a showy imposing character; but he is the best creature that ever existed.—Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, a most lovely, charming, sensible woman, here—who has been very kind to us—I wish you knew her—says he is no study for the botanist, but a treasure to the mineralogist—Most fortunately for me, he is a famous scholar, and will read with me as you used to do—of mathematics, indeed, he is not very fond—but you know that I had had enough of them under you—my father delights in your own track of classic reading—and, when I tell him of your plans with me, he adopts them.—See here,’ said he, taking out of his pocket a small Horace—‘I have read thus far again since I came here—this is my amusement—Thucydides is my

fag; and I am sometimes astonished to see how my father will unfold a difficult sense—I tell him he must bring a great deal more knowledge than is on the page—there is a *must-be-because* in his mind, that helps him astonishingly.’

Mr. Broderaye took the Horace out of the young man’s hand to ascertain what he had reached.

In the transfer of the small volume from hand to hand, various bits of paper fell out.

‘Heigh-day!’ said the vicar, ‘where do all those little birds come from?—are these your *notes*?—*that* is not according to any rule of *mine*: why not get your book interleaved?—I suppose a prisoner could get that done.’

‘That’s the worst,’ said Lord Astham, picking up the fragments and colouring—‘of having no desk to keep things in—I wish I had mine from home—from England, I mean—but I must ask my father for one—these are only little scraps—not regular notes—of no consequence to any but myself—not worth *your* looking at.’

‘So it seems,’ said the vicar smiling—‘but what is that which has tumbled out of the bit of paper that you have in your hand there——’

‘O nothing,’—said Lord Astham—‘that is not paper.’

‘No, I can see,’ said the vicar, ‘that it is not

paper—but neither is it *nothing*—it is a lock of hair :—if it is nothing, it is of no value ; therefore you may throw it away—come, away with it—it is a very unscholar-like sort of “ treasure-trove ” in a classic author—come, away with it.’

The young viscount threw out his hand, but he did not part from what it inclosed—he shrunk from the eye of his friend.

Here was the first breach made in the *entiertty* of an invaluable happiness !—Frank Newson had never shrunk as did Lord Astham—he had never made a show of obedience, to deceive, as he did now : he had never answered, that a thing was nothing, when its embodied existence was matter of ocular certainty—he had never shuffled—and, on the other hand, he had never eulogized any female in the terms which he had bestowed on Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel :—the inference was obvious :—the *ennui* of personal captivity had been relieved by some captivation of the young senses—and now, at best, what was very unpleasant to a friend and must be still more so to a father, must ensue :—in Frank’s restoration to his rank, it was yet more important.

‘ Come, come,’ said Mr. Broderaye, desirous to spare the earl as much as he could of this foreseen distress—‘ tell me, my dear fellow, the history of this lock—you cannot fear *me*—we have

known one another too long for distrust—you used to have confidence in me—and, indeed, in my opinions, even when they opposed yours; and I should be sorry to have forfeited it.

His lordship was silent, but not sullen.

Again he was urged:—he then declined answering.

‘I urge you as your friend, my lord,’ said the vicar—‘not with any claim to your obedience—I have none.’

‘*My lord!*’ retorted the young man—stamping his foot—‘call me any thing else—*My lord!*—and from *you* who saved me from a parish-workhouse—*My lord!* what have I done to deserve this?—But I *do* deserve it,’ said he, letting all the sails of his emotion flag at their pleasure—‘and yet I cannot help it now—it is too late—this is the first time I ever was disgraced, and I feel it to my soul—I shall never get the better of it—I cannot bear it: I *will* not bear it,’ said he, rising again into emotion—‘yet I *must* bear it—for I see I should not be believed, let me say all I *could*—and I would rather be supposed any thing than a liar.—Think what you please, Sir,’ said he, facing the vicar—‘suspect any thing—this is a lock of hair—it is my property—I will not throw it away, nor let it be taken away—but I will not be called to account for it—so, tell my father, if you please.’

‘My dear young man,’ said the vicar persuasively, ‘in mercy to my weakness, be calm;—I cannot bear much—I am disappointed, I own,—and this is quite sufficient, as much as I can bear.’

‘Forgive me, forgive me,’ said the viscount—‘I forgot—how could I be so inconsiderate?—it was only for a moment.’

He seemed on the verge of compliance, but it went no farther than seeming—he, indeed, considered his friend’s weak state; but he consulted it only by going out of the apartment and remaining absent.

In about an hour—a very painful hour to the vicar!—Lord Winchmore joined him, not aware, till within a few minutes, that the invalid had been left to himself: he apologized for the remission of care, and, perhaps, perceiving some little failure of looks, urged the prudence of taking food—it was easier to comply than refuse—but the vicar’s best restorative was his lordship’s mention of having left the young man in the riding-house.

Poor Broderaye was compelled to bid his existing anxiety ‘Avaunt,’—as the earl seemed disposed to improve the opportunity by satisfying the curiosity which, probably, he had just heard, from his son, the vicar had expressed in a way that indicated its not being urged upon him too soon, if it came now.

His lordship began by stating the imperious call made on his duty as a son, when his mother was dying in a foreign country, which had ended in the most violent seizure of his person and property, and his detention on his way home, at a time when to be made prisoner in France, was to be precluded almost from all hope of existence. In the midst of horrors not to be dwelt on, his personal endurances had been ten-fold aggravated by the sufferings of Lady Winchmore; and he had at last succeeded in persuading her to avail herself of a casual opportunity of escaping with her child in the disguise of poverty, and under assurance of furtherance from a captain of a smuggling-vessel. —By the offer of a large reward, this man was induced to undertake for landing the countess and her infant in the west of England; but as success depended on secrecy, this intention was not divulged, and the mother perishing in the wreck of the vessel, the captain was content with hearing that the child was on land:—that he was so, the father was assured; but where left, or how disposed of, he could not learn;—questions which had no leading, had procured him only professions of ignorance; and those which led to answers, uniformly brought out what was to be wished, rather than what could be relied on;—and even this

being obtained at second or third hand, he was left with something still worse than no satisfaction.

The consequences of this escape fell heavily on his lordship: he had been removed to that *dépôt* most to be dreaded, in which he must have perished, but for the expectation entertained of his at last yielding to the exorbitant demands made on his purse for the *hope*—not the *certainly*—of freedom.—On a change in the oppression of the country, he had found friends who could procure his removal into the situation where the vicar had found him, if he would undertake to recal his son.—He could not hesitate—his captivity, he was assured, would be lenient—and public affairs wore a much better aspect than heretofore:—the condition accorded well with a father's feeling, and having, under every disadvantage of being staked down to a spot, opened a communication with the captain who had served him in the former instance, he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the sailor himself who had left the child in Devonshire, and had engaged him in this service, in which neither the captain nor the man dared openly to appear.

From Lord Astham himself Lord Winchmore had learnt the sequel of the story—that he had been called out of the vicarage-house, in the evening of the day when Mr. Broderaye was absent from

home—that the man whom he found waiting to speak to him, had shown him a letter from Lord Winchmore, claiming him—that he had convinced him that a refusal to accompany him, would not avail, as he was prepared to carry him on board the vessel—that the death of his father would be the consequence even of successful resistance—but that, if he would trust to him, he should be at liberty, immediately, on reaching the French coast, to inform his friends in England of what had befallen him. This promise had been kept, but the letter had been neglected.

Lord Winchmore could not speak of his own feelings on receiving his son. His gratitude for all that had been done for him, had been expressed in every thought, word, and look, since he had reached the bed-side of Mr. Broderaye—and at the end of his narrative, his hand was extended to the vicar, in all the grace of such feelings, with not merely an offer of friendship, but with a request, that he and his son might, as long as life and memory remained, be allowed to testify to their obligation, by every mean which adverse circumstances left them, or those more fortunate furnished.

In the morning of this day, Mr. Broderaye would have said, ‘Be but my poor Carry’s comfort permanently established—be but Lady Lynford persuadable—I am content;—for visionary

ideas of my own indulgence must not be admitted;’—but now, an important certainty had escaped from his grasp, and he had his uneasiness for Lord Astham:—he might have consulted the father on it; but he postponed, in the hope of some alleviation of his own oppression, before it should be quite requisite to communicate it to the earl.

THE END OF VOLUME III.

CHAPTER

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